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# High Times

June '79

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## Yesterday's Papers are Old News

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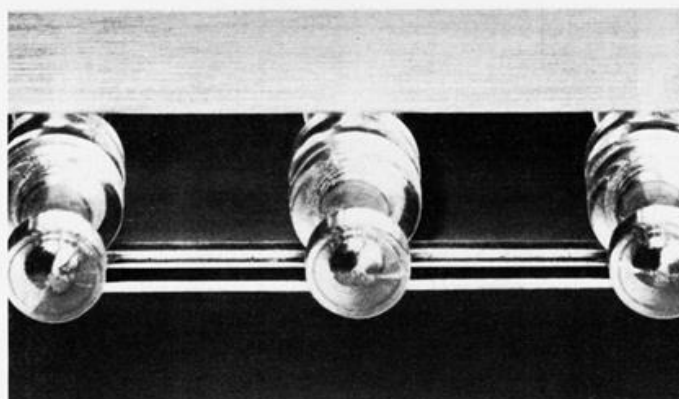
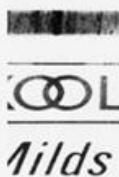
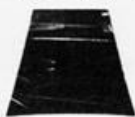


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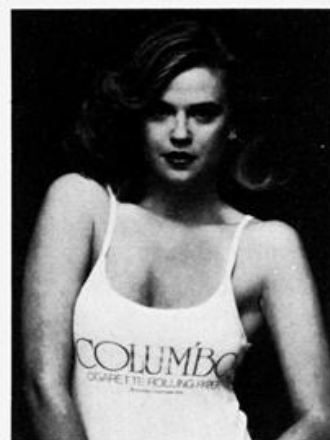
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# High Times

June '79 No. 46 THE MAGAZINE OF HIGH SOCIETY

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## Getting Stoned in the Haut Monde

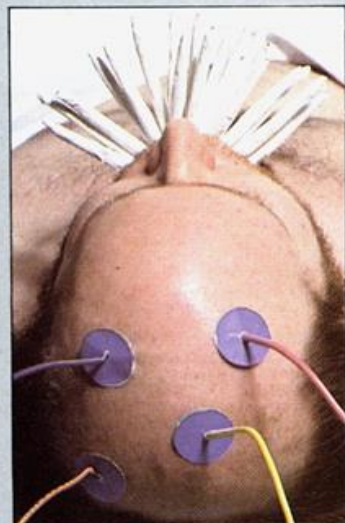
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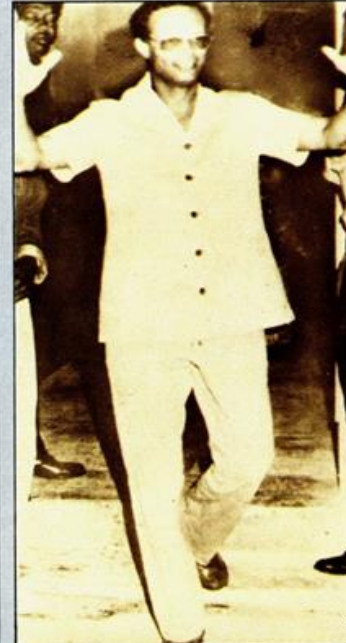
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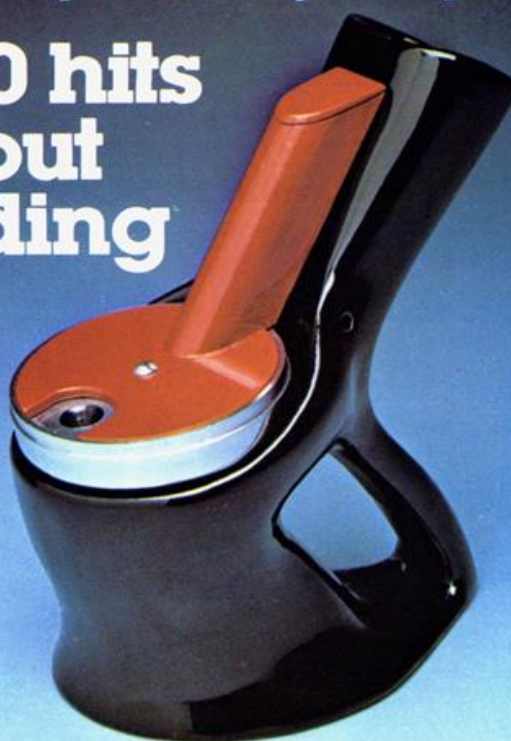


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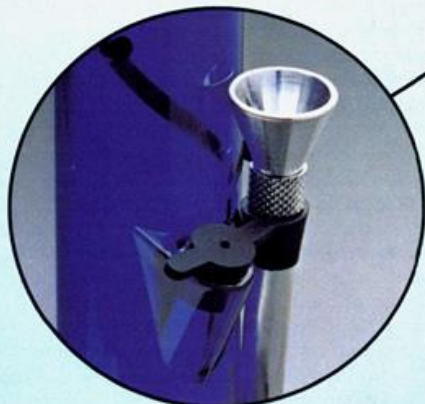
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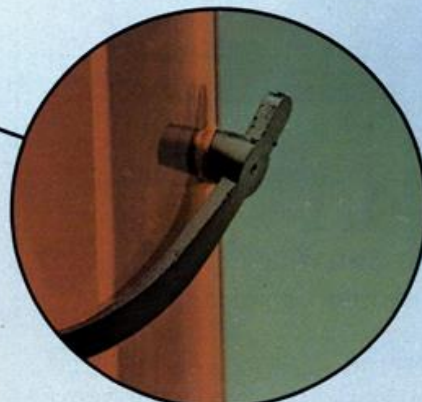
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# Kent State and Dealing



E. Morris

Of all the Kent State martyrs, Sandy Scheuer was most indisputably an innocent victim. Sandy was splitting—that was the last thing she said to her friends before the Ohio National Guard shot her in the back.

How ironic, in the end, that it should be Sandy Scheuer's small, frightened-looking mother who alone stands up to the state.

After close to a decade of the Kent State civil-damages suit being jacked around the Ohio judicial system, the wounded survivors and parents of the dead opted for what they called "the best settlement possible under the current system": \$600,000 for them (most to paralyzed Dean Kahler) and \$75,000 for their ACLU lawyers.

But Mrs. Scheuer wouldn't take her share. "Blood money," she called it. The temptation to make a deal is always great, especially when you're losing. And the odds were definitely stacked against the plaintiffs. Important evidence—the Kent State gym site—had been destroyed. A weird jury selection technique produced a demographically unfriendly jury.

With Governor Rhodes and the National Guard claiming that they were forced to act in self-defense, their lawyers promised lurid tales of student violence. Against the defendants' array of big lies, the plaintiffs' lawyers made the mistake of telling a white lie. The plaintiffs had portrayed the students as sweet-tempered pacifists. However, there was a big problem with this stand—photographs exist of Jeff Miller giving the National Guard the finger, and in Allison Krause's pockets was found dust from cinderblocks, presumably heaved earlier at the Guard.

But if insulting and stoning armed troops justifies a massacre, then go back to your old history texts and tear out the pages about the Boston Massacre. If defending yourself when hostile troops march into your community with guns is wrong, then the American Revolution was immoral.

I wanted history to record what really happened at Kent: Rhodes's press-conference temper tantrum, the order to fire that was overheard by a pro-Guard campus worker, the gun FBI provocateur Terry Norman waved around. Rhodes feared the Kent State trial would be his Watergate. The phone call from Nixon urging him to "discipline" Kent students would come out. The comment Rhodes allegedly made to aides: "You mean we spend millions training the National Guard and equipping them with the most sophisticated modern weapons, and then I send them up to Kent State and they can only bag four of them?" The identity of the thugs who threatened jurors in the first Kent State trial might be made known. But now we may never know the whole story.

So I felt let down when the plaintiffs made their deal. I don't think we should be making deals with the pigs, whether they're shooting us or busting us for an ounce (which still happens in Ohio). If everybody who got busted for pot demanded a jury trial, the law would stop making pot busts or else stop having trials.

When I pried Rhodes, everyone assumed I'd make a deal to get off easy. But I learned something as a 98-pound weakling getting beaten up by junior rednecks: show fear and they'll get the idea they can pound the shit out of you whenever they feel like it. Since I didn't want the highway patrol to make a habit of arresting me, or the National Guard to resume shooting students as soon as Rhodes was reelected, I had to make busting me an unpleasant experience for the governor. Eighteen months, \$1,500, a battery of stoned young lawyers and reams of press releases and unpaid phone bills later, I've been exonerated of assault and contempt of court. I paid the maximum \$100 fine for disorderly conduct and had the satisfaction of watching Rhodes squirm and lie on the witness stand. Now I'm trying to get him indicted for perjury.

Sure, "Let's Make a Deal" is the name of the judicial game, and not playing is dangerous. Years ago I belonged to High Times patriarch Tom Forcade's ragamuffin Zippies. The Zips, who got Nixon tear-gassed at the '72 GOP convention, boasted proudly that they didn't make deals—applying for a parade permit was too big a compromise. I know those days are over, and, no, I don't want to go back to jail in Dade County, thank you.

But we Zippies never had to drag ourselves to jobs that were killing us, to kiss the asses of people we hated; we never found ourselves nodding out from boredom at three in the afternoon, falling into reveries about the good old days. The most vicious government since Hitler's couldn't intimidate us; and we were too filled with righteous rage to surrender to self-doubt.

You can hold back from fear of losing, or you can say fuck it and play to win. But if you think you're going to get beat, you already have been.

*Steve Conliff*

—Steve Conliff  
Former Yippie Candidate for Ohio Governor



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## Wise Old Owsley

Having never experienced the acid of Augustus Owsley Stanley II ["God's Secret Agent," *High Times*, February '79], I can only imagine what I have missed. Friends who have been lucky enough to have taken O's acid have related to me the superior quality of it. The total union of everything in the universe is a common theme when I ask about their experiences. I too have felt this oneness on acid, but today's product generally leaves me in a jittery state. Blotter leaves a bad taste in my mouth; windowpane is the most potent and least noxious, but it's hard to come by. I only wish I had O's recipe.

—N.C.P., San Diego, Ca.

## Earth Now, Space Later

I strongly disagree with Gov. Jerry Brown's support of the space-exploration program in the United States ["Opinion," *High Times*, February '79]. We grabbed for the moon and got a handful of rocks. We were all very jubilant when the Americans and Russians shook hands with each other while orbiting the earth, but what good is it if we won't talk to each other after the splashdown?

Mission Control is always in a frenzy when the mission is a success. Lots of handshaking and backslapping. Big deal! While they're telling each other how great they are, people are dying by the thousands from war and famine. This injustice cannot be made right by spewing forth a bunch of rhetoric about new frontiers. Jerry Brown said, "As long as there is a safety valve of unexplored frontiers, the creative, the aggressive, the exploitive urges of human beings can be channeled into long-term possibilities and benefits. But as those frontiers close down and people begin to turn in on themselves—that jeopardizes the democratic fabric."

What Gov. Brown is saying is correct, except for the fact that he is looking in the wrong direction. He is looking up, into a vast vacuum. He should be looking around him at the real frontier; to strive to make human beings live together in

peace, free from hunger and disease.

It's the human race that counts, Jerry, not the space race.

—Roy T. Dalaker, Atlantic Beach, N.C.

## Tripping Pretty

The Dope Connoisseur's treatise on "Welcome Back, LSD" [*High Times*, January '79] had the perfect timing of appearing right when I moved to Daytona Beach. After reading and rereading it, I had the good fortune to come upon some sugar cube (300 micrograms, \$2.50 a tab). I did a half-tab on the 20-mile-long beach at night with all the hotel lights reflecting off the water. 'Twas rather mellow, to use the vernacular. "R."s column helped me to appreciate the trip all the more—it almost seems as though "R." grew up in my part of town. Anyhow, thanks for getting rid of some fears and bringing back an old friend.

—N.J. Dave, Daytona Beach, Fla.

As a person with over an eighth of a century of intimate and often erotic contact with the subject matter, I enjoyed "Welcome Back, LSD." However, I believe there are two potentially serious errors in it, both relating to bring-down agents:

1. Niacinamide, which tastes bitter, like Benzedrine, doesn't do anything for me. Niacin, a related B-complex factor that produces a feeling of warmth and calm, is the correct antiummer specific; it tastes like aspirin and has been used successfully for years to help cure alcoholism.

2. Valium, while perhaps less dangerous than widely prescribed brain damagers like Thorazine, should still be avoided because of possibly disastrous effects when mixed with corrosive nonacid burns like STP or PCP.

I like to have some grass on hand, but of course I'm like that anyway. No one who has survived a strychnine experience will ever "test" an unknown street drug by dropping the whole cap. And trying to drink oneself to sleep because one has to get up the next day may be slightly effective but is certainly very risky.

—Rev. A. Head, San Francisco, Ca.

## Army Attitude

The letter published in your February '79 issue from the "dope-smoking GI" at Fort Stewart, Georgia, could easily reinforce an already unfavorable picture of the people in "Today's Army." The specialist from Fort Stewart, who prefers to use his duty time for grabbing a joint and a WAC and heading for the mattresses, does a disservice to the many GIs who use marijuana without abuse. These soldiers would be as dedicated to the legalization of marijuana as their civilian counter-



parts were it not for the Uniform Code of Military Justice that categorizes possession of even a seed as a felony.

Soldiers all over the world smoke grass and still perform a quality job for Uncle Sam. There are also those, like our young friend, who have a problem establishing priorities. Soldiers are paid to perform a job, not to party while on duty. Unfortunately, maturity cannot be issued upon enlistment. The specialist seems to have left his good sense back home.

—Gloria F. Nickerson, sergeant, U.S. Army

## Heaviest Cruiser

In "Heavy Cruisers" [*High Times*, February '79] it was incorrectly stated that the Packard Caribbean, at 275 hp, had the highest horsepower engine of a production car of 1955. That distinction belonged to the 331 hemi in the Chrysler 300, at 300 hp. The engine had dual quads, solid lifters and dual exhaust as standard equipment, in addition to the more efficient hemispherical combustion chambers of the engine.

Leather interior, power steering, power brakes and air conditioning were all standard luxury items in the 300, and you could buy the car in any color, as long as it was white, black or red. It went from 0 to 60 in 7.2 seconds and had a 128 mph top end. The 300 also ran away with the Nascar championship and the Daytona Flying Mile of 1955. And back then, they raced their cars stock—a testimony to the 331 hemi engine. The car was also equipped with a two-speed Powerflite transmission. At 4,880 pounds it was the first high-performance, full-sized luxury car, and a classic.

—William R. Swindlehurst,

Chrysler 300 Club International,  
Taunton, Mass.

## Corrections

In "How to Start Your Own Record Company for Under \$2,000" [*High Times*, March '79], the ERH Company was mistakenly listed as a distributor, when in fact it is a production service and should have been listed in the record-pressers category. For info write: ERH Sales Corp., att: Bob Shavelson, 221 West 57th Street, New York, N.Y. 10019.

We were pleased to recommend Celebration Pipes in the March '79 "Flash" and equally chagrined to discover that we inadvertently misinformed our readers and caused problems for the company as well with incorrect ordering details. The suggested retail price for the pipes is from \$20 to \$30 (not \$10 to \$15), and there is no "minimum order of 12 pipes" required. The company's address is P.O. Box 572, Makawao, Hawaii 96768. ☐

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**Q:** On a recent trip through Kansas, near Salina my wife and I were horrified to hear of the spraying of random fields of boo with diesel fuel. Does this make it poisonous to humans, and would the "authorities" be liable to prosecution for creating a public health hazard? Can the fuel be noticed before consumption?

—Phil Gregory, Decatur, Ill.

**A:** First: Would you want your lungs to feel like the inside of a truck? Second: You might have an outside chance—try it. Third: There's probably no reliable way unless the weed is so soaked in high test you can tell by smell. Small residues would be hard to spot without a lab, and no one knows for sure what you'd get from smoking it.

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**Q:** On a talk show I heard a well-known nutritionist recommend washing fruit and vegetables in diluted hydrochloric acid or Clorox to remove pesticide residues and bacteria. Can you tell me specifically how it's done?

—Deborah Twilley, San Jose, Ca.

**A:** Hydrochloric acid works fine, but Clorox leaves a dangerous residue and should be avoided. Hydrochloric (muriatic) acid is sold in a 32-percent solution for swimming pools, and a tablespoon of this solution per gallon of water makes an effective wash. Let the produce soak for two or three minutes, then rinse well with plain water.

## Estrogen vs. Androgens: Biological Sexism?

**Q:** As a woman, I resent the implication in the February '79 *High Times* "Health" column that women deficient in the male hormone testosterone lose their sexual responsiveness. This makes it sound as though the male hormone is a sexier

natural substance than the female hormone, estrogen. Isn't that presupposing some new form of biological sexism?

—Nancy B., New York City

**A:** Sorry, ma'am, it's just the facts. And the facts are that both men and women produce testosterone and estrogen alike, but the hormones function differently from one sex to the other. Testosterone is just one of many steroids called "androgens" produced by most men in a vastly higher abundance than by most women. And according to Dr. S.J. Stohs, chairman of biomedical chemistry at the University of Nebraska, "Incongruous



Dr. Stohs affirms it: nature is sexist.

as it may seem, sexual desire in women is more dependent upon androgens than estrogen." In fact, a drug called Clomiphene citrate, which specifically antagonizes the effects of estrogen, has been shown to greatly increase the sexual appetites of women over a period of a year.

## Raw Ham

**Q:** My uncle recently passed on an amateur radio rig, but I don't have a license to operate it and I don't know Morse code yet. It could be helpful in my business, too. How do I get a permit?

—Henry Bixby, Torrance, Ca.

**A:** There are five classes of ham licenses, from novice up through technician, general, advanced and extra. They require a proficiency in the code of from 5 to 20 words per minute and allow increasingly greater variety in frequencies and types of transmitters. Any ham operator can administer the novice test, and it's good to learn at a ham club. The American Radio Relay League (225 Main St., Newington, Conn. 06111) will send you a list of clubs if you send a SASE.

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## Drag Racing in the Sky

by Michael Chance

**I**t is the most dangerous sport in the world. Airplanes, racing at speeds approaching 450 miles per hour, battle it out, prop to rudder, around a circuit of towering checkered pylons, all for a taste of glory. High-speed stalls, exhaust asphyxiation and midair collisions keep death nearby. Prizes are small and fame doesn't reach far beyond the airstrip apron. Yet to many danger cultists, pylon racing is considered the supreme contest between man and matter.

Today pylon racing is turning out the biggest crowds since the golden age of air racing. Half a dozen states allow pylon races now, with more considering them. Appropriately, the Grand Prix of pylon is held in Reno, Nevada. Upward of 30,000 people show up each year for the National Championship Air Races, held in Reno every September since 1964. There are a half-dozen racing events, plus precision and aerobatic flight shows. But the showpiece is the pylon event.

Small planes—"midgets"—race around a three-mile oval; larger "unlimiteds" travel a 9.8-mile oval marked by eight pylons. Pilots cannot climb above 500 feet or fly lower than the 40-foot pylons. Top racing pilots from all over the world show up with their birds, hoping to take home a piece of the \$130,000 prize money.

The smaller planes, the T-6/SNJ types known as midgets, are the crowd pleasers because their shorter circuit allows continual visibility. But it is the unlimiteds that provide the real class action. There are only three requirements: a working radio, an oxygen system, and gross weight not in excess of 2,100 pounds before takeoff. Other than that, it's every man or woman for themselves.

Surprisingly, a special designed-for-eyon-racing plane has never been developed. Instead, for the past 30 years, the front runners have been souped-up World War II fighters and trainers—Mustangs, Bearcats and Corsairs modified up to 3,000-plus horsepower. Pylon aces Lyle Shelton and Darryl Greenamyer own F8F Bearcats, and Roy McClain races a highly modified P-51 Mustang known as *The Red Baron*.

Like their planes, pylon pilots are a vintage lot. The average age of the racers is in the early 40s, and pilots in their late 20s and early 30s are considered greenhorns. And few of the participants are poor: it costs upward of \$50,000 to build a competitive racer. Aeronautical industries sometimes bankroll part of a plane, but more often pilots themselves or syndicates finance, build and maintain their own planes, sometimes in militarylike secrecy.

Since the unlimited class is just that, unlimited, there are now dire predictions, probably correct, that jet-powered planes will soon dominate the field. "There's just no way to compete with a jet," world champion racer Steve Wittman told *High Times*. "You can outmaneuver them, but they just take you right out on the flats." Wittman holds the record for flying the most air races of any man. He has raced the pylon circuit from 1924 to the present, rubbing rudders with such onetime household names as James Wedell, Jimmy Doolittle, Amelia Earhart, Earl Ortwell and the inimitable "Colonel"

six-inch type.

In 1933, following scores of spectacular, fiery crashes, a solid movement against pylon racing got underway. Flying magazine, the FAA, private pilot groups and such luminaries as Jimmy Doolittle and Roscoe Turner began speaking out against the sport. "It's all for headlines and money," said Turner, bidding farewell to pylon racing. But Cliff Henderson fought hard for his baby, according to air historian Gordon Baxter. "We only killed six or seven in the whole 12 years of racing," he argued. "We were a flying laboratory. We attracted millions. Flight schools all over the country said I kept them alive during the Depression."

Jimmy Doolittle came out against pylon racing, though he himself had piloted to victory the most notorious of the deadly birds, the infamous Gee Bee. Named for the Granville Brothers, who built the plane, it was described as "a pickle barrel with a seat behind 800 horses." It was the Harley hog of the air, a ferocious and unbeatable runner, only 17 feet long with the cockpit two feet in front of the rudder.

**From 1926 to 1939, air racing was king. Many didn't make it off the ground; hundreds of others did, only to fall out of the sky.**



Chamber of Commerce, Reno, Nevada

Roscoe Turner, who wore an officer's cap, a powder blue uniform and a waxed, spiked mustache.

Wittman also pointed out that "pylon racing gets popular, then it dies down, then it gets popular again. It's big right now." It may be that this decade of economic crises and suicidal solutions may cause the sport to flourish the way it did from the Depression to the Second World War.

**F**rom 1926 to 1939 air racing was king. Events would often last a week to ten days, with thousands of spectators and participants living in tent cities. The first big competition was the 1926 Cleveland National Air Race. It was the brainchild of engineer Cliff Henderson, who put up \$125,000 in cash prizes, a fortune by that period's standards. Mechanics built their own planes. Many didn't make it off the ground; hundreds of others did, only to fall out of the sky. Newspapers screamed the death toll in

its enormous torque gave it a fearsome, often disastrous, pitch and yaw during takeoff and landing. But the Gee Bee beat the wings off all comers for the first six or seven years of air racing, not losing until every one of the seven built had crashed, killing all but one of their pilots.

The test pilots and engineers designing these machines contributed much to aeronautical technology. Retractable landing gear, turbocharging, superstreamlining, variable-pitch propellers, low-drag bubble canopies and flaps, all were developed by the pylon racers. For example, more than 30 years ago Steve Wittman developed a landing gear for his racer that is the prototype still in use today on Piper, Cessna, Citabria and many other models.

Despite its bad reputation—or because of it—pylon racing infiltrated the pop culture of the period. Captain Jack, the comic-strip antecedent to Superman, was a pylon racer. New York Giants pitcher Al Williams quit baseball to become a



pylon racer. In 1935, William Faulkner wrote an often forgotten novel, *Pylon*, that was later made into a movie starring Robert Stack. Though overromanticized, the novel does exhibit the bond shared by pylon racing and American idealism at the time: a love of frontiers and competition, the anthropomorphizing of technology, the man-and-his-soon-to-be-conquered-wild-horse ethic.

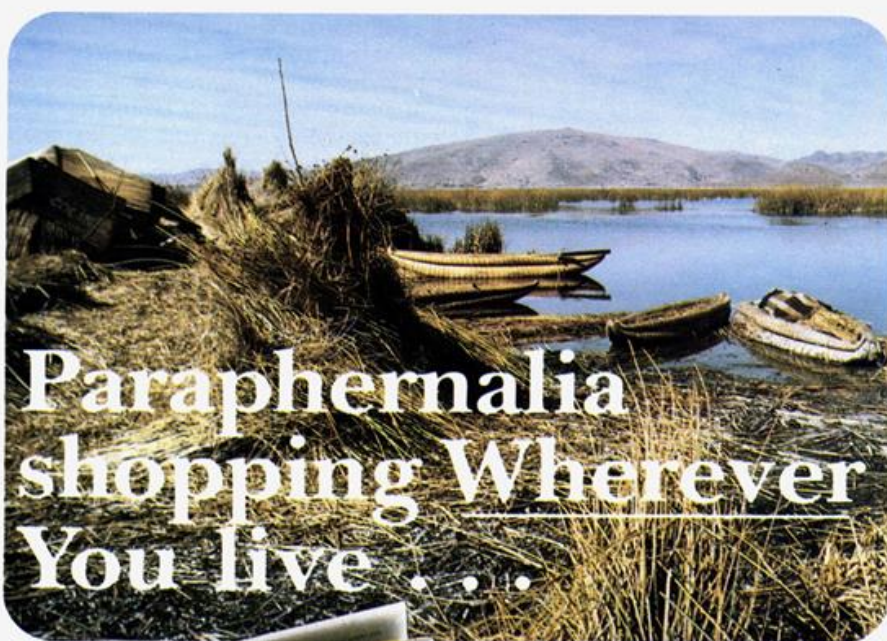
**A**irborne smugglers have, of course, long been fascinated by pylon racers, and vice versa. Ben O. Howard, who gained prominence after building a string of winning planes with the prefix DGA (he later explained that it stood for "damned good airplane") and who was the namesake for the 1935 Benny Howard Nationals, said his planes were winners because he built them for bootleggers. When his *Ike*, *Mike* and *Mr. Mulligan* were at their hottest, he told a newspaper reporter that instead of retiring *Mr. Mulligan* he was selling it to bootleggers. "It will carry a lot of whiskey," he observed. "Fast."

More recently, dope-smuggling kingpin Ken Burnstine, whose dope-laden planes used to cross the Caribbean in formation, was presumably killed while piloting his jet at the Reno races in 1976. At the time of his death, more than 60 indictments bore his name as the main witness, all of which were eventually dropped, leading to speculation that the single hand found in the smoldering wreckage that was identified as Burnstine's may have been all that died. But the Justice Department says these suspicions are incorrect.

Some smugglers look at pylon racers in the same way that the Hell's Angels look at legitimate motorcycle clubs: wimpy, liberal, cautious and spineless. "Ha," snorted one Phoenix-based aerial trafficker recently, "I have to fly through the Sierras at night, below the radar, with only the echo of my engines to tell me how far away I am from the canyon walls. Don't tell me about flying pylons." Either way, there may be a crossover between the groups, and some of the curious faces at the races may have more than a sporting interest in what's going on.

The races are folksy, laid-back affairs—a lot like horse racing. Between events you can stroll around the apron and admire the planes under the suspicious eyes of the crew members. Most flight freaks love technical chats, and sometimes they will take you for a ride if they like you.

Pylon races are held at the California National Air Races at Mojave, at the Texas National Air Races, and at meets in Wisconsin, Cleveland and elsewhere. New Jersey had them until two men were killed in races at Cape May. A listing of pylon races may be obtained from the Experimental Aircraft Association, 2359 Lefebvre Avenue, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53213. ☐



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## Third-Generation Supersmoke

by "R.," Dope Connoisseur

**T**his month I'd like to celebrate the three best new varieties of grass I've encountered in the year I've been doing this column. They're each so good that they have earned my soon-to-be-coveted seal of approval as **BEST HIGH** of the year, **BEST BUY** of the year and the **NEWCOMER MOST WORTH A TRY** this year.

But more than their individual excellences, these three varieties represent bright hopes in this generally dismal year for dope that we are on the verge of a breakthrough to third-generation marijuana. The first generation consisted of the basic commercial Mexican, Colombian, Jamaican and window-box home-grown that most of us began smoking. Second-generation plants were a response to the development of a market for high-class, high-priced grass: specialty Colombians like chiba and Santa Marta gold, high-powered exotics like Thai and Hawaiian, and carefully nurtured domestic sinsemillas.

But the three weeds I'm talking about here are such true triumphs of those tireless Luther Burbanks among the pod planters who devote themselves to bringing the evolution of the magic plant to higher and higher levels that they deserve to be called Third Generation pod.

I should note that all three new varieties are sinsemillas. As regular readers of this column must be aware, I have been critical in the past of the often overrated and overpriced domestic sinsemilla that has been going around, frequently and fraudulently sold as Hawaiian. So my enthusiasm for these three new sinsemillas is not an idle infatuation; it is the enthusiasm of a converted skeptic. These are each extraordinary improvements upon most of what passes for sinsemilla these days.

Let's start with the first category of the Third Generation—the foreign-grown sinsemillas. This group includes a Jamaican sinsemilla I'm calling **BEST HIGH** and a Mexican sinsemilla that is **BEST BUY** as well as close runner-up to **BEST HIGH**.

Foreign-grown sinsemillas are a very recent development; they first became

available to ordinary consumers in the winter of 1978. But they represent a long-overdue entry into the American market of two dope-growing countries that had almost been squeezed out by the mass quantities of commercial Colombian that have been dumped on dealers and consumers since the early '70s. A reentry at a whole new level of quality. Back in '72 and '73, when Mexican and Jamaican began disappearing from U.S. dealers' inventories, their reputations had sunk fairly low—the stuff that was shipped then was usually of a stale commercial variety, particularly when compared to the first fresh, bright gold Colombians that were then appearing. Although I don't want to take credit for it personally, in my second column, "Bring Back Mexican" [June '78] I lamented the lost glories of good Mex and suggested that what the Mexicans ought to do was to come back with a carefully grown and nurtured high-quality grass next time. Jamaican grass, which, because of the reputation of Rasta

**BEST HIGH, Jamaican sinsemilla: the lift-off power of a deep-space probe, with at least three stages of mind thrust.**

weed, lamb's bread and all that, once had a wonderful reputation, did not necessarily decline, but DEA and government tactics wiped out the export market.

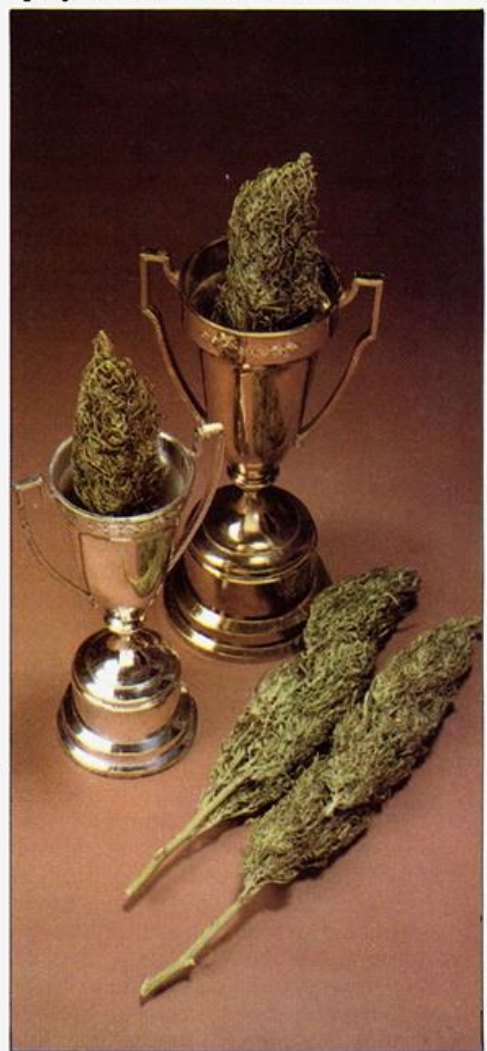
Unfortunately the Jamaican sinsemilla I tasted is not yet available for mass consumption, but if the sample I smoked is a kind of test marketing, this baby passed with flying colors.

**I**t was golden brown, encrusted with tiny nuggets of resin. It is said to be cultivated as sinsemilla in Jamaica from the seeds of mountain-grown lamb's bread herb, the sacrament of the Rastafarians. What a high. The lift-off power of a jumbo jet. No, better than that, the lift-off of a deep-space probe, with at least three stages of mind thrust—the final one more than enough to surpass orbital velocity and send you hurtling into other galaxies. And not merely spacey but energizing and illuminating too, almost incandescent. I don't know how it could be an improvement over holy sacramental dope like lamb's bread, but it certainly is a quantum leap ahead of domestically grown sinsemillas. As I said, **BEST HIGH** in years.

It almost qualifies for **BEST BUY** too, were it not for the remarkable last-minute appearance of the Mexican sinsemilla. Since we're talking about buys, let's talk dollars. On the East Coast, most domestic sinsemilla goes for \$140 to \$220 or more an ounce, with the bulk of it

around \$160–\$180. The Jamaican sinsemilla I've just been speaking about went for \$120 a Z, while this amazing Mexican was a mere \$40 a unit—as cheap as the lowliest commercial Colombian on the ounce-buying level.

And what a special high. I've said before that fresh Mexican has always been for a me a joyful, boisterous, upbeat high, and unlike many hothouse-bred sinsemillas this Mexican did not lose the raw vitality of its roots in the pampered cultivation process. Nor did it lose that spicy exoticism that the best Mexican



Jack Abraham

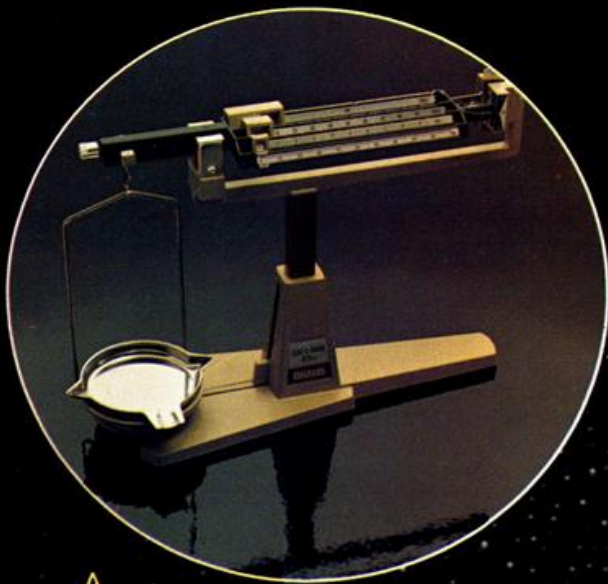
weed has but that is often lost in the bland sweetness of some sinsemilla highs. It may not have the powerful, spiritual lift of the lamb's bread sinsemilla, but nothing can surpass it as the first joint of the morning to wake you up on all levels.

The third new treat I've discovered, winner of the **NEWCOMER MOST WORTH A TRY** award, is a whole second category of Third Generation dope—indica blend, a domestically grown sinsemilla that is a hybrid mating of Afghani *Cannabis indica* (the kind most often used to grow hash) with *Cannabis sativa* plants grown from Hawaiian and Thai seeds. The seeds of this mixed marriage are then cultivated as sinsemilla plants for maximum potency.

(continued on page 19)



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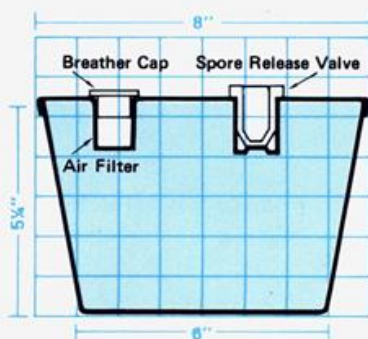
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Members of the British new-wave R&B band **Dr. Feelgood** won a pig farm in Spain, complete with 50 pigs, at a recent card game in England. The Feelgooders plan to convert the farm to a recording studio.



Phil Ochs: outside of a small circle of friends.

**Phil Ochs**, the controversial activist/folksinger who committed suicide by hanging himself in 1976, is celebrated in the new biography *Death of a Rebel*. In honor of the book's publication, author **Marc Eliot** got together a who's who of countercultural celebs to party at Folk City, the Greenwich Village hootenanny haunt where Ochs got his start. Guests included Chicago 7 defendants **Dave Dellinger** and **Jerry Rubin**, Ochs's folkie pal **Oscar Brand**, and New York Daily News columnist **Pete Hamill**.



Orson Welles: hassled by the Shah and Nixon.

Hollywood heavyweight **Orson Welles's** next film, *The Other Side of the Wind*, is 96 percent finished, claims the director, but the negative is being held up by a Paris film lab owned by **Mehdy Booshehry**, the brother-in-law of the overthrown **Shah of Iran**. The semiautobiographical flick features **Susan Strasberg**, **Mercedes McCambridge**, **George Jessel** and seven film directors, including **John Huston**, **Claude Chabrol**, **Paul Mazursky** and **Dennis Hopper**. Welles also claims to be under a federal tax audit because of a "funny record I once did about Nixon" (he narrated the hit album *The Begatting of the President*).

America's first Rock against Racism festival will be held June 9th in Chicago's Lincoln Park. The Rock against Racism movement began with British punk rockers disgusted at such outrages as **Eric Clapton's** public support for Britain's burgeoning neofascist cult. RAR's stateside debut will be produced by the Yippies and cosponsored by the **Tom Robinson Band** and Chicago 7 defendant **Bobby Seale**. Bands will include New York rockers **Joy Ryder** and **Avis Davis**. "Rock 'n' roll's roots are black and white," says Ryder. "The music can be a powerful force for bringing respect for other cultures to white kids."



Joy Ryder and Avis Davis will rock against racism in Chicago this summer.



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Ron Galella

Koch kvetches as Kay confronts him with cannabis.

It was almost murder at Elaine's, the posh Manhattan restaurant where the literary elite meet to eat, when pie killer **Aron Kay** shoved a lit joint in the face of New York's Mayor **Ed Koch** at a party celebrating Stonehill's publication of **Ron Rosenbaum's** first novel, *Murder at Elaine's*. Koch's only response was to mutter, "Why do you always have to be so obnoxious, Aron?" Rosenbaum confirmed that Warner Bros. has optioned the movie rights for his novel, based on the serial that appeared in *High Times*. Watergate ex-con **G. Gordon Liddy** crashed the bash to celebrate his own new book about his years working for Nixon, tentatively titled *It Pays the Bills*.

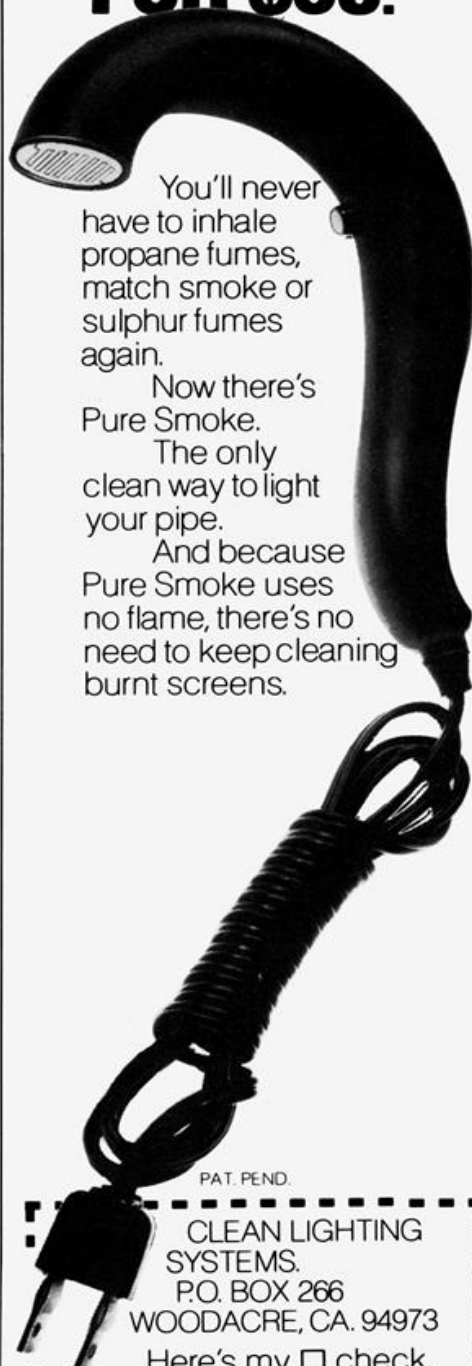


Michael Chance

The cast of *Mary Jane* makes merry for marijuana reform.

New York's smoke set turned out in numbers to attend a benefit performance for NORML of the smash off-Broadway musical revue *Mary Jane*. A dazzling tour de force on the pot culture from reefer man to the new stone age, the performance wowed NORML's **Frank Fioramonti**, **Hunter Thompson** and countless rolling-paper barons. The smell of the greasepaint and the glare of the coke spoons mingled with the champagne bubbles until the east side of midnight, and when it was over NORML was several grand ahead. ☐

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# HIGHWITNESS

June '79 No. 46

## Nabilone Testing Stopped:

### Top Doc Prefers Real Grass Over Synthetic THC

Eli Lilly & Company of Indiana has discontinued clinical cancer-chemotherapy tests on Nabilone, the synthetic analog of THC, thus possibly easing the way for full legalization of real marijuana for a variety of therapeutic purposes. As recounted in "Highwitness News" (February '79), Nabilone was developed by Lilly and billed as a nausea-reducing drug, as effective as grass at alleviating the emetic effects of cancer-chemotherapy agents but without the "euphoric" effect of THC.

The main advantage of developing synthetic cannabinoids like Nabilone, for big drug companies, is that such drugs would be untainted by the widespread social implications attached to marijuana and would be patentable for exclusive brand-name merchandising—unlike grass or THC, which as natural substances are necessarily in the public domain. Nabilone was the first such artificial THC to be developed, and tests on dogs and humans commenced two years ago.

In the 200 human cancer patients who received Nabilone the rate of nausea reduction compared favorably with THC's, though an indeterminate number of patients recorded a decided euphoria, and some experienced outright hallucinations. Nabilone also prompted a marked drop in blood pressure in most patients, another common side effect of pure THC. However, Nabilone testing on humans was abruptly cancelled after about the third month, when dogs that had been administered regular massive doses of Nabilone began dying. The Lilly company gave no solid indication of what exactly killed the animals, saying only that "unexpected toxicity levels" had transpired in the dogs, moving the company to cancel Nabilone testing.

The suspension of Nabilone testing came only weeks after an eminent cancer therapist had strongly urged that marijuana itself, euphoric properties and all, may have uniquely beneficial possibilities for many chemotherapy subjects. Speaking at a National Cancer Institute meeting, Dr. William Regelson of the Medical College of Virginia declared that grass should be removed from its present category as a Schedule One Controlled Substance in order to facilitate its availability to persons who could benefit from it.

"I think we should use its euphoric qualities to treat depression and despondency in cancer patients," Dr. Regelson told NCI

delegates, who had met to discuss the relative therapeutic values of marijuana, pure THC and synthetic cannabinoid analog drugs like Nabilone. Before Dr. Regelson proposed marijuana's rescheduling, various spokespersons for major drug companies had been engaged in a discussion with practicing clinicians about Nabilone's erratic properties in various research studies.

Oncologists (tumor specialists) who had administered both THC and Nabilone to cancer patients indicated that the synthetic drug seemed to have little to recommend itself over THC. Subsequently, spokesmen for Lilly's main competitor, Abbot Laboratories, said they were currently testing several "non-euphoric" cannabinoid analogs of their own.

It was at this point that Dr. Regelson proposed the down-scheduling of grass itself. Besides being the single most effective and consistent antiemetic preparation for chemotherapy patients, grass "is an excellent sedative," he noted, "and should be just as

available as any Schedule Two drug." Drugs listed on Schedule One are legally supposed to have no medical value whatsoever and cannot be prescribed by private physicians under any circumstances. Moving grass to Schedule Two, alongside speed and Quaaludes, would greatly facilitate the drug's availability.

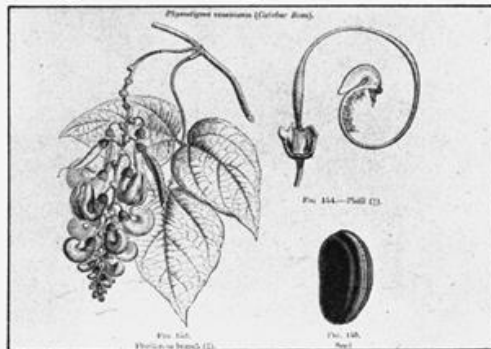
Nevertheless, federal law-enforcement agencies remain implacably opposed to the idea of down-scheduling grass; and of course the major drug companies, whose influence over federal drug legislation is maintained by multi-million-dollar Capitol lobbying budgets, feel exactly the same way, for purely economic reasons. Though Dr. Regelson estimated that at least one third of cancer patients would benefit immeasurably by grass's antianxiety, mood-elevating effect, there is no realistic likelihood of its down-scheduling until effective analog drugs are developed, patented and merchandised by Lilly, Abbot, Merck and others.

## New Dream Dope Discovered

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Researchers at the National Institute of Mental Health have determined that in certain dosages the drug physostigmine appears to induce rapid-eye-movement dreaming sleep in healthy male test subjects. All other sleep-inducing drugs currently available, from scopolamine to Quaaludes, have a common drawback in that they tend to interfere with normal REM sleep patterns or to abolish them outright, possibly causing subtle emotional side effects. Physostigmine, according to the General Ar-

chives of Psychiatry, seems to induce completely normal REM sleep, accompanied by dreams described as rich in "vividness, unusualness and emotionality."

Physostigmine has been under investigation for some time now at Stanford University as a memory-promoting drug, and it has been used for decades to reduce eyeball pressure in cases of glaucoma. Physostigmine is the main alkaloid derived from the Calabar bean, a highly toxic plant employed by traditional tribal doctors in "endurance" rituals.



Calabar beans: source of sweeter dreams.

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# NORML Warns DAs: No Snitches Need Apply

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Attorneys associated with the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws will no longer represent a defendant who turns state's evidence in exchange for reduced sentence or dismissal of charges in a grass case. The no-snitch policy was affirmed at the annual NORML convention here by New York City dope lawyer Michael Kennedy, who declared that a NORML lawyer "should not undertake the representation of an informant, should not encourage a client to become an informant, and should not continue to represent a client who becomes an informant." A good deal of opposition was expressed to the proposal, with many lawyers insisting that snitches are entitled to as much legal representation as the people they rat on. Kennedy answered that indeed they are, but they shouldn't expect to get it from a NORML lawyer.

A person must be made aware before retaining a NORML attorney, declared Kennedy, that no deals will be made with the



Attorney Kennedy: "Informers are on their own."

prosecutor which might involve testifying against any other grass defendant. People who agree to become snitches, Kennedy pointed out, commonly catch hell afterward: the police typically pressure former snitches into setting up future dope busts, until their local usefulness has been wholly expended. Often they wind up in danger of physical harm, if not death, from people they've ratted on. "The government will suck them dry," notes Kennedy, "and spit them out like bloody Chiclets."

Virginia attorney John Zwerling seconded Kennedy's proposal. Once prosecutors are advised of a NORML lawyer's position, Zwerling speculated, they will dispense with any attempt to get the client to turn state's evidence and will begin offering plain plea-cop deals that don't involve giving incriminating testimony against others.

## Lab Tests on "Snow Lights" Disprove Notion of Cocaine Psychosis



Most medical authorities, and virtually all law-enforcement agencies, have unquestioningly accepted as truth the idea that cocaine ingestion can incite toxic psychosis in human beings. Now researchers working with human volunteers at the University of

California at Los Angeles have demonstrated persuasively, by intentionally inducing sensory aberrations with coke, that the drug does no such thing.

The "coke psychosis" notion, first promulgated in the 1930s, when coke use among poor blacks and Chicanos in the U.S. became increasingly prevalent, always appeared reasonable. FBI files bulged with lurid anecdotes of "cocaine-crazed blacks" committing atrocities under the drug's influence; and with the subsequent discovery in the '40s that amphetamines (whose effects in some ways mimic coke's) actually *could* produce toxic psychosis in people, complete with schizophrenic hallucinations and behavior, the question was considered closed.

However, the skyrocketing incidence of coke snorting in this decade has not coincided with a rise in the frequency of "coke psychosis" episodes. Last year, less than 1 percent of drug mishaps requiring emergency treatment in U.S. hospitals involved cocaine. So an experiment was undertaken at UCLA's Neuropsychiatric Institute, under the direction of Dr. Ronald Siegel, to determine as closely as possible coke's precise effect in the brain.

Out of 85 seasoned coke snorters in the experiment, 37 reported "unusual perceptual phenomena." Acute sensitivity to light and the appearance of colored "halos" around bright objects were most common; this was caused by mydriasis, or pupil widening, a common effect of coke intoxication. Mydriasis itself is caused, the researchers determined, by the triggering of the hormone norepinephrine in the radial muscles of the iris by cocaine.

This discovery led to a clearer idea of the nature of "snow lights," a visual aberration frequently experienced by heavy coke snorters. In the 15 UCLA subjects who recorded them, they first occurred as objects filtering through their peripheral vision. They were commonly accompanied by a

slight prickling sensation in the flesh, causing the subjects to swat reflexively at them, like at bugs. This symptom has long been called "coke bugs." The subjects quickly recognized that they were the effects of the drug, though, and ignored them.

With their eyes closed, the subjects perceived the "snow lights" as black and white lines, points and curves, with a definite locus in space, forming geometrical patterns. Subsequently they were able to perceive them with their eyes open, where they appeared to vibrate about two feet before their faces. These hallucinations were extremely transient, lasting only seconds. The subjects were perfectly aware they were hallucinating and were utterly unperturbed, experiencing it subjectively as a natural effect of the coke high. Continued administration of high doses of coke brought on olfactory hallucinations—the smell of petrol and shit being common—and a loss of taste for certain food and drinks. None of these aberrations persisted longer than the coke high itself. No behavioral aberrations, beyond the expected euphoria, were experienced.

Researchers noted an "uncanny parallel" between the herringbone, zigzag "snow lights" and hallucinations experienced by patients with acute migraine-headache syndromes. They reason that both phenomena are triggered by abnormal neuroelectric impulses emanating from certain visual cortex cells. Further studies with coke may therefore produce better treatments for migraine.

Writing in last March's issue of the American Journal of Psychiatry, Dr. Siegel concluded that "coke psychosis" is a myth. Since coke snorters are typically aware that their "snow lights" are unreal, and since their purely sensory aberrations are unaccompanied by "psychotic" thoughts or behavior, the drug cannot reasonably be labeled a psychosis-inducing agent, like amphetamines or phencyclidine.



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# Attempt to Ban High Times in Georgia Fails

ATLANTA, GEORGIA—This state's omnibus antiparaphernalia bill developed a sizable crack after one of its three parts, dealing with the prohibition of "restricted drug-related printed material" to minors, was shot down in Northeast Georgia District Court. Drafted by state senator Bud Stumbaugh and representative Cas Robinson, the statute was clearly patterned after traditional obscenity laws: it was deemed illegal "to sell, deliver, distribute, display for sale or provide to a minor" any literature which might "advertise, describe, explain, depict or display any machine, tool, instrument, equipment, contrivance or device" relating to illicit drugs. Such literature was to be identified "in accordance with the prevailing standards of the adult community taken as a whole."

This clumsy parody of a lousy smut law was promptly challenged on First Amendment freedom-of-speech grounds by a consortium of Georgia head shops, who sued Governor

George Busbee and several state officials for its removal. Atlanta attorney Reber Boulton placed the 1978 *Physician's Desk Reference* in evidence as a publication that could reasonably be banned under the ordinance, along with dope articles from *Newsweek* and the *New York Times*. Busbee's defense lawyers submitted as examples of objectionable material *The Whole Drug Manufacturer's Catalogue* and issues of *High Times* dated September 1977 and April 1978.

In affirming *High Times*' and *The Whole Drug Catalogue*'s protection under the First Amendment, Judge Richard Freeman particularly noted two feature articles in the magazine's April issue—"Outlaw Strongholds in Colombia," by A. Craig Copetas, and Albert Goldman's "The Last Run"—as well as the "Law" column as examples of the magazine's legitimate fare. "Although in the court's mind the material often seems distasteful and its hawkers seldom seem admir-

able," wrote Judge Freeman, "the First Amendment's expansion by necessity includes speech which is aberrant, unpopular and even revolutionary."

The obvious patterning of the statute to comply with the 1973 *U.S. v. Miller* obscenity guidelines was a waste of effort, to go by the district court's ruling, which dismissed the notion of equating dope with smut. More importantly, the defense's contention that *High Times* publishes incitements to illegal behavior—namely, drug taking—was dismissed on the basis of a 1969 Ohio case that resolved that only incitement to immediate illegal acts is objectionable in law. And the defense's central contention, that the state has special powers of restricting the First Amendment rights of minors, was narrowed down severely by Freeman: only within schools and other institutions is the government allowed to restrict minors' access to information protected by the First Amendment.

## "Rent-a-Narc" Goes on Bust Rampage

CLOVIS, NEW MEXICO—District Attorney Bill Bonem distinguished himself last fall by arranging the busts of over 65 local people for an alleged "marijuana smuggling conspiracy" that was actually set up by a Louisiana undercover agent. With money from the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration in Washington, Bonem hired Robert Kelley, a "private investigator" from Patterson, Louisiana, to work with an undercover state cop named Jerry Noedel. Both young men began hanging out in local youth taverns, distributing drinks and dope with abandon (according to eyewitnesses), and ultimately wound up busting 65 people, most with no prior criminal records, for grass and allied conspiracy charges.

Using an increasingly popular narc cover, Kelley's partner pretended to be the son of a "heavy Mafia capo" from New Orleans. After a few weeks of allegedly providing plenty of free booze and dope to local kids, displaying wads of cash amounting to \$55,000 on several occasions, Kelley began pressuring the kids to "return the favors" by becoming involved in a pending Mafia shipment of grass across the Mexican border. Kelley and Noedel also put pressure on several respectable Clovis businessmen to loan out their cards and private planes for the supposed dope move, offering \$5-\$10,000 per vehicle and hinting that the Louisiana Mob would come after anyone who was afraid to get involved.

One Clovis schoolteacher was so rattled at being pressured for the use of his pickup truck by these obvious thugs that he fled north to Albuquerque and took a job there. Angered at the teacher—the pickup was essential to the imaginary dope-shipment scenario—Kelley traced the man's mother through the Clovis phone book and harassed her into divulging her son's new address.

Kelley subsequently had himself wired for sound and went for a drive with the schoolteacher, monitored by a tailing state police car. For the first hour of the ride, though, Kelley's tape recorder wasn't operating. The schoolteacher, after being busted for agreeing to move 545 pounds of grass, charged that Kelley had pulled a gun

on him and forced him to agree vocally to the move under imminent threat of death.

When the 65 busts finally came down, they included local businessmen and schoolkids. One 18-year-old Clovis boy says he had been turned on with grass for the first time by Kelley and Noedel, and although he'd disliked it and refused to try it again, he was charged with "distributing."


Currently the schoolteacher, represented by Albuquerque attorney Bruce Stafford, is suing DA Bonem, the Clovis police and the state police for \$11 million, charging entrapment. Kelley is back in Patterson, Louisiana, though his home phone number is common knowledge around Clovis.

It is not yet known how much federal, state and county money Bonem spent.

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## Editorial Asks: "Why Not Legalize Marijuana?"

# Bogota's Top Newspaper Calls for Legal Pot in Colombia and U.S.

The following editorial was printed in Bogota's major daily newspaper, *El Tiempo*, on February 12, 1979. The publication of the column, which urges the Colombian government not only to legalize marijuana but to support pot legalization efforts in the United States, is a decidedly radical breakthrough. *El Tiempo* is the "paper of record" in Colombia—much as the *New York Times* is here—and its editorials generally reflect views that are not far from mainstream thought.

For the first time in the history of Time magazine, Colombia had the dubious honor of appearing on its cover. Why? Because our beautiful country has assumed leadership in providing the United States's most popular illegal drugs: marijuana and cocaine. Now that the subject is hot, and in view of the apparent impossibility of stopping this problem, it is worth considering the advantages of making the decision—quite British in style and, above all, realistic—of legalizing marijuana.

There are certain facts which seem to be beyond debate. The first and most important one is that drug trafficking is corrupting the Colombian people, from the Guajiro Indians in the Sierra Nevada to the most prominent of our society. This is possible due to the incredible profit margin produced by grass, as well as the precarious economic circumstances in which the majority of Colombians live. Since it is cheaper to buy the poor than the rich, although not necessarily easier,

this whole business has reached the point of creating such an economic dependence that it has become impossible to eradicate the problem, particularly in the case of LaGuajira. The area was militarized, and the traffickers are being persecuted, but the authorities are aware of the tremendous social problem that would explode if all the marijuana fields in this area should be burned.

A second point to consider is that the country itself is not benefiting in the least by this fabulous clandestine economy. On the contrary, the government has to expend vast economic resources in this "quixotic" struggle against the drug trade. Such resources could be spent in other activities much more useful to the nation.

The third fact beyond discussion is that the power of the authorities is limited. In view of the enormity of the trade, very little can be done in the long run with the budget allocated to fight drugs. The proof of this is that not even the American authorities have been able to stop drug trafficking, and according to U.S. Customs, only 10 percent (an exaggerated estimate, many say) of the incoming drugs are seized. If American authorities haven't been able to stop this problem with all their specially qualified personnel, enormous budget and sophisticated equipment, how can we expect to succeed?

The arguments against legalizing marijuana are basically two. There is the purely moral argument against permitting society to consume a hallucinogenic drug, surrounded by all sorts of "taboos," among which are the possible health dangers. This argument loses more significance every day because, on one side, anybody that wants marijuana in Colombia can get it very easily and, on the other side, scientific research has been unable to prove that marijuana is really dangerous to our health. It hasn't even been proved that it creates dependence or that it stimulates consumption of stronger drugs.

The second argument, which is really stronger, although it is not publicly acknowledged because of the so-called national pride, is the possible reaction of the U.S. government. The American government comfortably passed us the ball, saying that drug trafficking must be eliminated from its source, which practically means that we are to blame that American society likes to

smoke marijuana. It is an elegant way of washing their hands, but they are being foolish if they believe the problem is going to be solved in this manner. According to the Time story, the production of marijuana in some Western U.S. states is already beyond the control of authorities. As long as the demand exists and the profit margin is so fabulous, no human power can stop it.

If we apply an economic focus to the issue, we'll reach the conclusion that, if the supply is low, marijuana will become more valuable, its price will rise, and the business will become even more profitable. The end result then will be the opposite of that planned: more people will be interested in participating in this fabulous illicit bonanza. Instead of signing agreements against drug trafficking that will have very little effect, why not, at least in the case of marijuana, make a campaign at all levels explaining why it is going to be impossible to stop its production, traffic and consumption? Why not, then, help the campaigns for the legalization of marijuana in the U.S. (and other countries where its use has already been tolerated and even legalized) to achieve more momentum than they currently have? Is it not, perhaps, a good sign that Ted Kennedy, who according to the polls could become president of the United States whenever he wants to, has been in favor of a judicial reform reducing the rigidity of the laws and penalties against marijuana? Isn't grass practically accepted by society, more than by the laws, as was the case with alcohol during Prohibition?

By legalizing marijuana in Colombia, the government would immediately acquire some control over the business and would benefit a great deal from the taxes imposed. Anything that produces 25 billion dollars, paid today by the American smokers, would mean enormous amounts of money in our terms. (According to Time, the American streets represent a production potential of \$3,600 billion annually—the equivalent of about 3,000 coffee harvests.) Finally and most importantly, it would end the "mafias," the corruption and immorality that grass is now generating. The defenders of our "noble republican institutions" should consider that while inflation topples governments, corruption destroys systems. It is worth remembering that is what happened to Batista in Cuba.



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# Rock against Racism Movement Explodes in U.S.

Heads and neopeaceniks of every stripe are plotting, even as you read this, to descend on towns across the U.S. and raise hell for an end to racism around the world. Under the auspices of Rock against Racism (RAR), the English-spawned movement of grass-roots youth against reactionary excrescences like the neo-Nazi British National Front, American Yippie cells from coast to coast are gearing up for the heaviest hip-versus-creep confrontation of the waning decade. The country's first big RAR festival is set for New York City this May 4th and 5th, in Central Park. Ohio Yips, unofficial coordinators of the RAR incursion into U.S. youth culture, will be holding an informal statewide "anti-Nazi carnival" all summer long, and the RAR official manifesto should be spelled out at a formal rally in Chicago on June 9.

RAR was formed in England during "the hot summer of '76" by musicians and fans in response to a wave of racial violence as opportunistic politicians and a growing neo-Fascist party called the National Front tried to blame a floundering economy and high unemployment on nonwhite immigrants taking available jobs. Gangs of alienated young whites, most notoriously the "skinheads," responded with unprovoked assaults on the immigrants. Along with "Paki bashing"—beating up black immigrants—came street violence against gays and women.

Amid this turmoil, one-time Cream guitarist Eric Clapton, speaking between sets at a Birmingham concert, dead drunk, railed against "foreigners" and urged support for ultra-conservative member of Parliament Enoch Powell, Britain's equivalent of George Wallace circa 1956.

Rock against Racism first surfaced with a letter to Melody Maker magazine: "When we read about Eric Clapton's Birmingham concert, where he urged support for Enoch Powell, we nearly puked." The letter's authors vowed "to organize a movement against the contamination of racial poison in rock music."

With punk rock just breaking on the English scene, not yet touched by the music-industry establishment, RAR could not have picked a better time. Punks had already begun to listen to reggae, which was also popular with London's large West Indian population. Soon reggae and punk bands were playing the same stages to racially mixed audiences.

In the past two years Rock against Racism



Protesters at RAR's London rally.

has organized over 56 chapters throughout the British Isles. This past year has seen over 400 gigs, including many legal-defense benefits for demonstrators arrested at anti-racist confrontations with violent National Front mobs. In 1978, RAR coordinated three major carnivals in conjunction with the Anti-Nazi League, which resulted in the largest antifascist rallies since the '30s.

The first, in April, attracted 50,000 to the London march and 80,000 to a concert with the likes of the Clash, the Tom Robinson Band and X-Ray Spex. The second carnival was a regional event in the north to which 40,000 supporters flocked to hear Steel Pulse, the Buzzcocks and Graham Parker and the Rumour.

The carnival last September was the biggest yet. Woodstock-sized crowds of punks, Rastas, skinheads, Pakis and assorted other youthful English tribes marched five miles through racially torn central London to gather at Brixton's Brockwell Park. Trailers carried live bands blasting punk rock, which mingled with football-styled chants of "We're black, we're white, we're dynamite!" Signs proclaimed "Pogo on a Nazi." Tom Robinson, Jim Pursey of Sham 69, Elvis Costello and various other black and white bands appeared. The RAR formula has prompted a political polarization among British youth: you are either RAR or not.

Many young North American bands are

already taking a decidedly radical stance. Vancouver punks last spring gathered to burn Nazi regalia, and local punk bands the Subhumans and Joey Shithead with DOA have played Smash the State rallies for the anarchists grouped around Open Road magazine.

Devo and other new-wave groups performed at benefits for the legal-defense fund during last year's Kent State gym confrontations. A very radical punk movement has grown up in San Francisco, where 14 bands played a benefit for striking United Mine Workers.

In the U.S., maximum impact will come when the Rock against Racism idea reaches bands outside the new-wave phenomenon: not just black and Latin music and the folk-rock axis of the '60s, but also country, bluegrass and Southern boogie.

The scene of history's biggest police riot—Chicago—is also the most segregated big city in the U.S. When, last summer, longhairs with rock 'n' roll T-shirts appeared at a Nazi-sponsored white-power rally in Chicago shouting "Kill the niggers," the need for RAR-USA became evident. During a riot last year, one Chicago cop shot two Latino youths in the back, and was exonerated. Through Chicago's back alleys and public parks parade America's most highly publicized Nazis, and little attention is paid to the firebombing of four black families' homes near the Nazis' Marquette Park lair.

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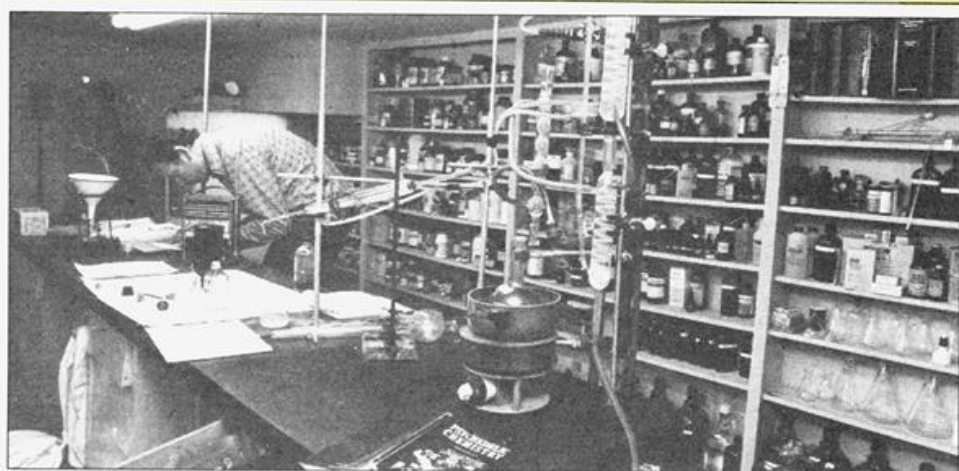


## Government Claims Record Dope Harvest in Southeast

**987 Tons of Grass,  
780 Pounds of Coke,  
140 Boats Nailed in  
Last Half of '78**

A record volume of dope was copped between Latin America and the U.S. Southeast last year, top federal drug honchos are bragging. Over 987 tons of grass and 780 pounds of coke went down the tubes in the last six months of 1978 alone, nipped on the coasts and waters around Florida, Georgia and the Carolinas. President Carter's latest drug czar, Lee Dogoloff, said credit for the alleged massacre was due to federal dope agencies working in collaboration with the government of Colombia. "We look for the government of Colombia to continue its support," Dogoloff affirmed, praising the Turbay government for its "military effort to control drug smuggling originating from the Guajiran peninsula."

Stateside, U.S. narcs enjoyed a massive new budget, sucked out of Congress by last summer's colorful hearings of the House Select Committee on Drug Abuse and Control, in Hollywood, Florida, headed by congressmen Lester Wolff and Herbert Burke. (Burke was busted himself in the course of the event for being drunk in the parking lot of a topless joint.) With the new federal bread, the Drug Enforcement Administration opened new offices in Panama City and Fort Myers, and Florida Customs beefed up its air-



Salt Lake City DEA narc Bill Martini pretends to know what he's doing in a lovely speed/acid lab that was busted by campus rent-a-cops.



Canuck smugglers ingeniously packed 350 pounds of pressed ganja into 1,200 record album covers for import to Toronto. Great idea—except that the LPs stank to high heaven.

support fleet with T-39 jets.

But the most effective part of the expanded budget reportedly went to informants in Colombia, who tipped off the feds to no less than 140 smuggler boats—more than were nailed in the previous five years put together. Dogoloff's office said the stepped-up interdiction program cost grass smugglers an estimated \$619 million in wholesale profits. They did not mention how much the program cost the taxpayers.

● DEA narcs set up a dope deal with four young men in San Francisco, California, promising to swap an undisclosed amount of coke for some acid. When the car of one of the defendants was searched, the narcs discovered 226,000 tabs of acid; and 30,500 more blotter hits turned up at the home of another bustee.

● Two Air America executives have been busted for facilitating shipment of 25,000 'ludes into the Essex County Airport in Fairfield, New Jersey. Undercover narc Orlando Caprio negotiated to buy the pills from a 22-year-old kid, then waited at the airport with 25 backup narcs until the plane came in.

● 2,400 pounds of Pakistani hashish—one of the biggest hash falls ever recorded—was hit ten miles west of Dulles International Air-

port near Alexandria, Virginia. The hash had been flown to Dulles in crates marked "china dinnerware," on the understanding that it wouldn't be checked by Customs until it got to Philadelphia by truck. Five men from Pennsylvania and New Jersey were busted in the act of switching the hash crates with crates containing real china, say cops.

● A Customs narc at Toronto International Airport snooped into two trunks flown in from Jamaica and discovered 450 pounds of hash oil. RCMP narcs replaced all except 10 pounds with olive oil and then trailed the woman who picked up the trunks to a farmhouse in Melancthon, Ontario, where four people were busted.

● A Florida Marine Patrol plane spotted the 44-foot *Jaskim II* lobster fisher five miles east of Sebastian Inlet, Florida, with no one onboard. When FMP cops inspected the boat with a utility craft, it turned out to be lading 7 tons of smoke and sinking rapidly. Evidently the crew had tried to scuttle it when it started taking in water. The boat was towed to the new Fort Pierce Coast Guard station.

● A 19-year-old girl "jumped bail" to France a week after cops had nailed her for regularly selling hash, acid and speed to teenagers in a High Street ice-cream parlor in Dayvilles, Surrey, England. A customer had evidently fingered the young woman to the police, who stopped her on the way home from work one night, finding a cache of dope and a list of customers in her purse. Yet she went on working at the parlor for several days until her connection, a 30-year-old Guildford factory manager, showed up with a new supply of dope. He was directly busted, and shortly after that the girl just "disappeared," according to authorities. It turns out the connection had for some time been doing a brisk dope trade out of the King's Head Pub in Guildford; he'd been getting less than \$100 per week out of the ice-cream parlor concession, which evidently had been his girl friend's idea.

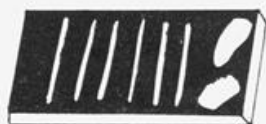
The girl's "skipping bail" is considered by knowledgeable British sources as a euphemism for the government's unacknowledged policy of setting up sensitive dope snitches with alternate identities and livelihoods, as in the U.S. Three of the customers on her list were also busted.

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## New Miami Record: 129 Pounds of Toot at Airport Customs

Customs coppers at Miami International Airport spent a day watching a certain suitcase that had arrived from what they call a "suspect" country—Colombia, Venezuela, Bolivia or Peru—"which bore an obviously false address." While the case sat in the sequestered Customs warehouse, an airline employee kept surreptitiously pushing it toward the warehouse door at odd intervals. Finally, late in the evening, a pickup truck backed up to the door. The suitcase was in the process of being loaded when the guns and badges came out. Inside the case were 57 packages containing 129 pounds of pharmaceutical-quality cocaine. The driver and the airline employee were turned over to the DEA for prosecution.

- A Chicago couple, ages 26 and 25, tried to move 12.7 pounds of blow through San Juan International Airport from Martinique to the States. U.S. Customs turned up the coke in their luggage.

- Miami's second all-time biggest snowfall came down recently when an International Airport Customs dog handler—working without the dog—noticed a stray suitcase on the floor in the Customs area. The case, filled with 75 pounds of pure cocaine, was stashed under the luggage conveyor ramp leading up to the carousel retrieval area. Nobody was busted.

- Miami narcs raided an apartment on 105th Avenue and busted three men holding 10 pounds of coke, a large quantity of methaqualone and several guns.

- Narcs from New York City's Organized Crime Control Bureau tailed two Colombians all the way from Jackson Heights to Venezuela and back to bust them at Kennedy Airport with 14 pounds of pure toot in a false-bottomed suitcase. Queens D.A. John Santucci, who has been repeatedly raked over the coals for his office's ineffectiveness at hitting the coke trade in Jackson Heights, claimed he's "broken the back" of the Venezuelan

connection with the Kennedy seizure, which led to three more busts in Manhattan and Brooklyn. Noting that most of the coke in the U.S. passes through a few Colombian families in Jackson Heights, where there have been 24 coke-related murders in the last three years, Santucci remarked, "The attitude of these people was that if you can kill for your country, you can kill for yourself."



*Benson Ford, Henry's great grandson, was recently nailed with a coke and hash stash at San Francisco International Airport.*

- Five Haitian nationals, all U.S. citizens, have been sent up for life in prison in Canada for trying to move 10 pounds of snort through Toronto International Airport. The crown prosecutor, Bruce Shilton, told the magistrate that the two men and three women were "beyond rehabilitation," and he demanded the life sentences in the interest of "deterrence and public protection." The three women had been carrying the blow, estimated at 30 to 90 percent pure, strapped to their bodies; they were nailed on a stopover

en route to California. Prosecutor Shilton averred that even though the Haitians had only been routing the snort through Canada to the U.S., "Canada has to do its share to combat drug smuggling."

- Jamaica Customs narcs found 5.5 pounds of pure coke in the luggage of a 27-year-old American woman passing through Norman Manley International Airport en route to Miami.

- A Kansas City man has been sent up for five years in Jamaica for transporting 1.5 pounds of nose through Norman Manley International Airport. Security cops went over the man with a hand-held metal scanner and noticed a bulge under the inner seam of his trouser leg. The man said it was a money roll, but he was searched, and eight baggies of snort turned up. Described by General Penitentiary physician Dr. Aubrey Russel, the man is a "fundamental anxiety" type of person, suffering from ulcers, who cannot be adequately treated in Jamaican prison hospitals.

- A Bolivian coke chemist and his alleged assistant were busted in a makeshift lab in Reno, Nevada, with 9 pounds of pure toot. DEA narcs said they'd been keeping tabs on the chemist for several years while he pumped out snort in Bolivia, Brazil and British Columbia. They let him work a couple of weeks in Reno with his assistant—an employee at the gambling joint Harrah's—before bringing down the raid.

## Hit Parade

Now that the Dope Drought of 1978 is easing, superior Colombian shit is moving in by the freightload again. Which is a blessing, because we were frankly getting damned impatient with that overpriced, undernourishing Paki hash, grey Jamac and Canadian hash oil that everybody was getting stuck with. Even the narcs seem to be getting back their sense of professional pride, as all these enthusiastic multi-ton fume busts indicate. Hats off to our brothers and sisters in La Guajira: you make us all a lot happier.

- 60,000 lbs of grass nabbed on the 170-foot British freighter *Dayton*, boarded by USCG cutter *Steadfast*, 12 miles east of Miami, Florida; 13 Colombians deported.

- 50,000 lbs of grass nailed by the Coast Guard aboard a 65-foot Venezuelan fisher in the Gulf; no busts recorded.

- 40,000 lbs of Barranquilla-stamped gold busted during unloading from a 55-foot shrimp in Sunbury, Georgia; five arrests.

- 20,000 lbs of Guajira brown on 54-foot *Becca* in Biscayne Bay, by Miami Marine Patrol; five busts, including one person who

jumped overboard and headed for shore.

- 13,900 lbs of Santa Marta gold unloaded from 66-foot cabin cruiser *Randy VI* to canalside mansion in Delray Beach, Florida; local cops busted four men.

- 2,680 lbs of Guajira dorado discovered by Miami cops in a 1978 Chevy pastry van on Old Cutler Road, after the Cubano driver was pulled over for a routine stop. Four other men, discovered nearby in a Dodge that had driven into a canal, were busted.

- 2,400 lbs of primo Colombiano being off-loaded from shrimpier *Kenny* at dock near Morgan City, St. Mary's Parish, Louisiana; surprised by sheriff's deputies, six persons were busted.

- 2,000 lbs of standing plants nailed in three-acre cornfield near Wilmington, Delaware, by federal and local narcs; three busted, along with sophisticated curing and baling paraphernalia.

- 1,200 lbs of Colombo weed (mostly stems and trash) on speedboat scuttled near Knowles Park, Florida; no busts.

- 1,200 lbs of Colombo grass in the bow of a high-powered speedboat that nearly rammed a Dade County Marine Police boat, as rain had obscured the smuggler's windshield; the man was busted.

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## Sex and the Single Warlock

A strange man in black accosted a young Minneapolis woman on her way home from work. She darted into her house and locked the door. The man proceeded to kick a hole in one of the door slats, and the woman fled out the back way just as his foot came through. When police subsequently showed up, the man was still there, his foot inextricably stuck in the hole he'd made. He was carrying a book titled *How to Succeed with Women*

with Witchcraft.

● Local cops hauled a man off the street in Greenbush, Maine, and put him in their cruiser, demanding he pay up on two overdue court fines. In response, the man sank his teeth into the back of the seat, "ruining" some \$100 in imitation leather. He is currently doing 120 days for assault on a police vehicle. Lucky it wasn't real leather.

● Doctor's doctor Robert Jones says professional physicians are considerably more prone to alcoholism, drug addiction, depression and suicide than most other people, and are generally very reluctant to seek help. "Patients may be taking great risks with sick doctors," warns the New York City GP, "especially mentally sick doctors."

● Honolulu city fathers put a giant Ted Mack-style applause meter in a local park, at the behest of Hawaii's Citizens against Noise chapter; the needle swings wildly around the dial, day in and day out, with every motor backfire, ruptured muffler, jackhammer and cop siren that sounds off. However, Citizens against Noise had to ask recently that the thing be shut off at night: a lot of people had been screaming into it at wee small hours of the morning, and cracking up while they watched the needle jump.

● After 12 years of selling his come at premium rates, champion stud bull Paclomar Astronaut recently died in his sleep at the age of 13 years—approximately equivalent to 105 for a human being. Astronaut was prolific to the last, spurting regular charges of semen into the electronic Jaculator for suspension in liquid nitrogen and eventual artificial insemination. He died after a \$4-million "working" career, survived by approximately 150,000 offspring, 10,127 of whom bear his name.

● An escaped convict from a Davenport, Iowa, prison was noticed appearing on television as a contestant on "The Dating Game" by a former employee of the prison. The ex-inmate, James Shelton, went so far as to use his own name as "bachelor number one" on the program but gave his occupation as a clothing designer.

Police still have no idea as to Shelton's present whereabouts, perhaps due to the fact that he did not win a date on the show. The

director of the Davenport prison commented, "It certainly took guts. The irony was that bachelor number two was a probation officer."

● Indianapolis heads watching WTTV's election-night polls responded to the question "Should marijuana be legalized?" with a resounding three-to-one yes vote. The survey was taken in Indianapolis and Bloomington, Indiana, from 10:55 P.M. November 7 to 10:55 P.M. November 8, 1978.

● Cynical cosmetics producers are currently recruiting Roman Catholic nuns, who have the fairest complexions and finest skins in the world, to test their makeups, scents, hair-dressing paraphernalia and whatnot. When asked why nuns have such high-quality skin, a spokesman for the Cosmetics, Toiletries and Fragrance Association curtly retorted, "They don't normally use cosmetics."

● After a week of dope robberies from a pharmacy in Church, Virginia, local cops finally tracked down the alleged perpetrator: a 25-pound raccoon. The 'coon had been squeezing in through an air-conditioning duct and, with every indication of conscious forethought, had been ripping off mild trunks and diet speed. When cops finally nailed the stripe-tailed polydrug abuser, they drove him deep into the woods and let him loose, to handle the cold-turkey in his natural environment.

● Polltakers for the National Assessment of Educational Progress were stunned this spring to discover that 46 percent of female high-school juniors have absolutely no anticipation or intention of working a day in their lives at a job. Half the U.S. labor force is female nowadays, and 90 percent of all American women work outside the home at some time in their lives; high school girls, though, evidently either just don't know this, or don't care. The polltakers couldn't account for the results.

● Denver fresh-air peddler Peter Calandrucchio is doing okay at a quarter a hit for pure oxygen. Last fall, to dramatize Denver's unforgivable smog problem, Calandrucchio began pushing scuba tanks around town on a hand-built pushcart, offering cheap tokens of O<sub>2</sub>. Business turned out to be so brisk, especially on smoggy days, that he wound up making a handsome profit. He's still making it, too.



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## Celebrity Dope Tales: Clooney, Burns, Moore, Stabler and Orlando without Dawn

Rosemary Clooney, whose corn-fed, freckle-faced wholesomeness contributed so much to pop culture in the '50s—remember "Come Onna My House"?—had a dope encounter of the worst kind in the '60s, she now confesses. It seems that in 1968, when she was due for a global singing tour that would take her from Reno to Bangkok, Rosemary's 25-year-old boyfriend abruptly refused to go along. According to the singer, then 39, "His goodbye lit the fuse to a powder keg. All the neutrons and protons of life were out of control." While on the tour, with only her secretary Inez for company, Clooney began "popping pills to the point where I no longer kept count." She was doing Seconal and a lot of compulsive gambling. "I was like a mouse going through a maze, looking for an exit and taking all the wrong turns. My brain was short-circuited. The lights went out." After she drove her flower-power-painted Cadillac at top speed all the way to her mountain home near Lake Tahoe, using the wrong lane, the songstress finally visited Mount Sinai Hospital in Los Angeles. "Under the guidance and treatment of Dr. J. Victor Monke," says Clooney, "a very beautiful thing happened. I am today able to show my emotions, which I never could before." Clooney's latest heartthrob is Dante di Paolo. Her son Gabe is engaged to Debby "You Light Up My Life" Boone.

● When George Burns was asked to explain the meaning of the song he performed in the dreadful *Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Heart's Club Band*—"Fixing a Hole Where the Rain Gets In"—the 82-year-old vaudevillian delivered the crispest, neatest interpretation ever offered for the tune. "Fixing a hole where the rain gets in, they're fixing a hole so the smoke doesn't get out," he declared. "If the smoke gets out, they'll get busted." As for George himself: "I don't need drugs. All I need is Monty, my piano player."

● Jose Valentin de la Broda, former heavyweight boxing champion of Peru, was grabbed at Miami International Airport with what cops said was a kilo of snort. De la Broda, who is married with five children, blurted out, "I was paid to deliver it," in a U.S. Federal Court pretrial hearing. As we go to press, Judge Peter Palermo has ordered de la Broda to remain in jail.

● Shortly after the disintegration of her dreadful musical-variety show last season, Mary Tyler Moore, 41, told the *Ladies' Home Journal*: "I have smoked marijuana and found it no more dangerous than the martini Grant [Tinker, her husband] and I have before every dinner." She added that personally she thinks TV is "just dumb," and that she only watches "news and informational programs."

● It was "the most terrifying day of my life," said Sacramento Bee sportswriter Bob Padeckey of his afternoon in the slam at Gulf Shores, Alabama, for possession of coke. "I am 32 years old and the closest I had ever been to a jail was my television set."

Padeckey had dropped by Gulf Shores to interview Oakland Raiders quarterback Ken (Snake) Stabler, whom Padeckey had frequently roasted in print for his lousy performance last season. Stabler, who has extensive property interests around Gulf Shores, kept



"Snake" Stabler: did he flake Bob Padeckey?

the reporter hopping around after him from tavern to tavern along Route 50 for most of the day.

Eventually Stabler unloaded on the sportscribe in the Silver Dollar Lounge, bitching about the way Padeckey had grilled his folks in hometown Foley, Alabama. "Snake doesn't like people coming around his hometown," a pal had warned Padeckey.

Subsequently, as Padeckey was pulling his rented 1979 white Mercury Bobcat out of the Silver Dollar parking lot, a mob of cops descended on him. They spread and frisked

him and eventually turned up a key case full of snort inside the car's right front hubcap.

Padeckey was jailed in a cell that he said reminded him of the movie *Papillon* before local sergeant A.D. "Cotton" Lung, 39, eventually came by to hear Padeckey's story. Lung took him straight to Police Chief James Maples and said, "Chief, I'm no expert, but this is a setup if I ever saw one."

The cops had been tipped off to the coke in the rent-a-car by a telephone snitch, they explained to Padeckey, adding solemnly that if he let the story get out, he'd probably be dusted by some big coke cartel they were allegedly investigating just then. Finally, says Padeckey, "They decided it would be a good idea if I got out of town." The cops gave him an armed escort to Pensacola, 30 miles away.

● Singer Tony Orlando says it was cocaine abuse that triggered a "drug psychosis" that led to his institutionalization two years ago, and not a nervous breakdown as originally reported.

Orlando is quoted in the *Ladies' Home Journal* as stating that he became increasingly dependent on cocaine as a stimulant to boost his energy level for his stage appearances. He claims he eventually flipped out and finally found himself sitting in a bleak hospital room, surrounded by ghostlike inmates dressed in shapeless gowns and paper slippers, chanting, "Go star go, go star go," at him.



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## Movement to Legalize Medical Marijuana Spreads

California state senator Robert Presley of Riverside and assemblyman Herschel Rosenthal of Los Angeles have coauthored a bill before the Sacramento legislature that would authorize the use of grass in treating glaucoma and cancer-chemotherapy patients. The bill would establish a government commission to review patients applying for grass on a case-by-case basis and would penalize physicians who failed to keep accurate records of the herb they were using.

● Pennsylvania NORML attorney Waring Fink filed a petition in January 1979 with the Pennsylvania Drug Device and Cosmetic Board to reclassify marijuana down from its current status as a Schedule One drug. This means that marijuana would be available to Pennsylvania residents for medical use, including the treatment of glaucoma and side effects of cancer chemotherapy.

Pennsylvania NORML is also planning to



*One-woman pot lobby: Corleen Hapeman, 54, who eased her chemotherapy with pot, stumps for decrim in Olympia, Washington.*

introduce a decriminalization plan modeled along the provisions of the Ohio decriminalization bill. Current Ohio law calls for a maximum \$100 fine for possession of 100 grams or less of marijuana.

● The house of representatives in the state of Washington has approved a petition asking Congress to legalize the use of marijuana for medical purposes.

The measure was approved, 86 to 10, and now goes for approval to the state senate.

One representative—Ted Haley of Tacoma, who is a surgeon—says there is no doubt marijuana helps relieve the nausea experienced by those undergoing chemotherapy and radiation treatments.

Haley has also sponsored a bill legalizing the medicinal use of pot in the state. Illinois, Florida, Louisiana and New Mexico have already passed such laws, and one is pending in Oregon.

## First International Legalization Conference Planned

The International Cannabis Alliance for Reform (ICAR) has announced the formulation of the First Annual International Legalization of Marijuana Conference. ICAR is a network of marijuana-law-reform organizations from around the world (NORML-U.S., NORML-Canada, the Canadian Association to Legalize Marijuana, the Italian Radical Party and the Legalise Cannabis Campaign of England) dedicated to removing cannabis from the U.N. Single Convention Treaty on Narcotic Drugs. They are also active in efforts to help American drug prisoners in foreign jails. The legalization conference, which will probably be held in

Amsterdam, is cosponsored by *High Times* and *Home Grown* magazine of England.

Reverend William Deane, NORML international liaison and coordinator of the conference, said, "In order to make the conference educational, relevant and productive, we are asking *High Times* readers to participate in the planning of this conference. We need people who can suggest topics for the conference as well as contribute their time, ideas and money to developing projects of their own interest in areas of marijuana legalization in which they have expertise." If you are interested in participating in the conference, write to ICAR c/o Pennsylvania

NORML, 3601 Locust Walk, Philadelphia, Pa. 19104. 215-387-5554. In your typed letter, please include the following information:

Outline the topic or workshop you would be qualified for or interested in covering.

List any subjects you would like to see covered that are relevant to the legalization of marijuana.

If you live in the continental U.S., would you be willing to commit yourself to participation in a chartered plane flight from New York to Amsterdam? This would enable substantial savings in hotel rooms.

Do you have any further comments or suggestions for the conference?

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# TRANS-HIGH MARKET QUOTATIONS



## AFGHANISTAN

Local kabul hash	good	oz	1-2
Water-pressed hash	marbled	kilo	40-70
Shirac hash	stupefying	oz	2-3
Mazar-i-sharif	black, primo	kilo	100-175
Opium	knockout	oz	5-8
		kilo	50-80
		oz	5-10
		kilo	150-250
		6 pipes	20

## CANADA

Domestic	crop thriving	oz	10-20
		lb	100-125
Commercial	glut,	oz	25-45
Colombian	lots old	lb	350-450
Connoisseur	rising	oz	50-75
Colombian	expectations	lb	450-600
Hawaiian	variety, good	oz	180-200
	to excellent	lb	2000-3100
California	making	oz	150-200
sinsemilla	the scene	lb	1000-1500
Thai sticks	up, some ersatz	one	20-25
Afghani hash	black slabs,	oz	160-200
	worthwhile	lb	1200-1800
Lebanese	from U.S.,	oz	70-120
hash	fair	lb	800-1500
MDA	lovers' delight	hit	2-4
LSD	improving	hit	3-7
	assortment		
Metham-	crystal, good	oz	500-800
phetamine	Toronto special	lb	4500-7000
Honey oil	amber,	gm	35-50
	tremendous	oz	450-600
Cocaine	z-z-z-z-z,	gm	75-125
	some out West	oz	1450-2000

## COLOMBIA

Santa Marta	good selection,	oz	4-10
gold, red	quantity; trans-	lb	55-75
	porting tough		
Commercial	leafy brown,	oz	1-5
	overstocked	lb	10-30
Colombian	improving,	oz	10-30
hash	still ho-hum	lb	100-250
Colombian	sucks	oz	150-200
hash oil		lb	1000-1250
Mushrooms	OK supply, not	oz	4-7
	big commercially	lb	100-300
Cocaine	from everywhere,	oz	150-500
	everything	lb	2500-5000

## HOLLAND

Moroccan	medium quality	gm	2.50
hash		kilo	1250
Lebanese	medium to good	gm	2
red		kilo	1000
Afghani	fine, higher in	gm	4
hash	Amsterdam	kilo	3250
Pakistani	always available	gm	2.50
hash		kilo	1500
Nepalese	limited stash	gm	3
hash		kilo	2000
Domestic	very bad		free
grass			
Colombian	hard to find	oz	50-80
grass		lb	450-650
Cocaine	decent rock	gm	75-125
		oz	1300-2100
Chitral hash	black, OK	gm	2.50
		kilo	1250
Mandrax	200 mg	one	.50-2

## MEXICO

Torreon	breath-taking	oz	8-12
violet		lb	30-75
Oaxacan tops	occasionally,	oz	4-6
	top-notch	lb	50-90
Mexican	surprisingly weak	oz	2-5
sinsemilla		lb	20-50
Acapulco gold	back again,	oz	10-20
	old friend	lb	50-100

Emerald hash	not bad, scratchy	oz	20-50
		lb	30-500
Guerrero gold	smooth, but	oz	3-6
	seedy	lb	20-50
Pueblo	good, when and if	oz	3-6
		lb	20-70
Magic	Montezuma's	oz	5-10
mushrooms	revenge	lb	50-125
Cocaine	no buy, go South	gm	30-50
		oz	300-500
Opium	growing interest,	oz	30-75
	portends future	lb	300-500

## PERU

Brown buds	jungle grass	oz	4-5
		lb	55
Gold buds	mountain grass	oz	10
		lb	70-75
Lecuga	"lettuce" pot from	oz	2-3
grass	the coast	lb	35
Coca leaves	dry, cheap in	kilo	2-3
	bundles		
Coca paste	for smoking	gm	1.50-2
		kilo	1100
Cocaine	90 percent pure,	gm	5-10
	the world's best	kilo	8500
Quaaludes	locally produced,	one	.20
	not very good		

## USA

Contiguous			
Top-grade	ay, carumba!	oz	25-50
Mexican		lb	125-275
Quality	coming back	oz	30-40
Jamaican		lb	125-300
Thai sticks	???	oz	75-150
		lb	700-1200
Burmese	no shit; fine but dry	oz	100-175
		lb	900-1500
		floating	
Florida	hot new item,		
sinsemilla	market testing	oz	50-75
Jamaican	spicy new	lb	500-850
sinsemilla	breed	oz	25-40
Commercial	can't lose	lb	200-375
Colombian		oz	50-70
Connoisseur	warehoused,	lb	400-550
Colombian	rare and costly	oz	50-75
Seedless	top stuff, scarce	lb	500-675
Colombian		oz	20
shake	precleaned, lazy	lb	250
Indian hash	man's special	oz	125-160
	smooth and trippy	lb	1000-1300
		lb	25
Colombian	speckled beauties,		
seeds	some top-notch	oz	75-150
Pseudo sticks	California made,	lb	1500-2000
	so-so imitation	single	1-1.25
Didrax ups	orange "upjohns"	oz	500-750
Methaqualone	do-it-yourself	lb	7500
powder	'ludes; some		
	sleazy	oz	50-125
California	potent,	lb	450-1000
red hair	overpriced	oz	50-150
California	delish,	lb	500-900
sinsemilla	price war	oz	100-175
Hawaiian	astronomical,	lb	800-1200
Puna buds	runner's curse	oz	75-120
Moroccan	erratic supply,	lb	625-800
hash	some primo	oz	75-120
Lebanese	tons, red and blond,	lb	1000-1400
hash	short head	oz	90-150
Black Afghani	overpriced, fair,	lb	1500-1800
hash	often dry	oz	100-150
Nepalese	pressed balls,	lb	100-150
hash	knockout,	oz	1000-1200
	West mostly		
Paki hash	just decent,	oz	75-100
	no buy	lb	800-1200
Thai sticks	the bigger,	one	15-30
	the better;	oz	125-175
	much bogus		
Hawaiian	biggest crop ever,	oz	150-175
	still high	lb	1000-1750
Hash oils	nice novelty,	gm	25-40
	Afghani to honey	oz	400-800

PCP	powder, the pits	gm	60-75
LSD	Renaissance,	hit	2-4
	rates up		
Mescaline	caps; rare	hit	10-20
	but there	oz	1000-1500
Psilocybin	available fresh,	oz	25-45
mushrooms	frozen, dried	lb	100-250
Peyote	flourishing,	button	30-1
	some homegrown	lb	10-30
Quaaludes,	rare, many "boots,"	one	3-5
714s	still a joy	100	250-350
Cocaine	plethora	gm	60-120
	as usual	oz	1000-2000
MDA	back on campus	ea	5-10
		gm	35-60
Black	beware of fakes	hit	3-5
beauties			
Crystal meth	ace, if real McCoy	gm	40-75
		oz	750-1500
Opium	increasing demand,	gm	25-70
	some awesome	oz	500-1000

## Hawaii

Puna buds	juicy, fruity,	oz	110-160
	unreal stone	lb	1000-1800
Kona gold	sweet, touristy,	oz	100-140
	inflationized	lb	1000-1700
Mauna Loa	glazed buds,	oz	100-130
	brains	lb	1200-1500
Maui	wowiee	oz	100-150
		lb	1000-1800
Leper grass	Molokai export,	oz	75-100
	killer buds	lb	1000-1500
Oahu shake	nice leftovers	oz	20-40
Leaf sticks	big leaves,	one	5-10
	GI special		
High-grown	could be scam	four	.25
seeds			
Cocaine	you name it	gm	75-125
		oz	1500
Amphetamines	white crosses	one	.50
	black beauts	one	2.50
LSD	mostly microdot	one	2-4
	and windowpane		
Lebanese	no end,	gm	10
hash	passable		
Hash oil	short-term high	gm	10
Magic	lots of fun,		free
mushrooms	in season		

## Alaska

Commercial	passable buzz,	oz	50-60
Colombian	abundant	lb	450-525
Connoisseur	land of the	oz	60-75
Colombo	noonday moon	lb	500-675
Domestic weed	good a.m. weed	oz	25-40
		lb	100-250
Mexican weed	more than usual	oz	30-50
	of late	lb	250-400
Hawaiian	aloha!	oz	175-250
Puna buds		lb	1000-1700
Hawaiian	best buy when	oz	35-45
shake	available	lb	275-475
Lebanese	here as	gr	10-25
hash	everywhere	oz	140-175
Black Afghani	passing through	gm	10-20
hash		oz	130-175
Hash oil	a honey for	gm	35-65
	the money		
Quaaludes	roller-coaster	ea	4-15
	market		
LSD	steady flow;	ea	3-5
	good to pits		
Cocaine	quality varies	gm	85-120
	wildly	oz	1800-2300
White Cross	trucking per usual	ea	.50
		100	20-35

**High Times** welcomes anonymous reports, but please be specific about the area, type, quantity and quality of dope referred to. If you are aware of other prices or have other relevant information or suggestions, please send them in. The THMQ is intended solely for comparative purposes and in no way is meant as an inducement to illegal activity, or as an endorsement of dope usage or trafficking, or as an endorsement of any particular dope. ☐



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**Interview**

# Wavy Gravy

From psychedelic barnstorming to communal hog farming; from East Coast coffeehouse cool to stoned San Francisco sunshine; from the Beat Generation through the Me Decade and beyond: A conversation with the legendary clown-prince of the counterculture

by Ron Rosenbaum



Wavy Gravy (born Hugh Romney) is one of the key figures in the evolution of the contemporary culture of getting high and getting together. He and his traveling commune, the Hog Farm, are perhaps best known to masses of Americans for their service at the "bad-trip freak-out tent" that was captured in the movie *Woodstock*. But there is a smaller, more passionate group of Wavy Gravy fans across the country and the world who value him for a whole range of good highs and good deeds he's inspired in his many guises and disguises over the years.

As a stand-up, free-form comedian in the early beatnik scenes of the '50s. As a pioneer acid taker, dealer and trip guide in the formative years of the West Coast hip scene. As a purveyor of Electric Kool-Aid and incandescent vibes during the madcap, Owsley Purple acid, Merry Prankster/Grateful Dead days of mid-'60s San Francisco. As a pioneer in communal living, group highs and "gong bong" with his mobile, extended family, the Hog Farm, in the late '60s. As a volunteer worker/entertainer in hospitals for brain-damaged children. As a good-humored peacemaker at all the major rock festivals and political demonstrations of the '60s and '70s. As the clown-suited organizer of the hilarious "Nobody for President" campaign in 1976. As the visionary promoter of Earth People's Park, Feed the Hungry and other utopian schemes that just might work for the '80s.

This guru of giggles, clown prince of the counterculture has managed to stay high and keep other people high for more than 20 years. Last year he sat down with me and *High Times* founder Tom Forcade (an old friend and fellow traveler on trips with Wavy) and answered some questions about how he's managed to do it.

**High Times:** How did you first get stoned?

**Gravy:** We were doing jazz and poetry on the East Coast in a joint in the basement of a pizza parlor called Pat's Pebble in the Rock. It was around '55, '56. I heard that all these musicians were on the stuff. They were actually smoking the same grass that caused Robert Mitchum to be dragged off to jail, and I was horrified. But we went to a coffeehouse in Kennebunkport, Maine, and I just weakened. I remember I was eating on this automobile that I had covered with shaving cream. I couldn't stop laughing. I must've laughed for two or three days.

**High Times:** Who gave you the stuff?

**Gravy:** It was a drummer who came up to hang out. I was beating on the hood of the car with a can of shaving lotion, and when they tried to pull me off I said, "Wait, I'm sending telegram messages around the world."

The second time I was turned on I was dragged into a closet by a drummer who was going to show me how to do it. This was back in the fierce '50s when you real-

ly had to be careful. He took me in the closet and locked the door, and he put a towel on the floor where the door thing came out. He blasted out a little Glade, looked furtively in both directions, turned out the light and lit the joint.

**High Times:** When did you first get turned on to psychedelics?

**Gravy:** Absolutely the first guy that did that to me, I do believe, also was the guy that turned me on to grass. This conga

---

**"This is when you pass  
the acid test: when  
you're at the bottom of  
the human soul, and you  
see somebody is sinking  
deeper than you are,  
and you reach down and  
give them a pull. At that  
moment you both go."**

---

drummer, a white dude. I remember getting a whole bunch of mescaline and going to the roller coaster at Coney Island and buying \$10 worth of tickets for the front seat, and I just kept doing that.

**High Times:** Tell us some basic biographical information. Where did you grow up? How did you get to be a poet?

**Gravy:** I grew up in East Greenbush, New York, near Albany. My sign is slippery when wet. My first conscious memory was kicking the box out from under my friend, Mason Regan, who was hanging himself because . . .

**High Times:** You always had a sense of humor, huh?

**Gravy:** He turned blue, his father came and cut him down and then kicked the shit out of him because the kid had done doo-doo in a wooden box in our fort. So I've always been careful to conceal my shit. It taught me to stash well from the get-go. As far as poetry is concerned, I think I first got into it because it seemed like a romantic thing to get into at the particular time. I figured it would get me some nookie. Besides that, I had a nice time sitting down at the typewriter and writing words down. I didn't really get into it until Boston, when we read in *Time* magazine about all this "beatnik" jazz and poetry. We were into jazz a little bit. I was hanging out with this other guy who was also a veteran. So I said, "Let's write some poems . . ."

**High Times:** So it was actually *Time* magazine that turned you on?

**Gravy:** That's right.

**High Times:** Did you actually get any nookie out of this?

**Gravy:** Yeah, I used to get lots of nookie out of reading—you kidding? I became

the poetry director of the Gaslight Café back in the days when we used to line them up five deep around the block. I began to write more and more and read the stuff, and as I tunneled into it, the poems got shorter and shorter until they eventually disappeared, because I had turned it into my life in my day in New York City, which was pretty fucking strange. Whenever I'd finish a poem everybody'd snap their fingers, because that's how they did it in the Gaslight. Otherwise the Italians poured hot lead down the air shaft.

**High Times:** What happened to all those other poet characters? Or are you the only one who survived?

**Gravy:** It was interesting. Every year up in Oregon, Ken Kesey has this thing called the Annual Political Hoo Ha. Not only does he allow everybody that writes a poem to get up onstage and read it, but he brings in a lot of poets from all over the country. This year was Allen Ginsberg, Gregory Corso, Jack Micheline, Jimmy Lyons and a whole host of people that paraded through the Gaslight. My poems got fewer and fewer, and the stuff in between the poems sort of stretched out, until finally one day Victor Mamutis came up to me and said, "How'd you like to just get rid of the poetry and talk about what you did during your day?" That's what got me into being a stand-up comic.

Then this conga player and I drove to California in a Jaguar Mark VII. It blew me away. We got out at the old Renaissance that Dave Shapiro used to run in Hollywood. Walked inside and there was maybe the second drug I'd ever seen in my life filling up the whole place. Elias Romero and Christopher Tree sitting there with a huge pile of peyote, eating peyote and hitting bells and chimes. And I thought that was the entire night life on the West Coast. I said, "Jeez, these guys are really advanced."

**High Times:** Well, let's jump to San Francisco. How did you get into that whole Kesey-Merry Prankster scene?

**Gravy:** Let me try and figure out how I ran into Kesey. First of all, I came to San Francisco to do the Phantom Cabaret. We had done it at the Living Theater with Moon Dog and Tiny Tim and then later with Sandy Bull. Moon Dog had started to say that he thought Tiny Tim was a sissy, and he didn't like what I was saying about the president.

**High Times:** You guys were really like pioneering weird people back then, weren't you?

**Gravy:** Yeah, it was at about that time that the acid started to break. I got very close to the Owsley and began to move it around. In other words, interspersed with my comedy stuff I began to be a dope dealer. We had business calling cards printed up. *Dimensio Primo* was the name of the organization, and my name was Al Denti, which was my code name. I got it



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**“I spent the whole night saying, ‘I’m your friendly invisible man here to inform you that the Kool-Aid on the right is Electric Kool-Aid.’”**

off a box of spaghetti. I used to wear several costumes. I'd meet people at Coit Tower with shopping bags and stuff like that.

**High Times:** Tell us about early acid pills. Was “Owsley Purple” the first brand name, or was it Orange Sunshine?

**Gravy:** Purple is first in my mind. Purple is also the highest vibrational thing in the spectrum, and at that particular time Owsley only needed a small identifying label. Whereas nowadays you get dragonfly blotters and all kinds of business because you have to be more distinctive. It was like at Woodstock when they started screaming over the mike, “Anyone who took the purple acid—you have just been poisoned. You have eaten some strychnine...” So suddenly I was working the freak-out tent at Woodstock, and I was buried in purple freak-outs and there were 37 different shades of it. In the early days a simple purple was enough to identify it.

I don't touch anything unless I almost know the chemist at this point, because there's so much weirdness out there. I have noticed a recent resurgence in excellent acid. But let me go back to the dope-dealing days, because they were great. I was the man on the street, and my partner John Bread went by the code

name of Rudy Clopnick and used to do our mailings. One of my stops used to be Margo St. James when she was a madam. I used to drop by on all the johns, get them whacked out, and I knew that I was doing kind of a good thing. We were picking up a few bucks, but we never made more than enough for taxis and to keep us high.

**High Times:** Did you ever try to fly?

**Gravy:** No, I was never inspired to do that, although I think Lenny Bruce almost did. That happened during that period too.

**High Times:** Someone gave him some DMT or something like that?

**Gravy:** I did that.

**High Times:** You did? A lot of people are claiming to be the one who dosed Lenny Bruce, but maybe you should definitively stake out this claim.

**Gravy:** Okay, let me tell you the story of that. I was doing Al Denti, and Lenny was in town. We used to spend a whole lot of time together. But this day, he was not in his hotel room. I left him some acid and DMT and wrote this note next to the DMT saying “Smoke it till the jewels roll out of your eyes.” And I folded it up. So Lenny comes in, and first of all, I figured he'd give the two hits of acid to his friend. I didn't think he would particularly go that way chemically, because we hung out a lot and he didn't seem to be doing that at that time. Anyhow, he popped the acid and started smoking the DMT. Up till then he'd always be seen in blacks and whites and grays.

**High Times:** No colors?

**Gravy:** No color. Many people are that way, I've discovered. Suddenly following instructions, smoke till the jewels roll out of your eyes, everything broke into color for the first time. And the acid started coming on, and he was doing great. You know, jumping around, talking to Eric Miller, the guitarist who used to travel with him. He was standing on the ledge of the window of the Swiss American Hotel on Columbus Avenue and suddenly went backwards, not on purpose, but leaving an imprint. Like Zorba the Greek in the window, or when you walk through the wall and say, “I have the strength of ten men,” and there's your outline in the shattered wood. In the middle of the air he looked up at Eric and screamed, “Man shall rise above the rule!” Then he hit the street.

**High Times:** What do you think that meant, “Man shall rise above the rule”?

**Gravy:** I think that someday you won't hit the street.

**High Times:** Did you ever use smack?

**Gravy:** I used to hang out with this gentleman junkie legend named Jimmy Porter. He would come in and steal things from me. You could recognize him because you'd see him walking sideways down the street with about four TVs in each hand. He was very strong. Six overcoats, five hats—looking slick. Walking



Jeffrey Dooley



sideways. A lot of people used to hang out with him. He sort of adopted me; furnished our apartment when I got married by just getting in the cab with us one day, stopping the cab and taking us on this stealing sojourn. We were hitting the lobbies of apartments, and I just felt really silly because I'd never shot dope. I thought, well, maybe I should shoot some dope. So I said to Jimmy, "I want to try it." And he says, "Get in the cab."

We got in the cab, and he took me to the place Alexander Trocchi was hanging out. The first thing that happened as we got through the door, there was this lady named Tessa who had shaved her head and embroidered a French flag on her skull. Trocchi was knocking the shit out of this old lady, saying she had to turn a trick so he could get some more smack. She struck out and he was pissed at her.

**High Times:** Not the most flattering anecdote.

**Gravy:** While this is going on, this guy staggers out of the john with a wheez hanging off his dork . . .

**High Times:** A what?

**Gravy:** A spike off his . . .

**High Times:** Really?

**Gravy:** There he was. So Jimmy said, "You still wanna shoot some smack?" I said, "No, let's get out of here." We packed up. He did that on purpose. He just took me to that. I've had too many good friends die in my arms to do it. Death is nature's way of telling us to slow down. We'll get there soon enough. Life has been a great honor to me lately—I've been spending my life as a clown at the children's hospital. I'm beginning to work with dying children. It's been another life buster.

My first life buster came when I took acid one morning in Del Mar, California. I ended up sitting cross-legged in a pile of ashes while this guy played a raga to me on a guitar that he had tuned from a Brazilian magic book. It was like millions of bagpipers stalking around, and this light started. Snot started pouring out of my nose, tears in my eyes, and—all these jewels—while I kept thinking, I am not worthy. I left and I said I am not, and then I came back and I said I am. And I've been weird ever since. I gave all my stuff away and went to live with the Hopi Indians for a while. After I left the Hopis I came back from L.A. to try and resolve my marriage. There was a secret indictment out for Al Denti, so we buried him at sea. One day Kesey showed up, and they brought me to see all the acid-test trip-to-New York footage.

**High Times:** How accurate was Tom Wolfe's book about Kesey, *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test*?

**Gravy:** He got me in big trouble.

**High Times:** Oh, did he? How?

**Gravy:** He said I put the acid in the Kool-Aid at Watts. Eight people committed themselves, for heaven's sake. Mothers



Carol Scott

**"We do the gong bong. It feels very positive, and that's how I know anything is good. I just follow the hard-on of my heart."**

all over the country were after me at one particular point.

**High Times:** Did you?

**Gravy:** No, no, no! I spent the whole night saying to people, "Ladies and gentlemen, this is your friendly invisible man here to inform you that the Kool-Aid on the right is Electric Kool-Aid, get it? Electric Kool-Aid." Because that was the night that LSD became illegal, the night of the Watts acid test.

**High Times:** Who did put the acid in the Kool-Aid?

**Gravy:** The same people that always did.

**High Times:** Okay, fine.

**Gravy:** But it was the night that I passed the acid test.

**High Times:** What does it mean to pass it?

**Gravy:** Well, it's different every time. First of all, Owsley used to get after us. He'd say, alright, how does the group brain work or something. Owsley's so kicked back and together. We were all so intense in those days. We would take all that acid together. We did it hundreds and hundreds of times, and we would just move into one another's genes, into one another's blood. We would surrender ourselves to this thing that wanted to happen. It would move us like marionettes.

**High Times:** Really?

**Gravy:** Because the feeling was so pure,



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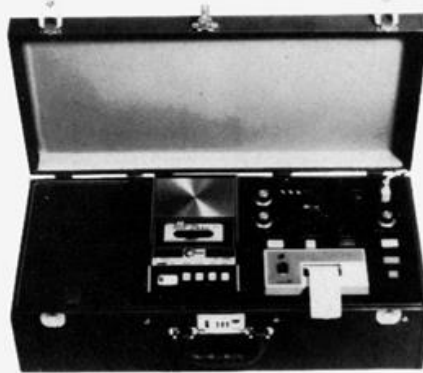
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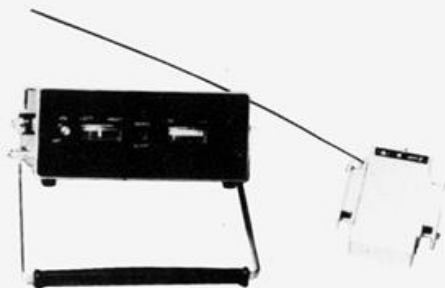
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## "Being a clown saved my life. You don't hear a bunch of hardhats getting together and saying, 'Hey, let's go kill a clown.'"

you would surrender to it and let it do you.

**High Times:** But Tom Wolfe said that you blew it, that the group thing didn't work.

**Gravy:** So let me tell you about it.

**High Times:** Go ahead. This is the big acid-test night in Tom Wolfe's book?

**Gravy:** Right. Suddenly there's a lot of people, and they've been dancing for hours to the Grateful Dead. They don't give a fuck what Kool-Aid they're drinking. After maybe 100 micrograms the floor started to melt, and you couldn't very well leave. Whacked out on acid in the center of Watts—you gotta stick together. And this woman freaks out. She goes, "Woah, the LSD—1964"—it was classic. I model all my acid-test freak-outs after her. Babs, a Merry Prankster, gets the microphone in place, and we were operating under some surreal sound system that Owsley put together called Super Sound. All these platforms, tiers and dials. People would be up there whacked out of their minds moving buttons. Babs just took the best mike we had and rammed it down the woman's throat; she was screaming.

It was such torture—the whole human race writhing in the pit, following the thin red line. I crawled to a microphone, I was so whacked. I said, "Let's find this girl and ask her if she's coming apart. We'll glue her together. How many people would like to do that?" Suddenly there were about 15 folks, Pranksters and others, who slowly began to put a circle around this girl. She stopped screaming and started flashing on and off. We held hands in a circle and everybody disappeared.

That, to me, is when you pass the acid test. When you're at the very bottom of the human soul, and you get off your trip of sinking, seeing that somebody is sinking a lot deeper than you are, and reach down and give them a pull. At that moment, you both go. The sky's the limit. And I don't even know if that's true.

It was "Never trust a Prankster." We would never drive away and leave somebody at a gas station where their sleeping bag was rolled up against the gas tank just because they stepped out to take a leak and the group mind decided it was time to move on. If you knew those were the ground rules and decided to play the game, that was okay.

**High Times:** Tell me how the Hog Farm started, how you started traveling around in buses and how you ended up working for rock festivals.

**Gravy:** Kesey, first of all, was in Mexico. Babs and a bunch of people went to join

him, sneaking off in the bus while everybody else was posing for photographs for Life magazine. They all stole the bus. Also, a lot of people came to live with me, in this little cabin about 35 minutes outside of Hollywood, in the woods. We had goats. Various people from the acid test that were left behind, incredible beings like Paul Foster and different people, started showing up and living till there was a whole bunch of us in this one-and-a-half-room cabin in the woods. The owner came by and freaked. He said, "Twenty-four hours, get out."

So we were despondent. But this guy drove by in a car. He lived up the road, and he said that Old Sol just had a stroke on the top of the mountain, and his job was open for caretaking 70 hogs. We drove up there, I remember going up. I stood up in this knoll to take a better look around and this big black pig stood up and started walking, objecting to me standing on his roof. Early in life I learned never to turn your back on a hungry hog. Forty-eight hog farmers a year are devoured by their charges. There was a lot of vandalism, it was a wrecked-over kind of house, but people started arriving from everywhere. We got up to over 40 or 50 folks, I guess, living around, under boards.

We began to do energy gigs at the Shrine with the Cream and the Dead and the Airplane. We did these breathing exercises that I began developing in the acid-test days. On Sundays we'd have a kind of open house—everybody in the Los Angeles area would ask what's the theme? We'd say bring a kite, dress like kids. Once Tiny Tim came and we built a theater for him and had a hog rodeo. That was when we painted up the pigs and rode around on them.

**High Times:** When did you decide to take the whole Hog Farm on the road?

**Gravy:** I don't think we decided. It was just an energy that kept building week after week. Eventually we were running a gas station called the Rocket Station. We were giving invisible green stamps and all kinds of weird stuff, spacing out. A couple of the guys were mechanics at the gas station, and they secretly saved up some money. On Christmas morning they drove up the hill in this old yellow-white school bus. Right away that became a focus and people started painting on it. We were thinking about taking some kind of show on the road. Meanwhile the buses just moved off the farm and hit the road. We went to this place in New Mexico, then moved from campsite to campsite.

**High Times:** It was a kind of pioneer uto-

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pian traveling community. Did you think of it like you were creating a new kind of society? A new kind of family?

**Gravy:** Yeah, we thought expanded families and sharing and things like that were part of what it was about. We'd go into a college and become sponsored by the interfraternity council and the SDS. Then we'd fill in the holes. We had a whole lot of sponsors, and with them we'd get a big place to do something. We'd empty out the audiovisual department and the art department and the music department and get all these local bands involved, and we'd just have this incredible amount of equipment and go to the football field on a Saturday around noon.

A lot of kids would start to come up to the buses. We're probably asleep or pretending to be, and they start beating on the side of the bus. We were trucking with 60-foot and 30-foot geodesic domes. The 30-footer was totally enclosed, and the 60-footer had these big triangles that we could project light shows on. We said, "You know, we're all brain damaged—but we've got all this stuff. If you guys just give us a hand, we could put it together." Next thing you know everybody's got wrenches and screwdrivers. We get a little soundtrack going, and by the time the music starts it was everybody's show, which was what our total game was. To point out that everybody was the show. And try and dissolve a lot of those theater concepts.

**High Times:** I remember one show—you always involved that breathing exercise as a way of getting high.

**Gravy:** We have two breathing exercises. One is called a gong bong. In fact I always say to people if they don't get stoned on that, they can kick the shit out of me and smoke it. There hasn't been much damage, a few gashes and a chipped tooth, but the guy that had the tooth problem said he didn't care if he lost his whole mouth.

**High Times:** What is the gong bong, for readers who haven't experienced it?

**Gravy:** It's a hyperventilation high. It just raises the energy of the group or your own body energy. Everybody breathes a whole bunch of times, takes the last breath and holds it. We're all holding hands at the time. Then you stand up with your arms over your head, and whatever sound is inherent in the breath, you let it out and aim at something, at different people or the band that's about to perform. So they can reflect the energy.

**High Times:** Do you think it's more than a chemical high? Is it a rush of communion or something strange?

**Gravy:** Uh-huh. I just feel that it's everybody's energy going around in a circle real fast. I don't know how to explain it, except that it feels very positive, and that's how I know anything is good. I just follow the hard-on of my heart.

After people have been dancing for an



hour and a half, we do this other trip called the circle joke. If you liked the gong bong you'll love the circle joke, which is when everybody sits in the circle and starts mirror stuff. As I said to the mirror the other morning, it's all done with people. And if you hear a sound, you can mirror that sound. If you feel like starting a different sound, then start a different sound and maybe everybody will mirror that, until eventually nobody is leading and everybody is following, but there's these sounds moving around. In the middle of that I do a thing where I move this energy all the way up the body to the top of my head, and everybody takes that energy and focuses it in a ball in the center of the circle. That's the highest most beautiful thing that we do. We learned that from an old man named Remington Stone. He was kind of like Jake LaMotta into Spencer Tracy or something. He was the adviser of this Zen abbot in Los Angeles that married my wife and me. When the John Birch Society blockaded us because of the American flag with the pigs, they sent him a hate note. So he phoned up and asked us to see it. We ran the blockade to go see the Zen abbot. He said, "I can show you how to spread peace to your valley." We said, "Far fucking out!" He came to our place and taught us this exercise, and we aimed it at the John Birch Society and everything. Coincidentally, after we did that, things began to lighten up a lot. Just a creature of coincidence.

**High Times:** Did the Zen guy originate this?

**Gravy:** He developed it in a group in Hawaii. Something to do with—it's called the horna.

**High Times:** It's originally a Hawaiian thing?

**Gravy:** Yes. But it's been halfway hogged and Gravified. Like, I do the funny mantra by myself. It's the divine dodo of the first church of fun...

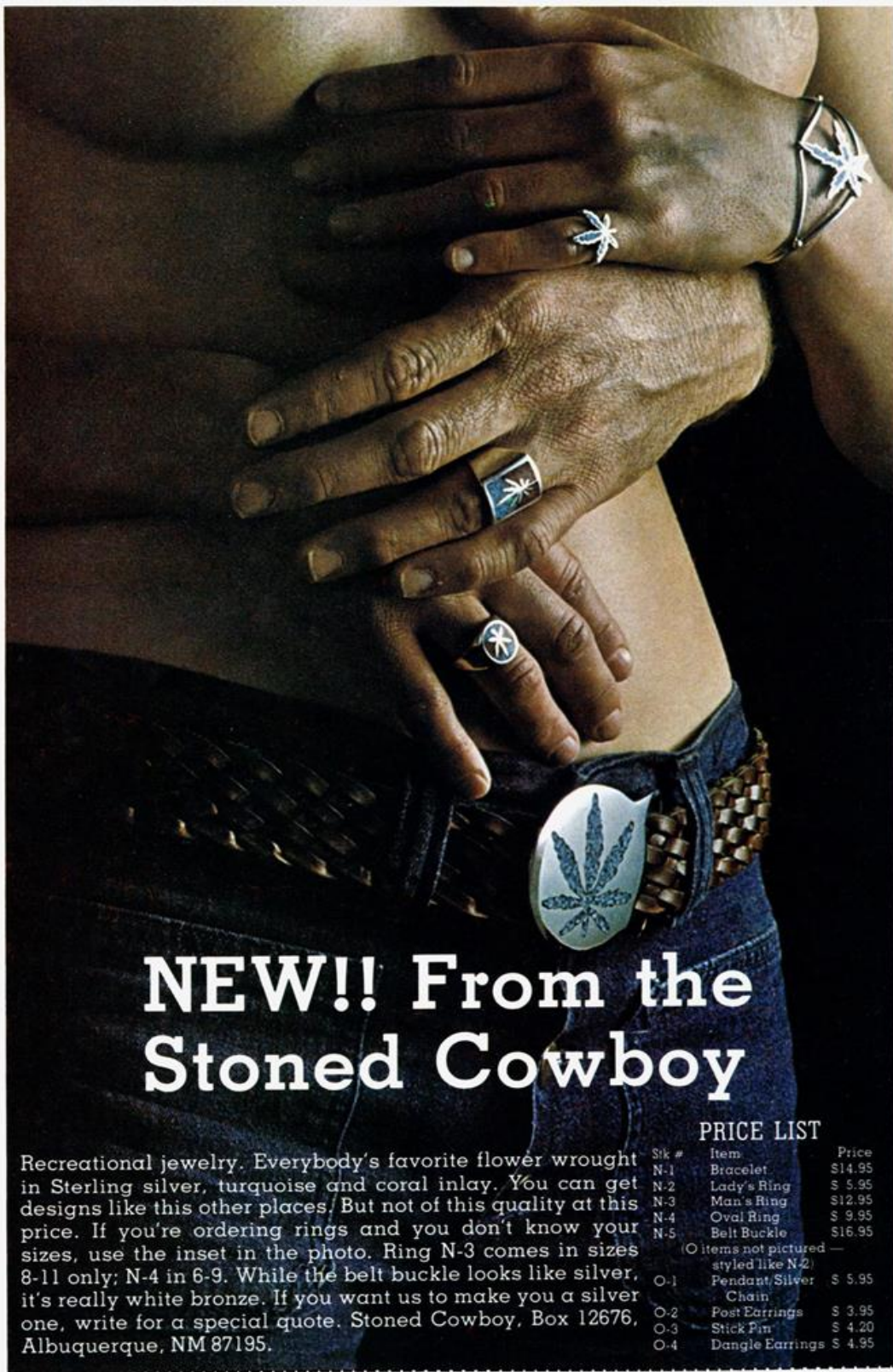
**High Times:** What's the funny mantra?

**Gravy:** Okay—[makes Bronx cheer noise]—except you do it with a bag over your head. If you get the right bag—this is, I promise you, the truth—it's something to go for. The readers of *High Times* will like this. It's the incredible buzz. If you get the right bag and you do the funny mantra your whole body turns into a living kazoo. And if you can get a whole bunch of people in a circle with bags over their heads doing the funny mantra, I think it's just as powerful if not more powerful than the horna.

**High Times:** Did Earth People's Park evolve out of your rock-festival work?

**Gravy:** The exquisite thing about the rock festivals was that people got to stay together for three days, four days maybe. And after the first day, a change began to transpire as people began to get more involved in the life show and the life-

(continued on page 96)



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# Getting Stoned in the Ha

Helen Lawrenson  
getting high





# ut Monde remembers with society

O n a London television program some years ago, Rex Harrison was asked if he had been quoted correctly in a press interview as saying that he used to smoke pot back in the '30s. He hesitated before he answered, then smiled and said diplomatically,





"Let's just say that it was smoked in the '30s."

It sure was. At that time I was an editor of the Condé Nast magazine *Vanity Fair*. I used to buy marijuana cigarettes, then called reefers or weed, from a hunchback Harlem hustler nicknamed Money. They cost \$1.50 a joint and were a lot more potent than the tatty, adulterated stuff you often get today. Part of my job on the magazine was to go to all the theater opening nights and to the fashionable nightclubs and parties. I used to get to the office around 8:30 in the morning, and frequently I didn't leave until just in time to dash home, shower and get into evening clothes. I kept a supply of reefers in my apartment and would usually have a smoke before going out to face the rigors of the night. It got rid of any fatigue and rallied my stamina for the dancing and the revelry, which often lasted until dawn.

Although the stuff was legal then (it wasn't outlawed until 1937), I doubt if I ever saw it smoked in public places, as one does today in discotheques, in parks, at pop concerts and similar gatherings. After it became illegal, I would often get a whiff of that sweet, unmistakable smell in the powder rooms of smart nightclubs and restaurants; Tallulah Bankhead and I once shared a joint in the ladies' room of the Waldorf during some society ball. Tallulah smoked everything, took everything, did everything. She never made any secret of her habits. Marijuana, hashish, cocaine and opium were as much in vogue then as they are now—as I guess they always have been—with musicians, artists, poets, theater and film people, as well as with many members of what was called "café society." It was from personal knowledge that Cole Porter wrote, not necessarily truthfully, "I get no kick from cocaine," a line barred from radio stations of the time except when changed to "I get no kick from champagne."

I had my first pot experience in 1933 at a party in Havana. I saw this cigarette being passed from person to person, and although I didn't understand the ritual, I took my turn when it came my way, tentatively imitating the heavy inhaling and slurping. I asked what it was supposed to do to me. The university professor who was my escort said that when he smoked it, it made him feel so powerful that he would be able to tear the faucets out of the bathroom, should the notion seize him. I refrained from commenting that most Cuban bathroom fixtures were so shaky they fell off if you touched them.

Of course, all the cigarette did was give me the giggles, which is the same reaction I get today, 46 years later. I don't mean that I'm a dyed-in-the-wool pothead, but I have been smoking, off and on, throughout the years, and I am living proof that it is not harmful and does not automatically



**Tallulah Bankhead  
and I  
once shared  
a joint  
in the  
Waldorf ladies'  
room during  
a society ball.**



lead to heroin, a life of crime, and an inevitable grovel in the gutter. The reason I don't keep it at home or carry it around with me is because it's illegal, which is the only proven danger about it. I am by nature law-abiding and can be cowed by signs like DON'T SPIT ON THE FLOOR, DÉFENSE DE FUMER, and KEEP OFF THE GRASS. Well, to be frank, it's not so much that I'm law-abiding as that I'm a coward. I'm afraid of the police, and I certainly don't want any of those damn trained dogs charging into my apartment and sniffing around.

Although I myself have stuck to pot, possibly on the assumption that what was good enough for the Phoenicians and the Scythians 3,000 years ago is good enough for me—but more likely because of my timidity—many of my acquaintances in the '30s and '40s were more adventurous. Cecil Beaton, whom I knew when he, too, was working for Condé Nast, has written in his diaries that he smoked opium with Jean Cocteau, and so, apparently, did everyone else in that international coven of literary and artistic highfliers, including Coco Chanel, whom Cocteau liked to call "a little black swan." I used to come in on the aftermath of these sessions. Vogue editors in Paris would say to me, "My dear, you should have been at Bebe Berard's last night. We all smoked opium and it was too divine!"

I seem to have breezed through those days meeting people before or after. I knew the brilliant writer Emily "Mickey" Hahn before she went to China in 1935, where she started smoking opium and loved it, although she now adds that she was cured of addiction through hypnosis and then switched to cigars. I met Aldous Huxley at a luncheon meeting in the *Vanity Fair* office. No mushrooms on the menu. It was several years later that he discovered the fascination of the mind-bending fungi. However, I did know a beautiful red-haired fashion model who spent a month in Mexico and Guatemala trying them out. In Mexico alone, she told me, there were 250 different kinds of organic hallucinogenic mushrooms, but she was vague about the number she had sampled. She later married a titled foreigner of ambiguous background and thenceforth called herself Princess. Back home again, she made quite a splash, getting impressionable local society spaced out in such assorted cities as Detroit, Akron and New York, in each of which she was received with that sickening sycophancy (try to say that when you're stoned!) Americans display when confronted with any title, even a spurious one.

During the same period, I also knew a young English photographer who was visiting New York and who was taken up by the so-called Smart Bohemian Set of



the time. He told me he went to a party with Libby Holman, who said she was bored with reefers and coke and wanted something new. The hostess had some peyote. "I was frightfully keen to try it," the photographer said, "because I'd heard and read about it. But it was so tough. It was like trying to chew a rubber shoe sole. We finally solved the problem by cutting it into little pieces and stirring them into Jello. After it was in the fridge for several hours it was okay to eat."

I didn't meet Errol Flynn until the early '50s, when I went to Mexico to do a profile of him for *Esquire*. Along with Ava Gardner, Tyrone Power and Mel Ferrer, he was filming *The Sun Also Rises*. The company was in Merida, but all journalists were *persona non grata*. I learned later that the reason was because Errol was charging his head with everything he could get, and every time the company doctor got him partially detoxified he would take off and start flying again. Finally, they got him comparatively under control and the company moved to Mexico City. Errol was staying at my hotel. The film's press agent took me to his room to meet him. The press agent knocked on the door and gave his name. He was obviously taken aback to hear Errol shout cheerily, "Come on in. I'm taking a piss and the old dong is longer than ever!"

When Flynn opened the door and saw me, he didn't lift an eyebrow. He bowed and gallantly kissed my hand, too much a natural aristocrat to be abashed—or maybe too stoned. He offered us a choice of tequila, vodka, marijuana or cocaine, ignoring the panicky expression on the face of the press agent, who looked as if he was undergoing an incipient attack of apoplexy. I said I'd have some tequila, while the press agent murmured weakly, "Errol's a great kidder." Flynn looked at him benignly. Our visit that day was short, but I saw Flynn alone several times, and although we did share a couple of smokes, I refused the other goodies he offered.

He must have had a remarkably strong constitution. Girls, dope, liquor—usually at the same time. I was talking about him in London with Trevor Howard, who was telling me about the filming of *Roots of Heaven* in French Equatorial Africa, now Chad. "It was one of my happiest pictures," Trevor said. "Flynn and I sent a cable to Fortnum & Mason, ordering huge amounts of caviar and smoked salmon sent out to us. We had some jolly times. We all slept in tents, and there was a native girl who used to go into certain tents at night. She'd give a signal by meowing like a cat. So Errol and I used to creep up near Darryl Zanuck's tent and go meow-meow, and he'd come out looking all around. We almost choked laughing... Errol managed to get all the morphine from the nearest hospital. Cleaned them



**Errol Flynn offered us a choice of tequila, vodka, marijuana or cocaine. The press agent murmured weakly, "Errol's a great kidder."**



out. I don't know how he did it. Had the company doctor requisition it or something, I suppose. Wonderful chap, Errol. Only person I ever knew who took dope and drank like a fish. The two don't usually go together. A very splendid man."

No, they don't usually go together. This is probably why I've only smoked pot. I started to drink during Prohibition, and I had no desire for other forms of stimulation. Most people I knew who took cocaine in the '30s were not heavy drinkers. I never knew anyone who could have been called an addict, or anyone who experienced adverse reactions. Doctors today are beginning to admit that it is not as dangerous as they once thought, and that it does have legitimate medical uses. My friends took it for the same reasons I drank or smoked pot: to get high, overcome fatigue, relieve depression, make people and conversation more interesting, feel euphoric. Also, in some cases it was used to enhance sex by applying it to the tip of the penis, a custom known in Latin America as "la vida real" ("the royal life"), although in Cuba it was claimed they could get the same effect with Baum Bungee.

Like everything else, it was a great deal cheaper then than now. It was also much purer. We called it snow. Where now the verb is "to snort," it was then "to sniff." There were few of today's fancy frills. No silver spoons or gold straws, just ordinary straws, the kind soda fountains give you. No rolled-up \$100 bills, either, although a few big-spender types used \$10 bills. They were considered showoffs.

I met Peter Lorre shortly after he came to this country. He was Hungarian, born in the Carpathian Mountains region that later became part of Czechoslovakia. He had been making films in Germany, of which the most famous was *M*, based on the true story of a psychopathic murderer in Dusseldorf. It had a great success both in Europe and here, and his performance is still regarded as one of the great ones in the history of the cinema. I had him come to the Condé Nast studio to be photographed for Vanity Fair.

Afterward, we went out for a drink, so that I could get material for the caption I was going to write. I ordered a Scotch and soda. He said he would have coffee. "You don't want a drink?" I asked. He looked at me with those mournful, staring eyes. "I am a dope," he said. His English was far from perfect, so I thought he meant the equivalent of "I am a dumbbell," or some similar slang of that period. It turned out that what he meant was that he took dope. I reassured him that this was okay and that some of my best friends were dopes.

About ten years ago, when I was living in London, I had lunch with Caresse Crosby, and afterward we spent the rest



of the afternoon smoking pot in her hotel room. I was 60 and she was in her mid '70s. She had come up from Rome, where she lived in a castle and was known as the Princess something-or-other—some Italian name I've forgotten—and spent all her time and energy soliciting funds for an ambitious plan for One World Citizenship.

I suppose most people today never heard of Harry and Caresse Crosby. If I mention the name Crosby, they think I mean Bing. They know about Scott and Zelda, and about Hemingway, but they don't know about Caresse and Harry, who were the '20s' most far-out couple, more than a match for any of today's Beautiful People. They would have thought Studio 54 a bore and Plato's Retreat too plebian.

Caresse, whose original name was Mary Phelps Jacob, was a descendent of the Plymouth Colony's Governor Bradford, who came over on the Mayflower. Born in New York, she lived in a mansion on Fifth Avenue at 59th Street, now the site of the Plaza Hotel. Her father apparently had no profession but was supported in high style by his father. The latter's house was where Rockefeller Center is now. Caresse, then known as Polly, was brought up in luxury, sent to the best private finishing schools, presented at court in London, the only American debutante to curtsy to King George V and Queen Mary. She wore a white brocade satin gown with a train eight yards long, and three white ostrich plumes in her dark hair.

She knew everybody in the upper echelons of society and was expected to follow the rules and keep her place in the Social Register. So she married Dick Peabody of the Boston Back Bay Peabodys, a product of Groton and Harvard. All bills were paid by their grandparents (both sets of them), and they lived with her father-in-law, penniless themselves, like her parents, but living expensively, a subsidized golden couple. When her children were born, her husband's godfather, J.P. Morgan, the banker, chipped in to pay the bills.

Her life might have gone on this way, had she not met Harry Crosby in 1919, J.P. Morgan's nephew. "It was love at first sight," she often said. She divorced Peabody and married Crosby. He was 21. She was 27. J.P. Morgan, "Uncle Jack," gave Harry a job in the Paris branch of his bank; the bride and groom sublet Princess Bibesco's flat on the Faubourg St. Honore; and the dizzy merry-go-round began. Harry always wore a black gardenia in his buttonhole (he had them made especially for him at a place on the rue de la Paix), and Caresse bought her clothes at couture houses and her diamond necklace at Cartier's. Her children by Peabody were sent to Swiss

boarding schools. She was accompanied everywhere by her pet black whippet, Narcisse Noir. The dog wore a gold necklace and his toenails were lacquered gold. The Crosbys entertained constantly—princes, dukes, duchesses, counts and other titled guests mingling with sculptors, painters and writers. Harry quit work at the bank because, he said, life was too short to work. And Uncle Jack footed the bills.

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Life was a gala of champagne, cocaine, marijuana, hashish and opium smoked in pipes with porcelain bowls and jade handles. Caresse and Harry took a flat of their own in the rue de Lille, where they sometimes entertained in bed, with small tables set up for guests, or in the bathroom, which had an open fireplace, a white bearskin rug and a sunken marble tub. The tub could hold four—and frequently did.

Their idea of a great party was the Arts Ball. Reminiscing as we sat in her London hotel room, Caresse described one such event: "I think it was in 1927. I went as an Inca princess. I wore a long blue wig and was stripped to the waist. I sat in the mouth of a huge papier mache dragon. First, we marched up the Champs Elysees. The girls were nude to the waist, the men completely nude. I rode on a baby elephant, and people crowded around me to kiss my painted knees. Harry wore a collar of dead pigeons and carried a bag of live snakes. When we entered the ballroom, I was carried in my dragon's mouth by ten handsome nude young men. I won first prize. My breasts helped me win, I'm sure . . . When I went home I found Harry in the bathtub with three pretty girls. We slept seven in our bed that night."

When not indulging in high jinks that make the '70s seem tame, the Crosbys were both writing poetry. It was at that time that she adopted the name Caresse. In 1927 they started the Black Sun Press in order to publish their own poems. (She was charmingly vague about any financial sources.) Later, they branched out,

printing a collection of Proust's letters, poems by their close friend Hart Crane, stories by D.H. Lawrence and Kay Boyle, part of Joyce's work in progress. Their own literary talents were limited, to put it politely, but their exuberant personalities and bizarre ways made them the most sought-after couple in Paris. Everyone visited them, from Schiaparelli, the designer, to Aldous Huxley, Andre Gide, Max Ernst, Giacometti. Even Eva Braun dropped in for a drink, brought by some Viennese acquaintance, and signed the Crosby guest book.

In 1928 they took a fateful trip to Egypt, fateful because Harry became enraptured of Ra, the sun god. He had a sun tattooed between his shoulder blades, and from then on he became increasingly weird until, on a New York visit in 1929, he committed suicide, believing that he was going to meet the sun.

Caresse was made of tougher fiber. She married a couple more times, and wherever she was—New York, Paris, London—she was a center of attention, the fascinating lode star of the wilder international set. Even when I last saw her, she was energetically campaigning for her World Citizen idea, a spunky old lady, loaded with charm and vitality. "I've had a great life," she said to me. "I don't see why people make such a fuss about dope. It never did me any harm. I used to hate pot because it made me choke, but I got over that. Everyone we knew in Paris smoked it and sniffed cocaine, so Harry and I did, too. But when you sniff cocaine it gets into your clothes, down your neck, under your nails. Opium was more fun, I used to think. It's no more habit-forming than tobacco. Well, of course, tobacco is habit-forming, isn't it? It's much more harmful. It kills you."

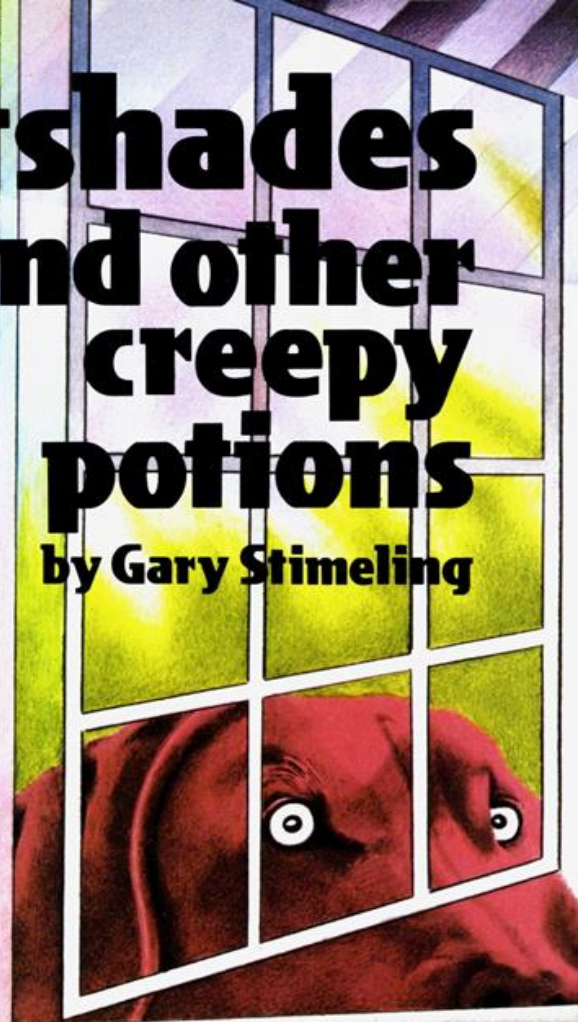
I didn't know her in the '20s, when she was riding high and fast. Perhaps it's just as well I didn't. She was too far out for me, although I enjoyed hearing her talk about the old days.

My heyday was in the '30s. Pot smoking was not as widespread as it is today, which only proves the stupidity of outlawing it. Of course, if you lie around and smoke pot all day, you don't get anything else done. But if you lie around and drink coffee all day, you don't get much done, either. There are always people who do things to excess, whether dope, alcohol or gluttony. These are people who would have a problem anyway. I expect that marijuana will eventually be legalized. Some six years ago the Young Women's Christian Association, during a three-day convention in Michigan, passed a resolution calling for legalization. With such support from an irreproachably wholesome organization, whose official policy has never been to foster depravity, I think it's about time to put a legal end to the myth that blowing grass makes you a dope fiend. ■



# Deadly Nightshades and other creepy potions

by Gary Stimeling



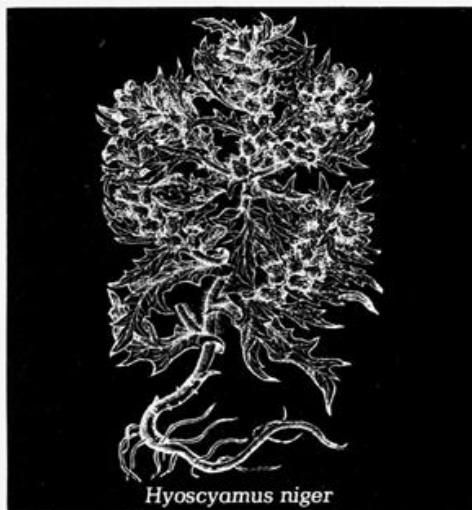
**A** decade ago I would have smoked my toe jam if I had thought it held any resin from years of hash smoking. So back then it was with glee that I greeted the ten grams of black seeds pasted to a letter from my friend the chemistry student. I soaked them overnight in a jar of water, and the next evening before heading for a movie I drank the liquid.

Throughout the antics of the Sundance Kid, I had been disappointed in the drug's lack of effect. The seeds had given me nothing but a little clammy sweat. Then, after the long wait, walking home as if on stilts made of springs and touching down light as a balloon on a string was truly exhilarating.

But at home I surmised that all was not well. A certain nausea had set in. And what was that thudding noise at the edge of my hearing? I began to notice my nose feeling as airy as a windswept prairie, a breeze that soon developed into the parching blast of the desert sirocco. My eyes were drying out too; the lids seemed to squeak with each blink like fingernails over a blackboard. The room was starting to get blurred, walls tottering to and fro, uncertain which way to fall. My head hurt, I felt a great thirst.

This was not the acid panic of a blithering ego but simple fear of bodily chaos. My brain felt like it had been pulled without Novocain. I could not form thoughts.





*Hyoscyamus niger*

When I finally managed to form the word "thirsty," my lover mixed a pitcher of Kool-Aid. I drank half the jug in an attempt to moisturize myself, although it only seemed to make me drier. And I finally identified that thudding noise, louder now, as my own heartbeat, much faster than I remembered it.

But now my breath was coming in gasps. My eyes were fixed in a painful stare, unable to focus. The lids seemed to be stuck open. It became impossible to swallow.

I adopted incoherent begging postures in the direction of my companion, but I had lost all awareness of her name or even of her status as more than a flickering patchwork of colors that bobbed in and out of my sight by chance. To her questions of "How are you? What's the matter? Shall I call an ambulance?" I finally responded with hoarse whimpering or a snarling "Who are you? What do you want?"

I could feel the membranes in my sinuses cracking like mud flats in the Texas sun; my bones felt bleached. My heart hammered in my head so hard each beat shook me till I rattled. My friend tried to take my pulse but could only estimate it at well over 150. Convinced my heart would soon rupture, convinced I was dying, I contorted spastically.

Suddenly everything went black—though, as I later learned, the lights stayed on all night. Remember "Oh, wow, dig the colors"? My whole vision field became a black membrane covered with red spots, the color of dying stars. They jumped forward and back with each heartbeat. I was not aware of anything else for the next few hours. A coma of sleep ensued, lasting two days, during which I awoke several times only to gulp water within reach.

But as the experience had opened with one enjoyable sensation, so it closed with one. Once I regained full consciousness, I quickly gained an unexpected feeling of agility, muscular tautness and confidence, influenced no doubt by the feeling that if I had gotten through this I could survive anything. Then again, it was one



*Conium maculatum*

### Kali-worshipping Thugs used the *Datura* to stupefy captured travelers before sacrificing them to their goddess.

of those experiences that make you feel good just because they stop.

The seeds I had taken belonged to the thornapple plant, alias Jimson weed, one of about 15 species of *Datura* that grow throughout the world. Members of the Solanaceae family, they are closely related to several other plant groups collectively called the nightshades. They all produce similar but subtly different psychoactive alkaloids. All have a long and lurid past, and their names alone call up a confused glimpse of other worlds: mandrake, belladonna (deadly nightshade) and henbane.

It is little comfort to me now to know that the safety margin between fear and fatality was wider than I thought. It is still narrow enough to demand more knowledge of what one is doing than I had had. The nightshades are not recreational drugs. They are dangerous drugs. People take them today in Contac and Somnex without even knowing it, but the amounts are too low to produce any mental effects without taking enough pills to create problems from the other ingredients.

**N**ightshades were apparently used in prehistoric religious ritual throughout the Mediterranean and Near East, and these rituals were absorbed into the the Olympian faiths of the Greeks and Romans as tools of the magicians who practiced more or less openly in the classical period. When the Christians forced them to take cover, the splintered and sometimes distorted remnants of this tradition became the "scourge" of witchcraft, so widely persecuted in devout paranoid Europe in later centuries.



*Aconitum napellus*

The scientific establishment's lack of interest in "magic" has meant a decline in knowledge about these plants and contributes to the naivete with which a few persons every year make the same big mistake I did. But the ancients must have had a reason for mastering the use of such violent plant spirits. And their methods were probably safe, it seems, because the only ones who seem to have died were poisoned kings and foolish kids.

Reliable knowledge about nightshade use lies mainly in the past, and the record we are left grows more vague and confused the further back we go. So we will start with what we now know best—the chemistry of the plants. Their effects depend mainly on the relative amounts of two alkaloids: *l*-hyoscyamine and usually smaller amounts of hyoscine (*l*-scopolamine). The *l* in each name simply refers to the fact that both compounds occur in two molecules, which are identical except that one spirals to the right and the other spirals to the left. The left-handed forms are more active. Atropine (*dl*-hyoscyamine), a mixture of varying amounts of righties and lefties, is generally the most abundant crude chemical in the plants.

All the substances are anticholinergics. They chemically retard passage of nerve impulses past the tips of nerves throughout the body. With increasing dosage, and perhaps in subtly different ways, depending on relative amounts, these chemicals interfere with the autonomic nervous system. (The autonomic is the nerve network that regulates continuous life processes like heartbeat and breathing.)

Similar compounds have been derived from other plants, and many synthetics have been made, but none has been found more active or freer from side effects. Atropine and scopolamine are often used before surgery in doses of 0.5 milligrams to calm the involuntary muscles and dry up annoying bodily secretions. They hinder discharge of sweat, tears, saliva and all mucus produced in the nasal passages and alimentary canal. They slow or stop swallowing and digestion.





*Mandragora officinarum*



*Datura stramonium*



*Atropa belladonna*

**Unlike most psycho-actives falsely labeled hallucinogenic, belladonna is the real thing. It makes you see things that aren't there.**

After an initial decrease, atropine increases pulse rate by a selective blocking action on the parasympathetic (calming) nerves. Scopolamine, because it has its most profound effect on the higher nervous centers, lowers the pulse.

Atropine is the most effective substance known for dilating the pupil of the eye, a property of enormous value to ophthalmologists and sorcerers. Scopolamine, because of its more direct affinity for the central nervous system, is a powerful hypnotic and amnesic. A combination of morphine and scopolamine was the most effective anesthetic known in the early decades of this century. It is essentially the same as the *spongia soporifica* of mandrake and opium in wine, which was applied to the patient's mouth and nose in earlier times. Scopolamine was briefly hailed as the true "truth serum" by police agencies throughout the world a few years ago, but the continuing quest for better enforcement has revealed better ways. Its propensity to cause amnesia sometimes made further interrogation useless, but it is still used successfully in the brainwashing techniques of several nations. And it is still widely used to brainwash delivering mothers, who forget their deranged agony the next day.

Powdered stramonium [*Datura*] leaves, burned as incense or smoked with belladonna in Asthmador cigarettes, was an early remedy for bronchial asthma, though it has been superseded by ephedrine and antihistamines.

## Satan's Trumpet

The *Datura* are the most successful of the nightshades, growing in most tropical and temperate areas of the earth. The *D. stramonium*, also called stinkweed, thornapple, or Devil's trumpet, owes its range to its incredibly tough seeds—they have shown a 90 percent germination rate after 39 years and often spring up "out of nowhere" when fallow ground is plowed. Theophrastus, whose *Enquiry into Plants* is among the first herbals in the West, gives a still

valid rough estimate of dosage. He states that 3/20 of an ounce (4.2 grams) of the root will make a man feel great; twice as much will make him hallucinate; three such doses will drive him insane; and four will kill him.

The *Datura* has long been used in India. Even today its ground seeds are often mixed with ganja or charas confectations to alter the quality of the high—especially when an aphrodisiac effect is sought. Before their extermination in the last century by the English, groups of Kali-worshipping Thugs called *Dhatureas* regularly used the local *Datura metel* to stupefy the travelers they had caught before sacrificing them to their goddess. Estimates of the number of such victims run as high as 100,000 for the few centuries of the Thugs' greatest influence.

How thornapple came to Europe is unclear. Some say the gypsies brought it in their first emigrations from India. Others quote the myth that Dionysus and his mother Io (identified with Kali) once traveled to India and that *datura* came to Greece as part of their worship in pre-classical times, its use accounting better than wine for the preternatural frenzy and dilated eyes of the maenads, Dionysus's female worshippers.

The tree *daturas* of South America, up to 15 feet tall with 12-inch trumpet flowers, have long been used in ceremonies from southwestern North America to Peru. In the Jivaro male initiation rite, for example, the candidate was obliged to take one sip of a *datura* infusion from every male member of the tribe and then, when he could drink no more, accept more by enema. The object was to

prepare for manhood by forgetting all that had happened in childhood. Don Juan Matus's instructions on the use of *Datura meteloides* in Carlos Castaneda's first book are, if not literally true, at least a plausible re-creation of Indian shamans' use of the plant for clairvoyance and remote vision.

The Algonquin tribes gave their young men a *datura* drink that kept them beyond reality for about 20 days. But the Indians of eastern North America called their *D. stramonium* "white man's plant." This inconsistency has led some writers to conclude that the Algonquin rite was a late one and that the plant was first brought by the English colonists, perhaps by accident in the earth used for ship's ballast. If that is so, it is odd that the colonists didn't recognize it except as being like the "apple of Peru" in the famous case of poisoning described in Robert Beverly's *History and Present State of Virginia*:

The James-Town Weed (which resembles the Thorny Apple of Peru, and I take it to be the Plant so call'd) . . . was gather'd very young for boild Salad, by some of the Soldiers sent thither . . . and some of them eat plentifully of it, the Effect of which was a very pleasant Comedy; for they turn'd Fools upon it for several Days: One would blow up a Feather in the Air; another would dart Straws at it with much Fury; and another stark naked was sitting in a Corner, like a Monkey, grinning and making Mows at them; a Fourth would fondly kiss, and paw his companions, and sneer in their Faces . . . In this frantick Condition they were confined, lest they should in their Folly destroy themselves; though it was thought that all their Actions were full of Innocence and good Nature . . . a Thousand such simple Tricks they'd play'd, and after Eleven Days, return'd to themselves again, not remembering anything that had passed.

It's also quite possible that *D. stramonium* was brought to this area by pre-Columbian transatlantic voyagers, perhaps the Vikings or the Celto-Iberians, whose ogham writing has been deciphered at several stone monuments in the Northeast. Some discussion of this puzzle may be found in *Man Across the Sea* (University of Texas Press, 1971).

(continued on next page)



## Satan's Eyes

Like other nightshades, henbane (*Hyoscyamus* species) has been used for prophecy and against pain. It was a popular anesthetic and was regularly used to increase a criminal's capacity to endure torture. The city of Pilsen derives its name from the fields of *bilsenkraut* growing nearby, and in the Middle Ages Pilsener beer included some crushed seeds to give the head something extra. Later some kinds of tobacco were made with added henbane for the same reason. And there is reason to believe that the Delphic oracle prophesied after inhaling henbane smoke, as the most famous of these priestesses, Pythia, was said to use psychoactive smoke, and henbane was formerly known as "the herb of Apollo," guardian of the shrine. The medieval belief that the devil left parts of his body growing as malefic herbs combined with the look of the flowers and the visions they brought to give henbane the title of Lucifer's eyes.

The plant seems to have but one use in the modern world. The Anti-Slavery Society reports that henbane is still the drug of choice when preparing a drink for a woman about to be taken for the white slave trade.

## Satan's Cherries

Deadly nightshade, or belladonna, is the most unpredictable of its family, possibly because, in addition to large amounts of *l*-hyoscyamine, atropine and scopolamine, it contains traces of the relatively unstudied compounds apoatropine and belladonnine. Individual plants vary widely in their toxicity; from some, four of the bittersweet berries may be eaten without demise; from others, one is enough to kill.

Many stories explain the name *belladonna* ("beautiful woman"). Juice of the berries was dropped into the eyes to dilate them for sex appeal; red or white berries were also used on the cheeks to add or subtract color to match the prevailing standards of beauty. Some say the name resulted because nightshade was the plant used by Circe to turn Ulysses's men into swine. Some have reported that the plant itself can take the form of a lovely enchantress, that its spirit itself is a witch.

But unlike most psychoactives falsely labeled hallucinogenic, belladonna is the real thing. It makes you see things that aren't there. And that, perhaps, one could do without.

A friend of mine once, like me, unhesitatingly downed a proffered black capsule said to be belladonna. An hour or so afterward, at a party, he felt a bit flushed and dry, so he sought the bathroom for a few minutes of rest. All seemed normal until he glanced in the mirror and saw his

face mutilated, covered with blood. Jerking his gaze away, his eyes fell on the bathtub, suddenly filled with several limbs and gallons of blood.

Probably the last vestige of nightshade use in the neolithic manner survives on one of the Hebrides Islands off the coast

**A mandrake sleep can be so deathlike that many prisoners given it revived and escaped after being taken from the crucifix too soon.**

of Scotland. The Gaelic-speaking inhabitants conduct a rite of passage, leading their adolescent sons to a desolate spot, giving them belladonna and leaving them there to commune with their ancestors. The boys return to their villages as men.

## Satan's Balls

The mandrake (*Mandragora officinalis*) has engendered more myths than most gods. It was an anesthetic, pain-killer, insomnia cure and paradoxically even a euphoriant to the ancient Romans, Greeks, Persians, Babylonians and to the Egyptians, who describe it in the Ebers papyrus of about 1700-1600 B.C. It was usually taken steeped in diluted wine, for its alkaloids are best soluble in water and are preserved by a little alcohol. John Goodyer's 1655 translation of Dioscorides, the only one in English, states:

And ye bark of ye root being peeled off and done through with a thread is hanged up for store. And some do seethe [boil] the roots in wine to thirds and straining it, set it up. Using a cyathus [Greek wine ladle holding 1.3 oz.] of it for such as cannot sleep or are grievously pained and upon whom being cut or cauterized they wish to make a not-feeling pain. Ye juice being drank ye muchness of ye quantity of 2 oboli [the obol was a Greek coin and measure of weight, 1/6 of a drachma or dram; based on an apothecary's dram, an obol would be .65 gram] with Melicrate [a kind of mead] doth expel upward Phlegm and black choler [bile], as Ellebore doth, but being too much drank it drives out ye life. And it is mixed with eye-medicine and Anodynes and mollifying Pessums [ointments?] but being put to of itself as much as half an Obolus, it expels the menstrua and ye embryo and being put up ye seat for a suppository it causeth sleep.

The Greek doctor goes on to recommend it for abscesses, wounds, tumors, eyesores, stings, headache, dysentery and witlessness. Yes, it also cures "snake-bite." The twelfth-century writer Philip of Thaus said it cures everything but death. One of the three varieties of mandrake, called *morion*, was a standard "last cup" for prisoners about to be tortured or executed. The women of the Great Sanhed-

rin in Jerusalem gave the gift of oblivion, said to be mandrake and opium, to crucifixion victims by way of a sponge on a long reed. A mandrake sleep can be so deathlike that many prisoners revived and escaped after being taken down too soon. This fact led Hugh J. Schonfeld to surmise in *The Passover Plot* that Christ was thus raised, though the rash of "resurrected" felons apparently had already led to the practice of lancing or mutilating the bodies.

Mandrake root is said to be less poisonous than most of the other solanaceous plants, so a large dose seems needed to achieve a fatal "head." But a poison made by fermenting the root for a couple of months was favored by Lucrezia Borgia because it took three days of agony to kill. There are no antidotes to any of the nightshades, except artificial respiratory support during the hours when the toxin will stop one's breathing. The best course for nightshade poisoning is activated charcoal to absorb it, vomiting or a stomach pump as soon as possible, then more activated charcoal.

Mandrake's small, deep yellow, pulpy, odd-smelling "apples," called the devil's testicles, have been lauded as an aphrodisiac and fertility enhancer for at least 4,000 years. Genesis 30:14-24 records the bargain of Leah, whose son Reuben had found some *duda'im* ("love plants") and brought them to her. Jacob, later to be patriarch of Israel, had married both Leah and her younger sister Rachel. Leah was fertile, Rachel had no children, although Jacob preferred to sleep with her. So Rachel asked Leah for some mandrake to help her conceive, but Leah consented only when Rachel promised to lend Jacob to her that night. Rachel soon gave birth to Joseph, and Leah had at least one more happy night. The great English poet John Donne also noted the mandrake's power as a fertilizing catalyst.

Jews and Palestinians of the Middle Ages used the plant as a fertility charm under the bed, and this practice was still fairly common in the Near East early in this century. Similarly, a man named Phaon supposedly gained the poet Sappho's love merely by finding and showing her a mandrake root shaped like a man with a little rootlet for a cock.

For the ancients, digging a mandrake was fraught with peril, for no deity lets itself get untimely ripped from the earth without putting up a fight. Theophrastus was among the first to write down the method, which was elaborated by many subsequent generations of herbalists. The method is almost exactly the same as the ancient American Indian peyote picking technique.

First, stop your ears with cotton and wax. Then draw three circles around the plant with a new sword to contain its

(continued on page 80)



# NEW MYTHS FROM OLD NARCS

## THE DEA WANTS TO SCARE YOU WITH SCIENCE

Should we be concerned with marihuana? I think we should. I think there is a myth that marihuana is harmless. I think there is a myth that marihuana is like smoking a cigarette or like drinking alcohol. There are some similarities, but very few, and many very important differences.

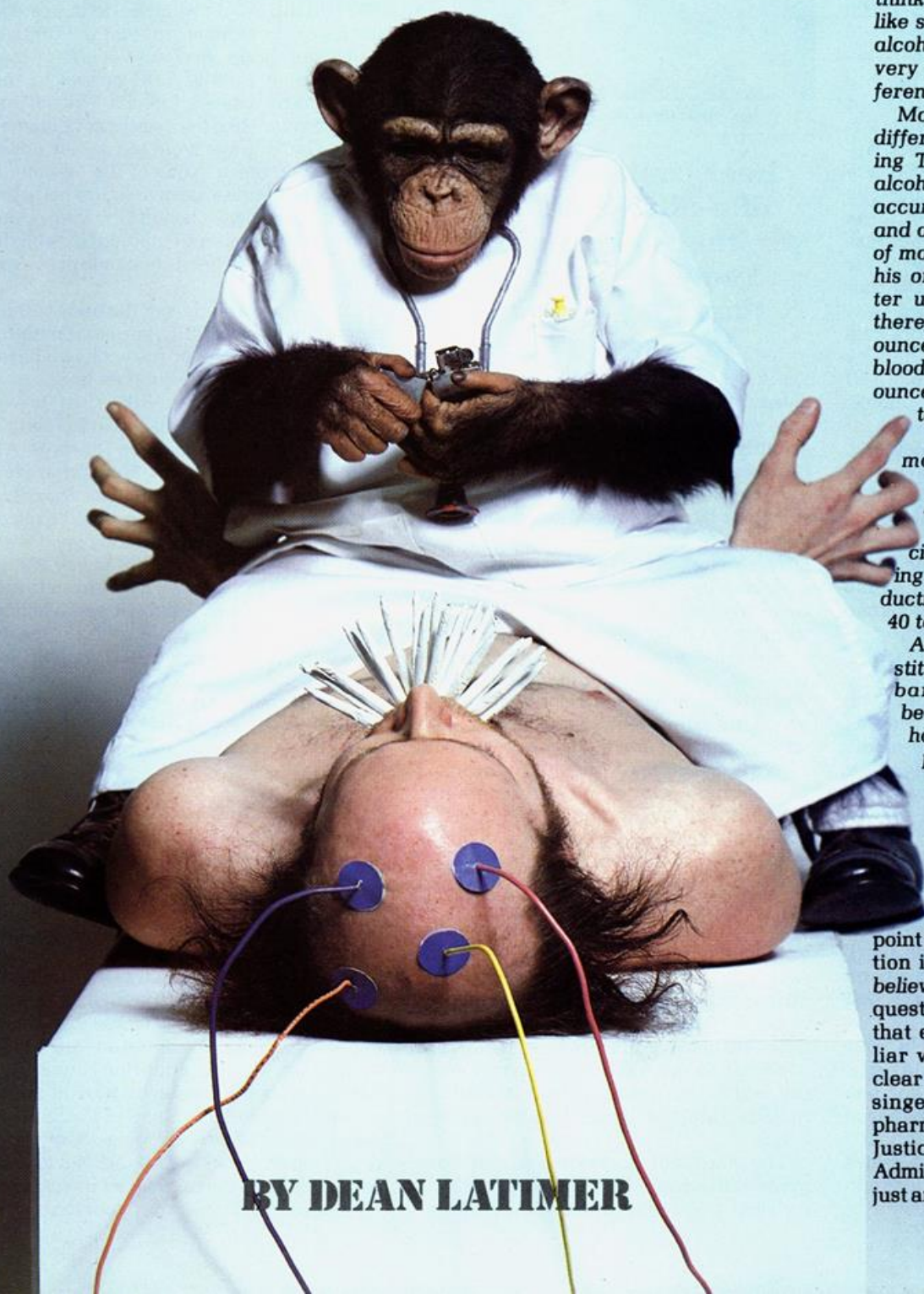
Marihuana is composed of up to 50 different chemical ingredients including THC. Alcohol is made up of ethyl alcohol, one chemical ingredient. THC accumulates in the blood-supply system, and an individual smoking several joints of marihuana will find traces of THC in his or her blood as long as 30 days after use. The effect is cumulative and therefore much more unpredictable. An ounce of alcohol is dissolved inside the bloodstream within an hour. Several ounces are generally dissolved in a matter of hours.

An individual smoking five joints of marihuana per week will have a greater number of carcinogens in his lung tissue than an individual smoking a pack a day of regular cigarettes. Studies with monkeys using marihuana have resulted in a reduction of healthy births by as much as 40 to 50 percent.

As a consequence, the National Institute on Drug Abuse and HEW have barred tests on pregnant humans because of this potential liability which has been proven to have very real present dangers for primate species.

—DEA director Peter Bensinger, Sept. 18, 1978, Quantico, Virginia

**U**nlike Watergate, the question isn't really what Peter Bensinger said or at what point he knew he was lying: the real question is why the hell do so many people believe him? Also unlike Watergate, the question when resolved—to the effect that either Bensinger was a moron or a liar when he said these things—won't clear the air of his presence. Peter Bensinger is not a president, physician or pharmacist. He's the director of the U.S. Justice Department's Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA), which is to say he's just another cop when all is said and done,



BY DEAN LATIMER



and cops are expected to lie and fuck up and are routinely forgiven for it.

At Quantico, Virginia, Bensinger was actually addressing other cops, the 1978 graduating class of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. Thus a delicious irony occurred: the head of the DEA, which under Nixon profited immeasurably by the exposure of the FBI's filthy behavior against civil-rights and antiwar dissidents, was either misleading or deluding young aspirants to the very agency that the DEA has already sucked virtually dry of law-enforcement power.

Weeks later, Bensinger repeated the same falsehoods before another bunch of cops at the annual International Police Chiefs Convention in New York City. This global *menage* of law-enforcing storm troopers was probably being knowingly misled by the DEA chief. Somewhere between Quantico and New York, the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML) has determined, Bensinger was personally apprised by a top American Cancer Society doctor that no, grass as it is used socially is nowhere near as carcinogenic as tobacco. But since the Quantico address had picked up so little press, Bensinger obviously felt obliged to repeat it *verbatim* in media-infested New York City. Sure enough, next day the New York Post (a sensationalistic tabloid owned by Rupert Murdoch) gave it a whole half page of dense-faced type, with photos. Within another month, NBC ran a special hour one Sunday night called "Reading, Writing and Reefer," in which Edwin Newman gravely informed American parents and children that a single joint of reefer was as effective as 116 tobacco cigarettes at inducing lung cancer.

By now, the glad news that grass causes cancer and kills babies has gone forth from the Drug Enforcement Administration to all quarters of the earth. See, although the DEA is strictly a law-enforcement unit—a bunch of cops—its spokespersons are widely regarded as "experts" on dope. Regional DEA chiefs and agents are continually in demand for lectures in schools and before civic groups, and media people like Edwin Newman routinely consult the DEA on matters pertaining to "narcotics." Unhappily, being just a bunch of cops, these local DEA bozos wouldn't have a chance of interpreting the latest highly technical scientific documents on marijuana research; so they pick up on speeches by biggies like Bensinger and parrot them to the locals.

And this is how it shows up in your neighborhood paper and on national telly: warning, the federal government has determined that grass is several hundred times more carcinogenic than tobacco and murders babies in the womb. News reporters, while generally brighter than cops, are not very often interested in



DEA chief Peter Bensinger: obvious teetotaler.

## **Beer contains traces of n-nitrosamines—that's one more known carcinogen than they've found in grass so far.**

substantiating allegations of this nature. Like most of us, they consider research scientists to be a forbidding, semi-alien life form and wouldn't know how to go about getting in touch with them, even if they had the time, energy and technical vocabulary to do so. So they run this horseshit as proven fact out of ignorance and inertia, despite their having been regularly made into assholes by so many narc-squad dope scares in the past.

At *High Times*, though, we have people who can research scientific stuff and interpret it: they've done that with Bensinger's Quantico-New York speech, in which was put forth the nugget of the DEA's latest anti-pot "medical offensive." The point-by-point results are arresting, illuminating—and highly comical, when you compare the truth with what a bunch of cops extorted out of it.

## **Pot vs. Alcohol**

We begin our dissection with Bensinger's assertion that marijuana contains up to 50 ingredients and that THC accumulates in the bloodstream in levels recorded 30 days following moderate use, while alcohol is an uncomplicated one-ingredient substance that dissolves quickly into the blood leaving nary a trace.

The manifest ignorance about both grass and booze evinced here by the country's top drug czar is appalling. Bensinger

has to be a teetotaler: no lush would ever go around saying Glenfiddich single-grain malt Scotch is the same thing as Wild Turkey blended whiskey. Skid row bums know more about booze than that! Pure ethyl is patent poison: any drinkable liquor, even Polish vodka, is "contaminated" with all manner of undistilled mash residues, esters and whatnot that give it flavor, body, odor and color. Wine has all manner of lees and dregs in it, and even lowly beer—not to freak anybody out—has been known to contain traces of n-nitrosamines, organic chemicals shown to be carcinogenic. That's one more known carcinogen than they've found in grass so far, for all its organic complexity.

Yeah, it happens that grass has 300-odd different chemicals in it, besides the 59 cannabinoids, not just the 50 that Bensinger finds. And sure it's true that some metabolites of THC collect in the body's fatty tissues (not its "blood" or "lung tissue," like the drug czar believes), but it's hard to see what harm they could possibly do there. None of the 59 cannabinoids has been shown to injure body tissues in any way—though God knows the law-enforcement and medical establishments have tried hard enough to prove exactly that.

Booze is excreted from the body rather more rapidly than THC, sure, but nothing like the way Bensinger rose-colors it here. Every time a person imbibes booze to a peak level—gets drunk, that is—a residue of pure alcohol is left in the body's fatty tissue and stays there for days. Alcohol is a known nerve toxin, snapping dendrites in the brain, and it does horrible things to the lining of your whole gastrointestinal tract. It's a perfectly good way to get stoned, mind you, but to say it's as harmless as grass is an insult even to the intelligence of FBI trainees and Mexico City cattle prodders. But how many alcoholics at Quantico and among the world's police chiefs have been confirmed in their "drug-seeking behavior" by Bensinger's misrepresentations of alcohol's toxicity?

## **Pot vs. Tobacco**

Next we tackle Bensinger's claim that someone smoking five joints per week "will have a greater number of carcinogens in his lung tissue than an individual smoking a pack a day of regular cigarettes."

Jesus! I've done five joints a day when I could get it, for weeks on end! Let's see, that would be something worse than smoking seven packs of unfiltered Pall Malls every day, by this equation. Fuck, two packs of Kool Super-Light 100s in a day makes me sound like a slip in the San Andreas Fault the next morning. Why aren't dope smokers hacking up their lungs and livers whole, if that's the way it works?

Because, of course, that's not the way it



works at all. Hang tough, this is a long story, but it has a dynamite punch line.

Early in 1976, doctors at UCLA clapped up 28 healthy young men, all long-term grass smokers, in a dorm for grass testing. For the first 11 days they went cold turkey, so as to sluice most of the residue cannabinoids out of their bodies. Then, for a month and a half, they were allowed to smoke as many 900-milligram joints as they wished, courtesy of the National Institute on Drug Abuse (NIDA). They were tested out for any number of things—heart rate, blood pressure, tolerance development—including changes in volume of air inhaled into and exhaled out of their lungs.

Dr. Donald Tashkin at UCLA did the air-volume testing, and he discovered that there was a 20-percent reduction of airflow in both directions after the subjects finished the detox phase and started smoking again. In subsequent tests, Dr. Tashkin found exactly the same rate of airflow reduction—20 percent—in a group of tobacco smokers who averaged 116 cigarettes per week. After that, he determined that even people who smoked only five joints a week had a 20-percent airflow reduction.

None of this has anything to do with carcinogenicity. This uniform 20-percent airflow reduction appears to be some automatic defense the body puts up against any regularly encountered respiratory irritation, be it Santa Marta gold, Liggett & Myers unfiltered or Los Angeles smog. From time out of mind until just a generation or so back, human beings spent their days out in the crisp pure air and their nights inside smoke-filled cottages and caves; it stands to reason some pulmonary response like this would crop up in the course of evolution.

But it came to pass that Dr. Tashkin's findings were cited last April in a NIDA report on paraquat, a substance much cherished at the DEA. The NIDA authors mentioned that, in trying to estimate the effect paraquat grass might have on one's lungs, they had to take into account Dr. Tashkin's findings that folks who average five joints a week have the same 20-percent airflow reduction as folks who average 116 cigarettes a week.

Naturally, this caught the eye of some intellectual over at the DEA, and he whipped out his trusty pocket computer. Committing only one methodological blunder—interposing 116 smokes per day, instead of per week—he punched out the now famous equation that grass is precisely 162 times as carcinogenic as tobacco.

Dr. Tashkin never said anything of the sort, mind you. In fact, after NBC picked up the item and broadcast it whole, Dr. Tashkin allowed to Dr. Eugene "Hippocrates" Schoenfeld that the DEA/NBC conclusions were pretty far afield of what he'd really come up with. The feds routinely abuse responsible scientific



Also an obvious opportunistic bureaucrat.

## Trouble is, you can't train monkeys to smoke dope like people—and lung pumps murder them with carbon-dioxide backlash.

material more grievously than heads ever abuse dope, and the media will gladly further them with their propaganda.

Shortly before this *High Times* article appears, in fact, another perfectly responsible, levelheaded dope study is sure to be exactly so abused. At UC Berkeley, Dr. Eddie Wei is just now completing a comparison of the "tars" in marijuana with those in tobacco. "Tars"—hydrocarbon condensates—are given off by all vegetable material when it burns, and they've been shown to be "mutagenic" in human lung tissue. Dr. Wei, dropping tars from both pot and tobacco onto living bacteria cultures, has determined that a gram joint of grass burns out to between 40 and 80 milligrams of tar; gram joints of tobacco range from 9 milligrams (low tar) to 30 milligrams (unfiltered). Grass is therefore more potentially mutagenic, gram for gram, than tobacco (unless it's filtered through a water bong). When Dr. Wei's study comes out, depend on the DEA to make a good month of scare stories out of it.

## Pot vs. Babies

Again we quote Mr. Bensinger: "Studies with monkeys using marihuana have resulted in a reduction in healthy births by as much as 40 to 50 percent." And thus NIDA and HEW have barred pot research on pregnant women "because of

this potential liability which has proven to have very clear present dangers for primate species."

Now he's really aiming beneath the belt, bringing up the innocent unborn. The study he's referring to was undertaken last year by Dr. Edith Sassenrath at UC Davis. Briefly, she set up two sets of pregnant rhesus monkeys in strictly identical lab conditions and fed one group a "moderate" quantity of pure synthetic THC every day throughout the term, leaving the other group unstoned as a control group. About half the stoned monkeys failed to give live birth: 40 to 60 percent of the fetuses died in the womb, indicating pretty persuasively that pure synthetic THC conduces to embryo death in lab monkeys to whom it is chronically fed.

Not that it indicates a whole lot about "marihuana," on the bottom line. The Davis monkeys weren't getting grass, they were doing pure synthetic delta-nine tetrahydrocannabinol, shipped in from NIDA's Ole Miss lab. Delta-nine does not exist in isolation in nature. It's only the most conspicuous of the 59 cannabinoids in its physical and psychic effects in humans: it appears to lower the blood pressure, raise the heartbeat rate, lower the stomach-acid balance, reduce inner eyeball pressure, counteract nausea, lower the body temperature, raise the levels of serotonin in parts of the brain and stimulate the appetite center in the hypothalamus, among other wonders. It appears to do all this in rhesus monkeys too, whose physical systems are very close to humans.

The effects of pure, isolated THC in humans haven't been systematically studied, though. It's too toxic in isolation, that's all. In grass, see, the activity of THC is always greatly modified by its synergistic chemical interplay with the 59 other cannabinoids. Cannabidiol (CBD) in particular greatly reduces every single one of THC's psychic and physical effects. The higher the CBD content in grass becomes, the deader the high gets. Even the most dynamite stick of Thai sinsemilla will have a handsome concentration of CBD—and dozens of other cannabinoids—along with THC.

Thus, Dr. Sassenrath wasn't giving her monkeys grass, or anything remotely like it, really. Her dosages were small enough—equivalent only to the THC in two 900-milligram joints per day—but it wasn't grass. Also, the THC was given to the monkeys in a pure ethyl-alcohol solution, dropped on fruit and cookies. It's lately been shown that even miniscule amounts drunk by pregnant human women can significantly harm the fetus; and these monkeys were eating pure ethyl, mixed with pure THC.

And the monkeys were eating this toxic NIDA superdope, not smoking it. Out of 3,047 NIDA pot studies conducted be-



tween 1965 and 1976, not one tried to find out what pure THC might turn into after it passes through the gastrointestinal tract and all that hydrochloric acid. Chances are it changes into several forms that wouldn't occur if it was merely inhaled straight up into the head via the lungs. The problem here is that you can't train monkeys to smoke pot like people, and whooshing it into them with lung pumps tends to murder them with carbon-dioxide backlash. So it's considered more practical to feed 'em the dope. There's no conceivable way to adjust the results to reflect what might've happened if they'd smoked it, but it's the best that can be done.

So Dr. Sassenrath really never did claim that "marihuana" kills babies in the womb and told me herself that Mr. Bensinger's remarks to that effect were "an overextrapolation." She also suggested to me that grass might alter the levels of certain pituitary hormones, which in women are critical for the proper development of fetuses in the womb; and since grass is known to modify the action of serotonin in the brain, where serotonin specifically affects the functions of the pituitary, I'm persuaded not to reject the notion out of hand.

Grass as it is smoked socially may very well have no effect whatsoever on any developing fetus; if it does, it's certainly not the same effect as that of pure THC on lab-monkey embryos. The only way this could possibly be determined is by a full-scale, long-range, multi-million-dollar epidemiological study carried out in a perfect political vacuum by the Atlanta Center for Disease Control. All this lab work—with all due respect to the extremely helpful and candid folks at NIDA—is really just pissing into the wind.

In the case of pregnant women, doctors everywhere counsel that a pregnant woman should be very careful of anything she takes into her body. Women in an industrial society are necessarily exposed to a host of birth-defect hazards all the time, and who knows what might lurk in a Twinkie that could react adversely with pot?

Cancer and baby killing are only the latest of the maleficent powers and principalities of pot as invoked by our very intelligent law-enforcement officials. Actually these new horrors seem relatively petty when you consider what these pistol-packing "drug experts" were guaranteeing about grass just a decade or so back. Remember when marijuana drove Negro men crazy with lust and corrupted white women to the point of actually balling them? Remember when it warped and spindled your chromosomes? Remember the doctor in Berkeley who construed that because grass lowers the testosterone blood levels in lab rats (after massive injections straight into the stomach), then it undoubtedly accounts

for all those raving fruits up in Marin County? In law-enforcement terminology, this is what's called kicking the bad guys in the balls.

But wait a minute—Albuquerque DEA chief Philip Jordan just a little while ago assured the locals that marijuana not only snaps chromosomes but causes outright brain damage, that five joints a week are as poisonous as a pack of smokes a day, and that its birth-defect

## **Remember when these pistol-packing "experts" believed grass made black men horny and white women want to ball them?**

factor was so drastic that "they don't allow marijuana research on pregnant women any more at NIDA." (They never have at NIDA. Ever.)

## **Marijuana Backlash**

Yet the parrotings of cops about dope never fail to get terrific media play, and they have gotten a whole shitload of it so far this year. That's the most perplexing thing about this 1979 resurgence of reefer madness: everyone in all the varieties of media are doing dope like crazy these days and have to know by the pharmacologically elevated evidence of their own senses that none of this crap could be true. Then how come we get TV news specials and pop-magazine articles about the nonexistent new horrors of marijuana?

Well, if you'll recall, the current president let fly a good volume of campaign wind about decriminalizing grass, before the Republicans lost the '76 elections. Thus inadvertently placed in office, he set up his pleasant British chum Peter Bourne as his "closest adviser on drugs" and confirmed Dr. Robert DuPont to guide policy at NIDA. Thus for a whole year or so, these two very well-meaning but (so I've heard anyway) insufferably trendy and obnoxious boors sought to guide administration drug policy in more "enlightened" directions.

That was a royal disaster! Well, maybe some sick people might benefit from it in the long run. Under the direction of the two doomed "drug softliners," NIDA began doing a lot more studies methodically exploring the known good things about grass, instead of casting around for any conceivable harm it might do. It was quickly determined that grass really is the only dependable remedy for the week-long attacks of nausea and vomiting that

accompany most cancer-chemotherapy programs; smoking it immeasurably improves a patient's chances of recovery, since otherwise he or she wouldn't be able to eat for a week at a stretch and would also be much more likely to drop out of the chemotherapy program. Grass was shown once and for all to reduce eyeball pressure in glaucoma, relieving patients of crippling visual distortion and retarding the onset of blindness—and without the appalling side effects, such as cataract formation, of most "conventional" glaucoma treatments. Grass opens small bronchial air tubes better than most antihistamines, as any asthmatic who's ever done it regularly knows. The CBD in grass has terrific sedative and antispasmodic properties and is now being used to treat cerebral palsy and *petit mal* epilepsy. And young anorectic women are currently benefiting from reefer's appetite-stimulation effect in at least one NIDA study.

So maybe Carter's "softliner" docs did manage to get something positive started and deserve our thanks for that much. The trouble is, neither one was any great shakes as a politician (or a personality, either): they managed to deeply offend a lot of conservative scientific people before they were beaten out of office by their bureaucratic enemies. Bourne was on the skids for months before Toby Long's historic 'ludes bust: carnivorous Joe Califano over in HEW had gobbled up so much of Bourne's "special adviser" powers that in the weeks before he signed that fatal script, Bourne was singing the praises of paraquat and the army's abominable piss-analysis program just to hang onto whatever influence he fancied he still might have. Within two months of the Bourne putsch, Dr. DuPont was also out of a job, cravenly testifying over "Good Morning America" about how he'd never suggest grass decrim again, ever, in his life. The DEA was saying pot causes cancer and kills babies, unchallenged.

So where do we stand right now? One glaucoma sufferer in the U.S., Bob Randall, is currently getting regular legal dope from NIDA, and the bureaucratic hassles entailed in setting up a grass-for-chemotherapy program anywhere in the States have become so formidable that oncologists everywhere are giving up in revulsion and anguish. And all this is felt to be somehow justifiable, because for maybe a year the administration was hinting that marijuana might just possibly be good for some sick people.

Which undoubtedly also explains why grass has been getting such an evil press lately. The media thrive on trends and reflex countertrends, after all, and it sure as hell is a lot safer to write up imaginary new horrors attributed to grass by the police than it ever will be to come out in favor of the stuff. Big lies sell copies. Always have. ■



# Marijuana around the World Part 3, The Middle East

photos by Laurence Cherniak

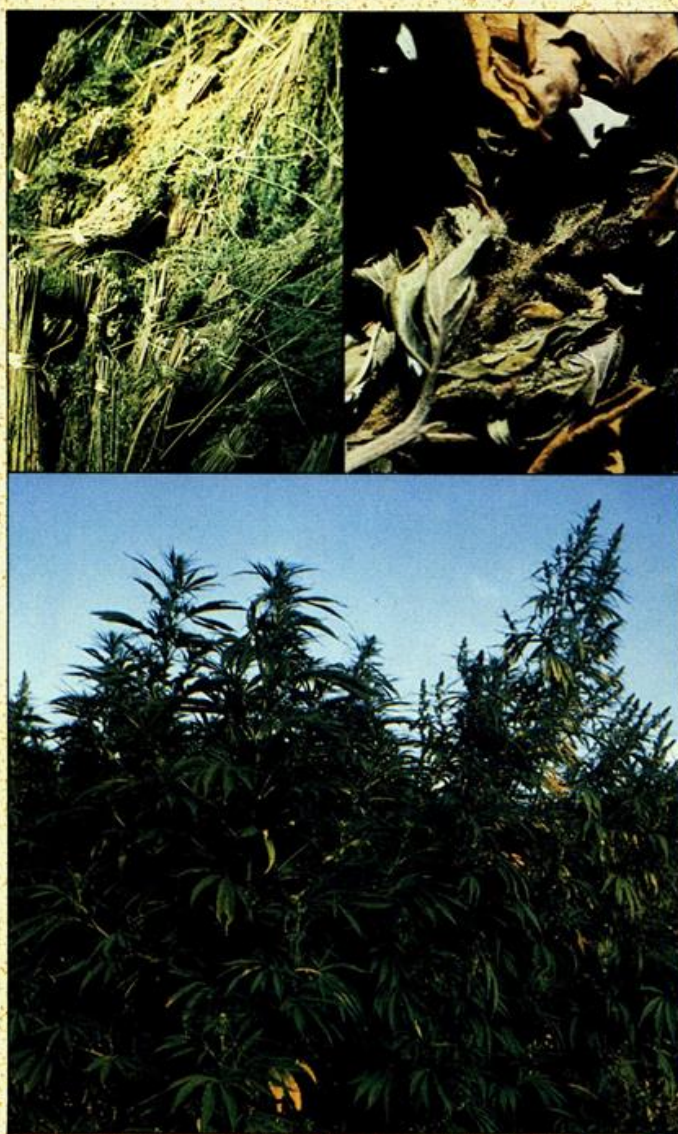
**B**etween the Americas and the Far East there has always been the Middle East—no less exotic than the Far East, but closer and more barren, windswept and sandy. Drugs might have come from the Far East, but they invariably passed through the Middle East, through the exotic caravans of the world's most alchemically interesting trade routes.

Cannabis has always been prized in the land of the dunes. Once it was the province of the djinn. Hashish was kept inside magic lamps. It granted people wishes. Sometimes there were houris involved. They appeared out of nowhere, removed seven veils, conducted one to the Garden of Earthly Delights, and then vanished.

The Old Man of the Mountains had his hash and kif factories throughout the Middle East, giant impregnable stashes on mountaintops where nothing was true but where everything was permitted. His stash inspired total devotion. The word "assassin" came from *hashish*; and the Old Man established a dynasty that endured until today. One of his successors married Rita Hayworth. Allah forbade wine, but smoking was all right with this god.

Today these lands are troubled. War has blighted their already ravaged, sandy lands, but still there is hope. And much of that hope is kindled by these same magical cannabis products that have inspired some of the world's greatest cultural achievements.

In Europe, where good grass is hard to find, it is well known that the hashish produced in the Middle East is often the best in the world, particularly the Lebanese and Afghani brands. And any traveler who has had the good fortune to taste the kif of the Middle East knows that thousands of years of know-how have gone into this smoke.



Clockwise from top left: Moroccan kif, Lebanese buds, Afghani kif plants.





Turkish buds



Bagged Moroccan kif powder and plants







Two tons of Afghani grass en route to market



Lebanese buds





Vagabond

# HOLLY

FROM AL TO SILL

Al Johnson

TO  
YOU  
WITH



Musso & Frank Grill



VIRO

HIGHLAND AVE.  
1600 N. +

GUIDE M  
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## On the make with Victor Bockris

I went to Hollywood to find out how the movie business does, or doesn't, work, how what they call "the game" is played. These six appointments with a refreshingly straightforward bunch of producers, agents, directors and players reveal the inside scene.

My first appointment was with a young director who has a typical Hollywood story. Jim McBride, 35, made several acclaimed independent films in New York and acquired a strong underground reputation in the late '60s. He was subsequently invited to Hollywood by Bob Rafelson during the Hollywood "youth movement" period initiated by successes like *Easy Rider* and *The Last Picture Show* and was offered the opportunity to do whatever he wanted, with a budget of one million dollars.

Understandably enchanted, McBride began work, writing his script and acquiring performers. Vanessa Redgrave signed to star. But the backers started to lose faith in the magic of youth, and a series of delays interrupted production until, one and a half years later, two weeks before shooting was due to commence, the

project got cancelled.

Sickened by his depressing Hollywood experiences, McBride returned to New York, determined to make small independent films and be happy. But time had caught up with him. During the '60s there had been a lot of spare cash available for artists. In the first half of the '70s there was none, so McBride spent five years trying to scrape together enough money to make a film, driving a taxi to earn a living. He was totally unsuccessful and finally returned to Hollywood, where there was at least some money available. Eight years after his initial visit, McBride is again involved in a hot deal and hopes to begin shooting his first Hollywood picture (a remake of Jean-Luc Godard's *Breathless*) soon.

We met at Musso and Frank's Grill at 11:10 on a Saturday morning, and Jim explained how Hollywood works. "You have an idea. The most important thing is to give this idea a 'high profile' among the men who control the big money. The way to give an idea a high profile is to make it very simple to understand. You must be able to present the idea in a

maximum of three sentences." For example, all McBride had to say was "a remake of *Breathless* starring Gary Busey" and everybody said "brilliant idea!" However, it's a long way from having a snappy idea to creating it.

"As soon as you can produce something tangible, a script, say, your idea can take a vast step forward, because someone can read the script and see whether you've really got something there or not. Meanwhile, it's important to make sure your idea is being talked about by the right people. It doesn't matter too much if you talk about it to your friends at Musso and Frank's, but it makes a lot of difference if a producer, who really is near the big money, is talking about it in the Polo Lounge at the Beverly Hills Hotel.

"But remember, when you talk to someone and they say, 'I like your idea! I like your idea! I can get the money to make this picture,' and you have a handshake agreement that you will try to work on this project together, all that guy is doing is going to talk to somebody else. He doesn't have any money, but he sees a way of making himself





some, by getting involved in your project as a middleman. Making movies in Hollywood is all a question of the manipulation of money."

To his credit, Jim had an unexpectedly successful time dealing with Godard, whom he was nervous about meeting. The producers in L.A. had told him that he must get Godard to sign some contracts and that Godard would absolutely never do it: they had heard about his reputation. Jim met Godard at the airport and drove him to the Chateau Marmont. They met with a French producer who looked over the contracts and threw up his hands screaming: "Alors, Jean, much more money!" But the next morning Godard handed Jim the contracts and said, "Here, I signed them."

If Jim can get Gary Busey to agree to play the lead, that should finalize the deal (meaning Jim can definitely get the money to make his film), because, although he is not an enormous star, Busey is "bankable." There's no point in Jim's calling Busey's agent, because he is not a big director, so he pulls no weight, but he can approach Busey personally, through mutual acquaintances. At this point Busey knows of the idea, and some people have advised him that he should do it. He will meet with Jim and cowriter Kit Carson as soon as they finish the script, which will coincide with the time Busey finishes his current movie. This means absolutely nothing, however, because there are a lot of complications in getting Busey to sign on with an unknown director when he could probably do just about anything. At the same time, it might be very wise for him to make a picture like this and achieve a bigger reputation.

The main point Jim pushed was perseverance. It is hard to wait for years while your idea is being kicked around, yet some of the most successful movies have been made because of the sheer perseverance of the idea's originator.

Movies are being made in two ways: by the studios and by the independents. For the

most part the studios, with their big budgets, corporate backing, business tie-ins and advertising machines, churn out a majority of the movies we troop to see. Occasionally, an independent hits big with an *Easy Rider* and radicalizes the process of movie making for a short time. Still, regardless of what you might



Jeffrey Scales  
Jim McBride

hear, very little has changed in the way Hollywood operates over the last 15 years. As one veteran put it: "The independents are a bunch of schmucks passing money back and forth; the studios are a bigger and better bunch of schmucks passing money back and forth." Says another: "I have this fantasy of a Hollywood party. Everything is excitement and confusion. People are talking all at once. No one knows what is happening. Suddenly the door opens and a hush falls over the room. It is the lawyer."

The following studio heads, who are mostly in their late 40s and 50s, control the movie industry: Ted Ashley at Warner Brothers (after council with everybody, he has a list of 27 reasons why not to make a movie—if you can answer these, you can make a movie); Sid Sheinberg at Universal; Andy Albeck at United Artists; Kirk Kerkorian at MGM; Alan Ladd Jr., Jay Kantor and Dennis Stanfil at Fox (they're a committee, but Stanfil can decide yes or no); and Barry Diller at Paramount (but Charles Bluhorn, chairman of the board at Gulf & Western, which owns Paramount, controls Diller). Except for Fox, the studios are all owned by corporations. Most of the heads of the

studios are former agents or lawyers. Luck means being in the right place at the right time.

My second appointment was with a man named David Field at the MGM building out in Culver City. He may be the most popular man in

**How Hollywood works: "You have to give an idea a 'high profile.' You must be able to present it in a maximum of three sentences."**

Hollywood. Nobody has a bad word to say of him in a town that has developed the put-down into an art form. He is currently senior vice-president for West Coast productions at United Artists: it is his responsibility to find ideas for films and arrange to get them made. For example, if he liked Jim McBride's idea, it would be made immediately. At 30, David Field is a very powerful man.

A native of Kansas City, Field graduated from Princeton University in 1967 and subsequently worked in television news before moving to the West Coast to attend the University of Southern California Film School. Before attaining his current position he was an assistant to Jay Kantor at Fox. There are a lot of young people in leading positions at United Artists.

The corridor that leads to Field's office is lined with large, beautifully developed and framed stills from great movies. I sank into a comfortable sofa in front of his secretary and picked up a copy of United Artists' advertising supplement to *Variety*, which consists of a list of films they have in the works up through 1980. It included *Untitled*, directed by Alan J. Pakula, and *Twentieth Century Foxes* (tentative title),

starring Jodie Foster. As long as you have a big director or a bankable star you can evidently be making a picture, even though you don't have a title or a script.

The aftereffects of some opium I had eaten the night before facilitated my wait, and I felt completely calm as I tried to overhear as much as I could and wondered what David Field would look like. "I went down to ask a question, and I came back with a deal," said a man walking by the secretary. "You can go in now, Mr. Bockris," she said.

In response to my first question Field pointed out that Hollywood could not know what the American public was going to like because there wasn't enough money to spend on marketing a product to investigate its potential. "There isn't any way that any of us at this point has standardized the business. Say you're running a studio. Somebody comes to you with a screenplay written by a man named Sylvester Stallone. You've never heard of him. You understand this person you've never heard of also wants to star and direct. You read the screenplay and it's fairly straightforward. It has scenes in it where a man collects for organized-crime figures in Philadelphia. Scenes where he can work out his rage and practice his craft by hitting sides of beef in packing houses. Do you mean to tell me you know whether or not this film's [going to be a hit]? I don't know how you know."

"Somehow a group of very intelligent people at Universal and Motown, who represent Diana Ross, said 'Yeah, you can remake that classic *The Wizard of Oz* that is on television the whole time, you can make it black, you can make Dorothy that much older than she really was, you can have Sidney Lumet, who's never done a musical before, direct, because we all think he's a genius, and invest this much money...' How do they justify that?"

"Well, what is the level of intelligence within this whole industry?" I said.

"Intelligence to me means



the ability to synthesize disparate things. I find this business is full of very intelligent people who are able to synthesize things, and I also find people who are highly intelligent—I mean, there are different ways of rating intelligence—who would be absolutely useless in this business. One of the kinds of intelligence that is reasonably useless in this business is a kind of Harvard casebook, logical approach."

David Field is quiet spoken, direct, intelligent, Jewish, Eastern, and completely unpretentious. Our conversation ranged over the future of movies (in television), the different markets in the South and Southwest as opposed to the East, the relations between rock and movies, always coming back to the intriguing fact that nobody really knows what makes a movie successful and everyone is always surprised by the audience's response. A gaunt man in a beard came to the door and said: "I just spoke to Irwin and the temperature is 30 degrees below."

"Could you turn the tape recorder off please."

The following morning, I drove from L'Ermitage Hotel in a pearl grey limousine with Gene Taft (who is an executive for Robert Evans Productions and is involved in Evans's next picture, *Players*, starring Ali McGraw and Dean Paul Martin) and a young producer from New York, to Evans's home in Bel Air. On arrival, the driver announced "Mr. Taft coming up" into a small microphone and drove through the open gates approximately 100 yards up a winding tree-lined drive. The house is large but not a mansion.

A white maid in a white uniform opened the door. We walked into an Architectural Digest living room. Evans appeared briefly, wearing a long white bathrobe, white silk pajama bottoms and black leather slippers. He said, "Hi. Why don't you wait down through there?" And Gene led us onto a sun-drenched patio, past a blue-lagoon swimming pool, into a

large screening room that backs onto a tennis court. My initial snap of Evans reminded me of a first meeting with Muhammad Ali: the sudden appearance of a legend who acts normally.

We were sitting in large comfortable black armchairs around a black coffee table in the screening room,

## My initial snap of Evans reminded me of a first meeting with Muhammad Ali: the appearance of a legend who acts normally.

and Gene was saying, "Evans loves movies, and he has an uncanny sense of them. A producer is a person who loves putting different things together, but most of them get lost in the deals..." when Evans swept in, took a seat, lit a cigar and, looking directly across the table at the young producer, said, "I saw your film." It was 10 A.M. During the next 45 minutes the pros and cons of the film were discussed rapidly and directly—what could be done to make it better, whether there was any extra footage, how much it would cost to record a new soundtrack. A maid came in with coffee. Cigars, cigarettes and candy were available on the table.

In between phone calls, which began pouring in around 10:30, I watched Evans intently, as he seemed to be, more than anything else, encouraging without misleading. "Honest" is the key word. There was about him, in this brief meeting, no feeling of intricacy, intrigue, or anything hidden. He seemed willing to offer his advice about a particular film project to someone who was just beginning to get involved in films, who had no reputation, and who had made a film that he thought might not be particularly good but that probably had

an audience.

As we left the screening room and walked slowly back around the pool toward the main house, I asked Evans whether he'd seen *Up in Smoke*. "Yes, I screened it here one night. I got some good belly laughs out of it."

Would he have considered producing it? "Under no cir-



Robert Evans

cumstances."

Was he surprised by its success? "We all were. You just can't tell what's going to be successful. You just don't know. With so many movies being made, nobody knows what's going to happen."

I tried hitting him with my own little "high profile" idea as we shook hands at the front door. "How about *High Times Presents Cheech and Chong in a Day at High School*?"

"Now that's a good idea," he grinned. But as we drove back past the palm trees sparkling in the sunlight, I couldn't help asking myself, "What did Evans get out of that meeting?" A Hollywood insider told me at a party that night: "He absorbs what you know by osmosis."

I decided that my next step should be to visit the set of a movie currently in production, to see if I could absorb anything by osmosis. I chose *Heartbeat*, the Jack Kerouac-Neal and Carolyn Cassady love-triangle picture starring John Heard, Nick Nolte and Sissy Spacek, which was in its final week of shooting at Culver City, because I could easily slip onto the set of this mystery-shrouded project with Bill Burroughs, who had been flown to L.A. specifically to check it out.

*Heartbeat* originates from a book written by Carolyn Cassady and published by an obscure West Coast press [Creative Arts] two years ago. The project was picked up by a young producer named Michael Schamberg, who had previously produced TVTV (an early, seminal, successful video project.) He tried to get the picture made for two years. Everyone told him that people wouldn't be interested in the material. As I skulked around Hollywood, often wondering if I was in Washington, I heard rumors that *Heartbeat* didn't stand a chance, the script was garbage, the director was an asshole; I mean, whenever you mentioned *Heartbeat*, people gave you weird looks and moved away.

The film is getting made because Nick Nolte agreed to play the lead role. Again, if you can get a big star to stick his name in your project, and get a workable script written, you can often get a picture made. Of course you have to remember that while someone is going around Hollywood saying "a remake of *Breathless* starring Gary Busey," somebody else is saying "a remake of *The Life of Riley* starring Gary Busey." But Nick Nolte looked at the script and said he was genuinely interested.

Sissy Spacek didn't know who Jack Kerouac was when she was given the script, and it wasn't until she was on a train in Yugoslavia going to a Yugoslavian film festival two months later that she finally got a chance to run her beautiful eyes across the pages and recognize the possibilities. She receives, she told me, a lot of scripts, and all of them are for possessed teenagers. The maturity of the Carolyn Cassady role and "the collision course of the three characters" attracted her to the film.

So, the next day (because things do happen fast when they happen in Hollywood) Bill and I drive out to Culver City, a fittingly dilapidated Mexican area, and turn into the studio park-



ing lot, just like in a '50s movie, drive over and park, and we are led onto a stage set of the Cassidy house in the '50s — ancient copies of Life magazine, '50s toys and paraphernalia scattered about. We stand around feeling conspicuous and uncertain of what it is we are meant to be doing. Being an onlooker on a movie set is very boring business. Everybody has something to do except you. There are no chairs to sit on, so you have to just wander around and get in the way, or stand still. And they do 15 takes to get one minute's worth of film.

There were, however, some amusing incidents. John Heard, who plays Jack Kerouac, came up to William and said, "Hello, I'm Jack Kerouac." For a moment of historical illusion, that was pretty good. William shook hands politely, but there was really very little to say except "How's it going?" and stuff like that, so Heard, who was having some trouble with his role—inasmuch as Cassidy always seemed to be having all the fun while Kerouac remained uncertain, just standing there observing—shuffled off. When I recounted this episode to Allen Ginsberg, he said, "That sounds just like Jack," so I guess Heard had gotten the part down pretty well. Or it had gotten him down. You can never be sure just which way is real in Hollywood.

Moments later I spotted Bill deep in animated conversation with a tall blond guy who turned out to be Nick Nolte (*Who'll Stop the Rain?*, *The Deep*). Nolte is immediately engaging. He just stands there and keeps talking, gesticulating, joking. He plays—you guessed it—Neal Cassidy. Before going onto the set to film a minute in which Jack and Neal are caught bringing a black woman back to the house at 7 A.M. by Carolyn, who has been up all night changing the baby's diapers, Nick suggested we meet for lunch at one.

Sissy Spacek, looking like a woman who has been up all night changing diapers and wondering where her husband is, came over, stuck out

a hand and said, "Bill, hi Bill. My name is Sissy Spacek. I play Carolyn." Bill bent slightly toward her, extended a hand and said "Hello." There was a pause while we stared at each other, and then Sissy said, "Well, I just wanted to say hi," and walked onto the set. However, it all

hammock in the backyard, that is exactly what he had done. Nolte concluded that he "felt Neal around somewhere." They were both born on February 8th.

Nolte said that in order to create a character, it is not necessary to make yourself look like that character with makeup: how you hold

**"The independents are a bunch of schmucks passing money back and forth; the studios are a bigger and better bunch of schmucks passing money back and forth."  
—A Hollywood insider**

worked out because after our great lunch with Nick Nolte we were invited to have lunch with Sissy Spacek the following day. But first: our great lunch with Nick Nolte.

He got into the back of our gold Chevrolet Caprice with the brown leather upholstery and sat on a map of L.A. He thumbed through a copy of *High Times* as we drove the four blocks over to the only good restaurant in the area, which shall remain nameless because it is so bad. We discussed the unusual atmosphere created by an actor when he is playing someone who has died within recent memory (as with Buddy Holly). Burroughs asked if Nolte felt any psychic contact with Cassidy during the shooting of the picture, and, somewhat to my surprise, Nolte immediately replied that he had. He had been sitting on a hammock in the backyard of the house they were shooting on location. Improvising, he picked up a toy cap pistol that was lying in the grass and started playing with it, finally putting it against his temple and pretending to shoot himself as a statement of how Cassidy felt at the time. When Carolyn Cassidy saw the rushes the following day she said that the only time she'd seen Neal sitting on the

yourself is much more important. Nick said that he originally felt obliged to ask numerous people who had known Cassidy to give him some tips on how to walk, talk, act, etc. Robert Stone (who wrote *Dog Soldiers*, from which *Who'll Stop the Rain?* was made) helped him. Nick went to New York and spent two days with Stone. They got drunk together, and Stone explained how to be Neal Cassidy. Later Nick got uptight because he was being forced into making all sorts of decisions that he didn't feel were his decisions. So instead of taking everybody's advice, after researching the part for a few months he decided to make all his own decisions about how to play Neal Cassidy.

Bill said that whereas Kerouac always had Cassidy talking a mile a minute, he had driven with him for eight hours at a time without Cassidy saying a word, but his mind was always working. For example, he'd turn around and say he'd memorized the signposts for the last 50 miles. Jack and Neal were always getting at each other and always telling Bill about the other one. Bill said Jack was stingy. Nolte reflected on some of the difficulties Heard had had with the Kerouac role. He started

talking, as all actors do, about how hard it is to get a good script and how he really wanted to be in a good movie. He said there was a lot of dope smoking, sex and humor in *Heartbeat*. He feels pleased with his performance and thinks the film could be quite successful. Later, William told me that, on numerous occasions over the next three days, he would be sitting beside Nolte and suddenly feel that he was sitting next to Cassidy, at which point he would do a double take.

Sissy Spacek looked great when we arrived on the set at 12:30 the next day to pick her up. There was a brief photo session with Bill, during which I leafed through a very large collection of still photographs that had been taken throughout the shooting of the movie. Particularly interesting was the resemblance of Ray Starkey (who plays Allen Ginsberg) to Allen. Nick Nolte looked very much like photos of Cassidy, but I noticed the resemblance really did come through in the way he held his body rather than from makeup. Sissy Spacek, who looks very different in different parts of the movie, bore a striking resemblance to Lauren Bacall in a number of photos.

We piled back into the gold Chevy and rode over to the same bad restaurant. Bill said they made sure there were no good restaurants so that the actors would hurry back to work. Sissy was excited to meet him. He asked reporterly questions, but she had the same energy level as me, so we immediately talked a lot. She uses a good deal of physical contact, touching shoulders, hands, etc., during conversation, and is quite open. She said *Heartbeat* is the tensest set she's ever been on. The director has put a lot of pressure on her. She has quit twice and gone for his throat a couple of times. She said *Heartbeat* was a dangerous movie for her to make, because it would change her image with the public and she had to age over a period of 20 years (1948–68), but she wanted to



do it because she didn't work for two years because she couldn't find anything good to do. She said: "With acting, for me, it's always just... I do it so badly I never want to work again, and then, suddenly, I get it." I told her she looked like Lauren Bacall in *To Have and Have Not*, and she said she'd only just seen it but turned to Bill and said, "This is Lauren Bacall," creating a fantastic split-second imitation with her eyes and posture.

**R**ick Ray is a Hollywood agent who has an office run by three partners in a penthouse overlooking Sunset Boulevard. He is a quick, accurate man who makes very big business deals for writers, who have become increasingly important in movies recently. As I entered his office he was staring across the skyline at a pall of smoke that hung over Malibu. "The city is always burning down," he said. "I don't understand what your audience wants to know from me. I'm a pretty conservative person to be doing a *High Times* interview."

"Is it true that there are really a lot of younger people in important roles in Hollywood?"

"I don't think there is anything on earth that is as slavishly devoted to the concept that youth is good as the entertainment business, so absolutely, yes," he answered. "In this business you better save your money, because as you get older, except in certain very specific areas, you are liable to find yourself of less value instead of more value as your experience increases. The presumption is that this creative skill burns itself out after a while and there is nothing but an empty hulk, which I must tell you is absurd. But you're dealing with a highly varied marketplace, and there is no human being on earth I've ever found who really understands it anyhow."

"Is Hollywood a closed town?"

"I would think so. But I think almost any industry is resistant to new people com-

ing in. Just by the nature of the beast, this is especially so. In the first place there are the normal aspects of it: I paid my dues, now you pay yours. There is the feeling that it is basically a small industry and if somebody succeeds it might be by taking your job. There is also, however, one factor in this

fortunately, I believe that they are in the minority rather than the majority and that most people have a tendency to respond based on credits. 'What have you done up to now?' Which not only reinforces your own insecurities but also, by the way, gives them a perfect excuse if they hire you and you

**Sissy Spacek said  
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set she's ever been on.  
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a couple of times.**

business especially which I think has a tremendous impact on new people, and that is, whatever you're dealing with here it is on almost totally subjective judgment.

"You can take a can of peas and, based upon how long they were grown and what kind of process was used, make a reasonable judgment, it seems to me, as to the quality of the can of peas you're buying. Here you have a script, or an idea, or a director, who is about to be hired, and what he is going to do is going to be viewed by the audience highly subjectively, based upon their emotions, their intelligence, their educational backgrounds and God knows what other ramifications. The result is that if you, as a relative newcomer to the industry, sat down and wrote a script and I put the name of a major writer on it instead of your name, it would have an inordinate probability of selling, because as soon as they looked at the name they would say, 'This must be good.' On the other hand, if I put your name on it and they never heard of you, then they're going to say, 'It probably isn't good.'"

"There are a great many people in this business who have become successful by being able to use their own judgment and intuition. Un-

fail. 'Well, what the hell, he just finished this \$4-million movie this afternoon, how was I to know he was going to be no good?'"

"What do you like most about what you do?"

"I certainly like the fact that it's never routine. It's not likely to become boring. It is an ever challenging problem to make creative judgments of my clients' ability to perform a given task, and then put them, as a personality, together with the buyer. Because that's just as important as their ability to write. If the chemistry isn't right between a director and a writer, two very bright and talented people can be at loggerheads all the way through, and the project becomes a disaster. Seeing as how the probabilities are it's going to become a disaster anyhow, you don't have to go out of your way to make it so by putting the wrong personalities together. I think basically that the job is unstructured and requires a lot of mental agility. I mean you have to switch mental gears every 30 seconds on the average day...."

I went to lunch at Ma Maison to watch the movie-business crowd and contemplate. You can add up the different pieces of information, but their sum won't

tell you anything, because as soon as you say anything about Hollywood, the opposite is true. I was talking to Burroughs and said, "These people are only interested in making money."

"No, Victor, you might be oversimplifying there," he said. "They're equally interested in losing money." Making movies in Hollywood is all a question of manipulating money.

David Field said, "It's fascinating to be going from a room where I've been talking with a businessman to a room where I'm going to be talking to a screenwriter, and have to understand them both. It's a dual ability, and I think it's terrific." But Gene Taft had said, "A producer is a person who loves to put different things together, but most of them get lost in the deals."

There is a great deal of complaint in Hollywood about how hard it is to get a good script together with a good director, good actors and a good producer, and most people admit that money often gets in the way of creativity. On the other hand, Hollywood had to invent "business art" when it became big business.

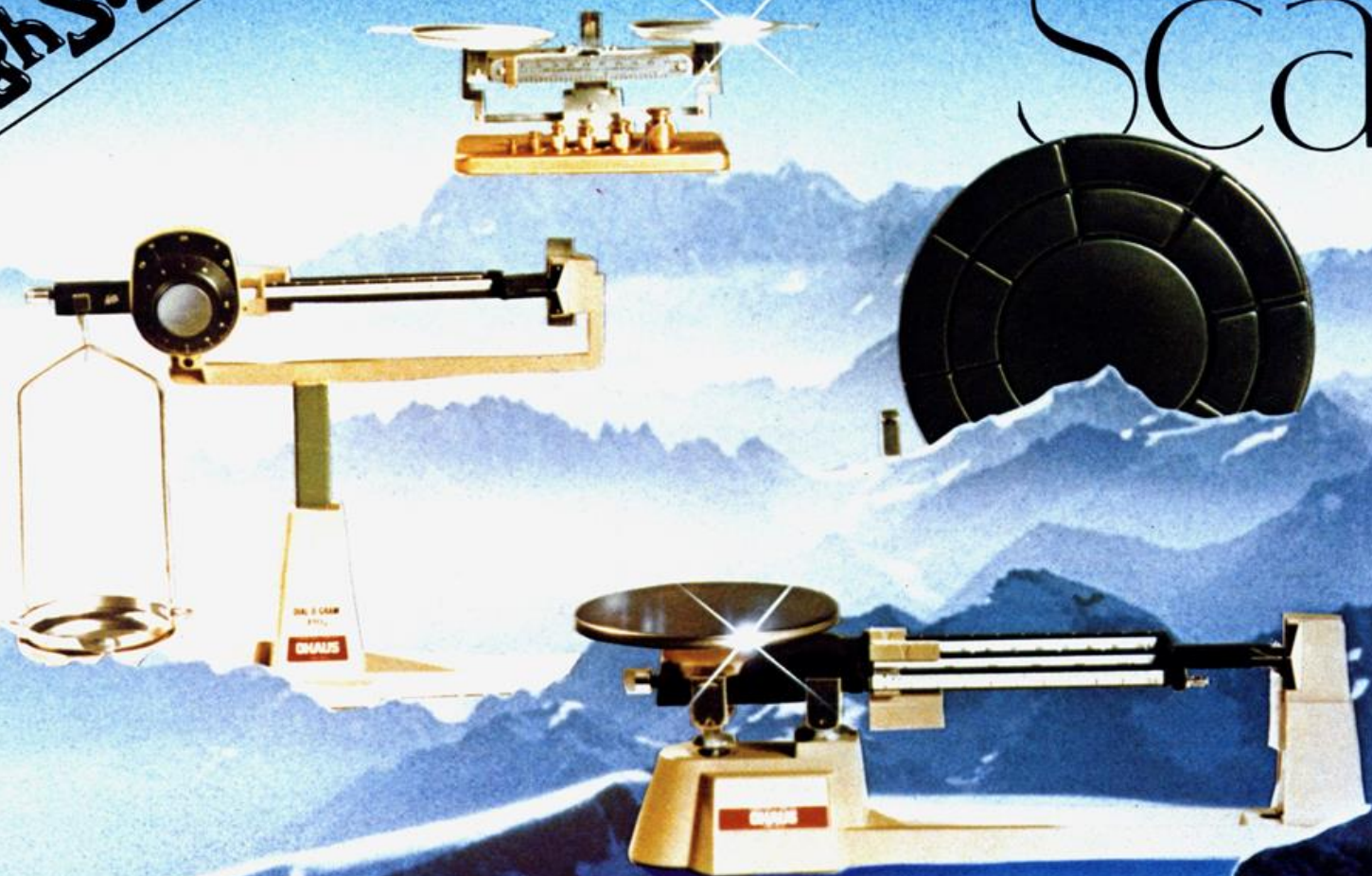
While it is true that some people who control the money in Hollywood are not particularly imaginative or daring, part of being a "movie artist" is persuading the people who control the money in Hollywood to part with their money. "Business art" is a valuable new concept, because it services the reality of the present; therefore it remains relevant, keeping American art utilitarian.

Money can get in the way of creativity anywhere. And creativity can get in the way of money. Hollywood presents an extreme example, because so much money is involved, but, as the balance between business and art becomes increasingly fragile, it can consequently become increasingly fertile. In the end, one had better take a positive attitude to the concept, or else there would be no point in playing the Hollywood game. ■



# High Style

# Scales



In a market that annually processes 5,000-plus tons of marijuana and 33 tons of cocaine, wholesale distributors and retail dealers alike depend upon the accuracy of the indispensable scale for their daily bread. The heavy burden attending these dedicated individuals can be lightened somewhat by an up-to-date survey of the wide variety of weighing devices now available and a look at some of the convenient accessories designed to "keep the customer satisfied."

The customer, of course, wants to get his or her money's worth, whether the purchase is for resale or simply personal stash. Gone are the days of the "lid" of grass or the times when a gram of coke could be safely measured by "eyeballing" it; as the price of drugs has escalated faster than that of Arabian oil, the demand for pinpoint accuracy in weighing commodities often ten times more valuable than gold has increased likewise. American capitalism being what it is, this demand has not gone unheeded.

In fact, the variety of scales on today's market exceeds even the vast number of variously exotic drugs to weigh upon them. Two basic classifications exist: the spring scale and the balance scale. Some examples of common spring scales are the ordinary bathroom scale and the familiar dime-store postage scale. Though often relied upon by small-time dealers and consumers, the accuracy of spring scales is so unreliable as to make them practically worthless to anyone else.

This is because a spring scale can be adversely affected not only by gradual stretching out of the spring itself but by variations in temperature, air pressure and humidity. Even worse, spring scales multiply error; one ounce off on a single pound becomes a two-ounce error on two pounds. At this rate, even a minor discrepancy can turn a sure profit into a steady loss.

Balance scales are unaffected by any of the variations in

weather that play such havoc with the spring scale; and they don't multiply error astronomically, either. Since they balance the unknown mass of the payload against the known mass of counterweights, balance scales are infinitesimally more precise in pinpointing the exact weight, often to as narrow a degree as a hundredth of a gram. For these reasons, this review will focus on balance scales, relegating the undependable spring scales to the "land of a thousand chances."

The Los Angeles Police Department isn't taking any chances in its enforcement of the city citation ordinance for an ounce or less of pot, making it necessary for officers on patrol to dangle those ubiquitous hanging pocket scales (\$5) from their belts, right between the shiny handcuffs and steel blue .38-Special service revolvers. Verifying the weight of an ounce of weed is about all these scales are good for, as even the best can be off considerably. An effective spot check for these scales can be run: a nickel should weigh five grams on the nose.

A far more practical scale is the workhorse of the industry, the Ohaus 750S Triple Beam (\$85), which has demonstrated time and again its dependability in measuring amounts from 0.1 to 610 grams. A set of three counterweights makes it possible to weigh up to 2,610 grams, more than enough for those five-pound packages of Santa Marta red, blond Lebanese or your very own homegrown sinsemilla.

"Dialing for Dollars" takes on a refreshing new meaning when applied to the Triple Beam's nearly identical twin, the 1650S Dial-A-Gram (\$119.95). Generally preferred even by jewelers who work with the mineral variety of gold, the Dial-A-Gram's dial feature makes it possible to make those infinitesimal adjustments with less disturbance of the platform, as is caused by sliding the vernier back and forth, which is necessary with the Triple Beam.



# ing the Heights

by Shay Addams



Those insane balancing acts often required to get a bulky green garbage bag of ganja to sit still long enough on the scale's small platform can be avoided, thanks to an innovative accessory manufactured by Correct Count, a California-based distributor specializing in scales. Their "5-pounder" attachment (\$7.95), a black plastic platform capable of holding larger payloads, fits snugly onto either of the above units, transforming a once onerous chore into a speedy and efficient process.

Such delicate instruments are not designed to be carried about, as they so often need be, and their accuracy can be negatively affected by too much bouncing around in the trunk of a car. The portability of both models can be enhanced greatly with the use of the "Port-A-Beam" carrying case (\$19.95), also manufactured by Correct Count.

Besides insuring the long-term accuracy of the scales, the "Port-A-Beam" also eliminates those telltale metallic clattering sounds these scales can emit when you are attempting to inconspicuously stroll through the halls of the Hilton to complete a transaction. Though some veterans don't feel the shape of the case is as innocent in appearance as it could be, no one can deny that it beats the hell out of transporting Trips in the original cardboard box marked so clearly at the Ohaus factory.

An economically practical alternative to the Ohaus Trips is the Terraillon #665 Double Beam (\$45), which easily accommodates from 0.0625 ounce to 22 pounds in its rectangular chrome tray. Breaking pounds or kilos down into ounces is child's play with this scale, which almost seems to have been designed with this once tedious task in mind.

A serious contender for the most popular consumer scale is the Pelouze R-47 (\$34.95), a lightweight portable scale whose range of 0.01 to 100 grams explains the fact that more than

30,000 were sold by Correct Count last year alone. Six brass weights are included, and an additional set graduated in grams or ounces extends the maximum payload another 100 grams. The small size of the R-47's platforms makes it an unwieldy instrument for more than ounces of weed or hash. It is an excellent choice for cocaine and other powdery substances, though probably more useful to the consumer than the dealer in most instances.

The professional, however, will find the Ohaus 310 Dial-O-Gram, with a capacity ranging from 0.01 to 310 grams, to be a much more worthwhile investment. Its four-inch-diameter tray conveniently features a small handle and two pouring indentations, greatly facilitating transfer of the payload from scale to container.

While the number of those cute little pocket scales offered for the consumer who makes weekly one-gram purchases abounds, the accuracy of such items rarely is better than within 0.1 gram. When the going rate for a gram of good toot averages out to \$100, these scales can conceivably cost the buyer up to \$10 per purchase. The amount to be potentially saved with the 310 Dial-O-Gram on a few months' supply of fly can easily add up to more than the cost of the scale, making the 310 well worth the investment for any serious hedonist.

Designed for gun enthusiasts who reload their own shells and cartridges, the Ohaus 1010-10 (\$74.95), like so many other Ohaus products, has been commandeered by dealers for more clandestine and profitable purposes. Three metal parts break down to fit securely inside the plastic body, which, with a clear plastic cover attached, presents itself as one of the most portable units for weighing out more interestingly volatile payloads. The teacup-shaped dish can hold from





0.01 to 101 grams of your favorite refreshment for a hair-splitting determination of its exact weight.

Able to weigh whole bales with a single load, the Ohaus 119-D Solution (\$419) has proven to be the Superman of scales for many distributors of both pot and hash. From one gram to 45 pounds, the Solution has a tare adjustment to compensate for those thick burlap bags used to pack the best buds for that all-night flight from Colombia to Gringoland. A stainless-steel scoop for loose weed is also available.

Impressive in its solid appearance and dimensions, the Solution is universally revered as a sure sign of success in the dope industry. Offerings of hashish and weed are reverently placed upon its shining platform almost as religiously as Aztec high priests once stretched their human victims across the ancient stone altar for the ritualistic removal of their still-pounding hearts.

One would assume that the Ohaus company, dominating the market so obviously and thoroughly, set out intentionally to supply the dope industry with such indispensable items, some of which seem almost specifically dope oriented. Far from it. Ohaus refuses to deal directly with anyone in the paraphernalia industry, including major distributors who estimate that more than 50 percent of Ohaus's annual production ends up on the kitchen tables of dopers around the nation regardless.

A German family-owned New Jersey company, Ohaus has maintained this austere policy as long as anyone in the para-

phernalia industry can remember. Steadfastly refusing to taint their hands with drug money—directly, at least—Ohaus has forced distributors and wholesalers to rely upon a classic tactic of the dealer: second sourcing.

This maneuver is similar to the one employed in a situation in which Larry won't do business with Jimmy, therefore Jimmy cops Larry's excellent Bolivian flake from a mutual connection, who simply never tells Larry for whom the product is actually being purchased. So even the world of dealing scales is imbued with some of the same intrigue and cloak-and-dagger spirit of the world of dealing drugs.

While Ohaus maintains this holier-than-thou attitude, other scale manufacturers rake in the bucks almost as fast as the people who use their products for illegal purposes. Accu-Weigh, for instance, produces several models that make life easier for the heavyweight movers in the marijuana trade.

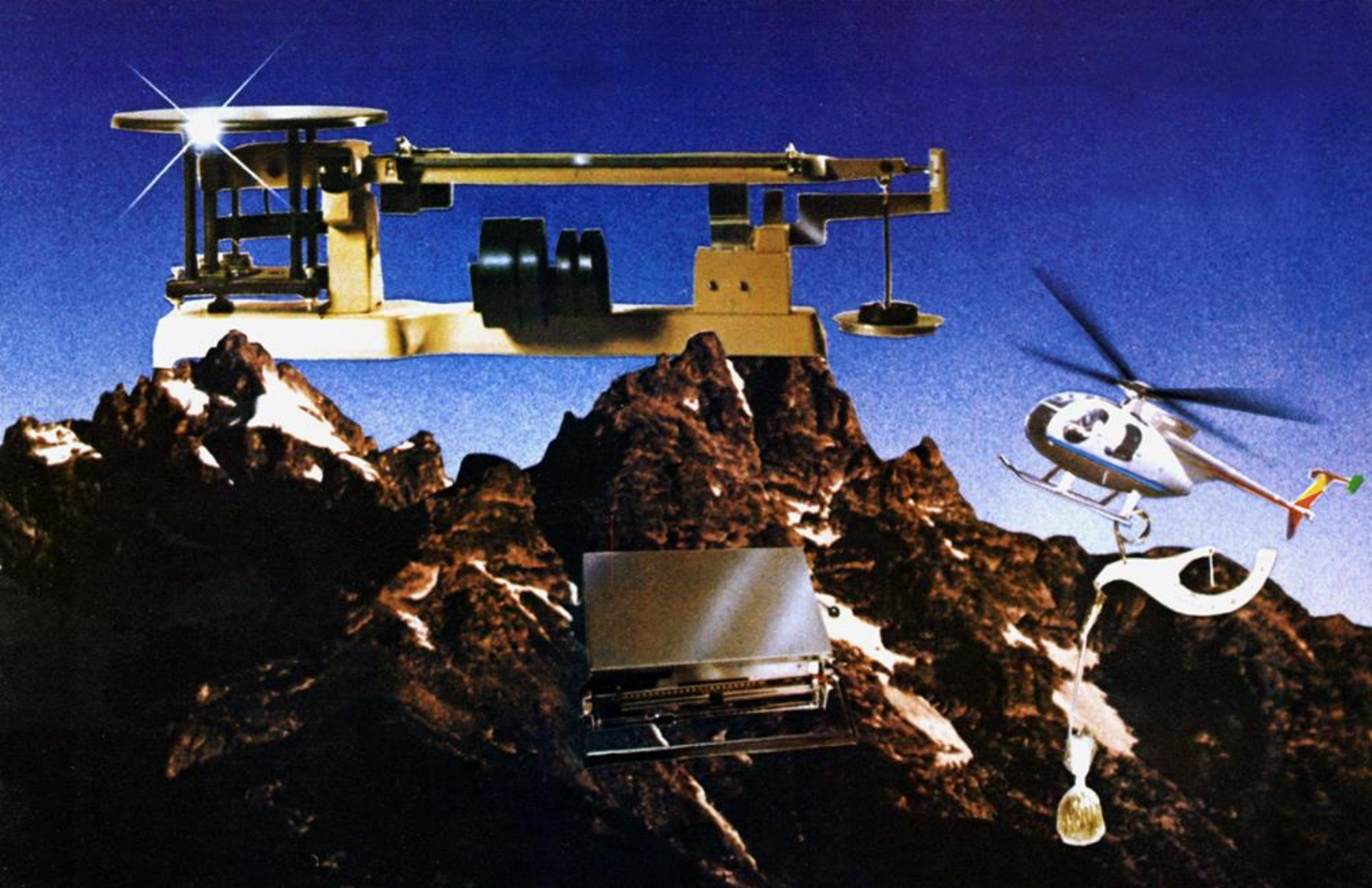
The blockbuster of scales is the Accu-Weigh 300 TLH (\$380); its oversized platform easily accommodates up to 300 pounds of weed at one shot, and it is accurate to within a quarter of an ounce. Such a range is quite satisfactory for the big marijuana moguls, who find the TLH's portability increased effectively by the convenient locking handle, which insures a long life of reliability.

Those well-heeled participants in the winner-take-all game of one-upmanship played in the higher echelons of the coke business have found yet another toy with which to impress their exclusive clientele. Thanks to the technological advances of the aerospace industry, which spawned the handheld calculators so popular in dealing circles during the early '70s, electronic digital scales are now finding their way onto the glass-topped coffee tables of America's finest coke dealers.

So sensitive that its blinking red readout is affected even by the faintest summer breeze, the Sartorius 1202MP (\$1,600)

Opening spread, clockwise from far left: Ohaus 310 Dial-O-Gram; Pelouze R-47; 5-Pounder Scale Platform; Terrillon 665-Double Beam; Ohaus 1010-10; Ohaus 1650 Dial-O-Gram and Port-A-Beam carrying case; Ohaus 750-SO Triple Beam. This spread, from far left to right: 180° LAPD 1 Oz. Hanging Pocket Scale; Troemner 800; Sartorius 1202 MP; Ohaus 119-D; Accu-Weigh 126 TQLH; 180° 100 gm. Hanging Pocket Scale.





boasts a weight range of .01 to 300 grams of Peru's ultimate product. A built-in tare sensor makes compensation for baggie weight a simple process. The only conceivable improvement on this model would be to include a feature that delivers a small card from a slot, telling your fortune along with the weight of the dope.

If R2D2 takes to dealing cocaine in *Star Wars 2*, the Troemner 800 (\$329) will be the scale of his choice, resembling as it does the shiningly sterile head of one of his cybernetic cousins of the far future. Unsurpassable in accuracy, this precision instrument is usually found behind a drugstore counter, where it is used to measure out those exact amounts required by pharmacists when preparing prescriptions.

Featuring a dial-type adjustment control calibrated to the nth degree, this model unerringly measures from .01 to 1 gram, and its range can be extended to 120 grams with an extra counterweight. A plastic cover eliminates forever those bothersome fluctuations caused by shifting air currents that plague most scales of such a delicate nature. The "state of the art" of coke scales, this model is a rarity in the business. Even Correct Count, the number-one scale distributor, says it only sells 20 Troemnners annually.

While many of these various scales are readily available even in the local head shop, the scarcity of some of the more precise instruments in some areas has begun to reach the proportions of what may become the "scale drought" of 1979. The parochial policy of Ohaus has more effect on this situation than any other single factor, and if this trend continues, buying a good set of scales may be as difficult in the future as finding superb Colombian to weigh on them.

At least one ingenious head-shop owner in upstate New York has hit upon a temporary solution to this growing problem, offering the thoughtful services of what could be called "Rent-A-Scale." That's right, pay the clerk a reasonable deposit and, at

varying rates beginning at \$10 a day, you can rent the scale of your choice, no questions asked.

Offering "more scales than a fish" for several years now, Correct Count has a more promising answer to the prospect of an impending scale drought, as well as to the puritanical policy of the Ohaus family. As many American dope distributors have begun to grow their own crops to fill an insatiable demand, thereby becoming the source, Correct Count is making its move into manufacturing its own scales.

Correct Count has developed what so far has only been described as "the scale of the '80s" and expects to have the new model on the market in time for the fall harvest. Fear of industrial espionage in the paraphernalia industry—which is second only to the dope industry itself in fierce competition, backstabbing and double-dealing—has prevented the disclosure of more detailed specifications on the new scale, though it is hinted that it will make one of the above scales obsolete within a year or so.

As H.G. Wells might have asked, who can say what the shape of scales to come might be? Perhaps some day in the next century dealers will be able to place their pot on a scale that will deliver an instantaneous digital readout of its THC content as well as the correct weight. Coke scales might have the optional feature of analyzing any powdered substance placed in their trays for a scientific determination of the type and percentage of cut employed by unscrupulous distributors further up the line.

Whatever changes in the shape of scales future technology might bring, a shrewd selection from this review of weighing devices will help to insure that you not only pay for everything you get, but that you get everything for which you pay. Pot or potatoes, cocaine or coffee, you can then be assured that this season's crop will be "on the weight" when it reaches the marketplaces of America. ■



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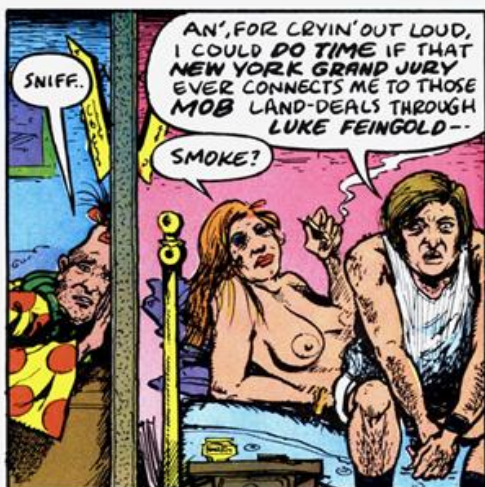
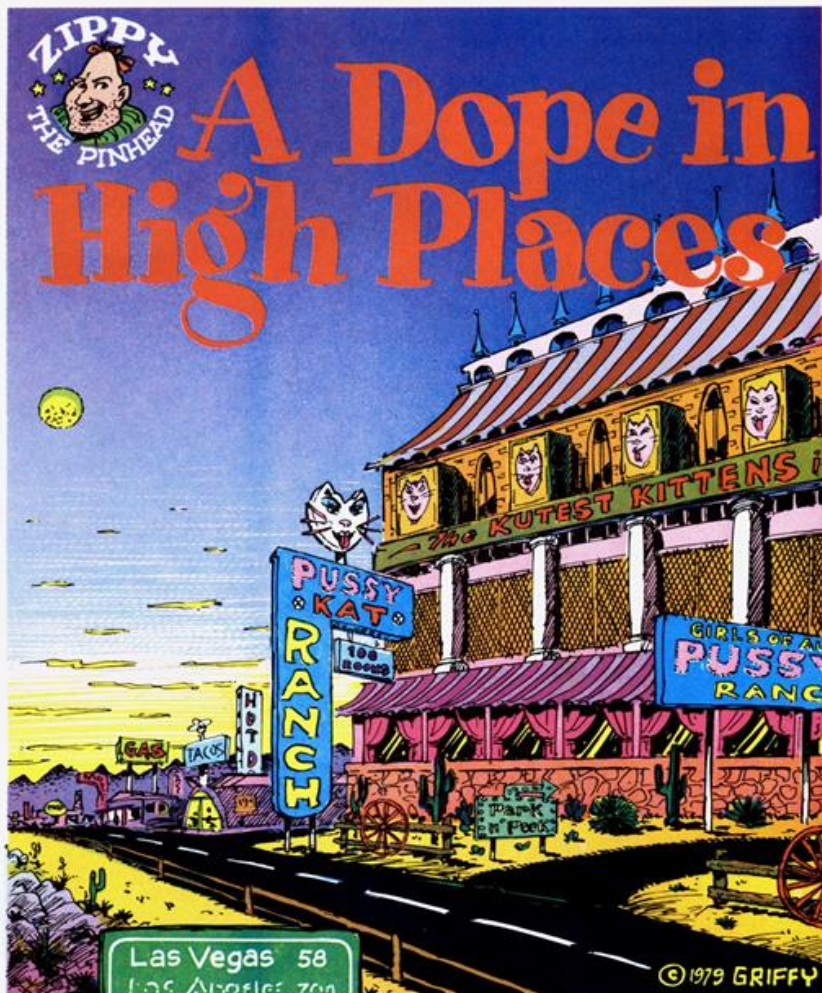
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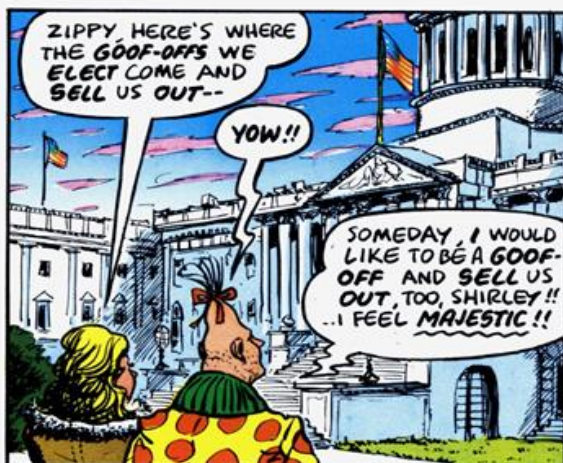
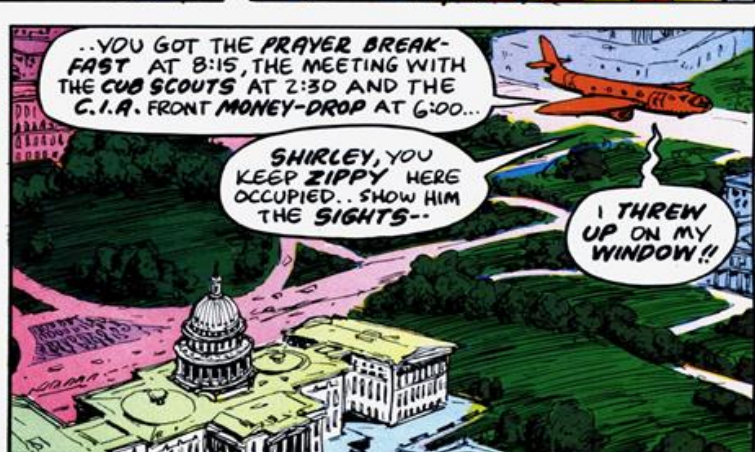
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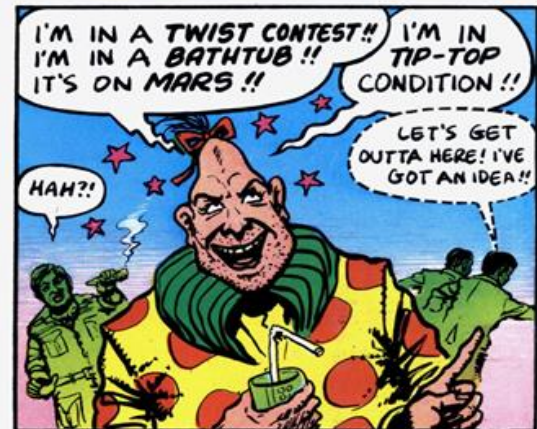
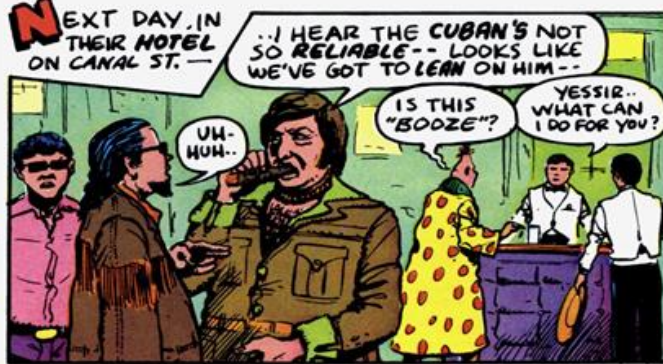




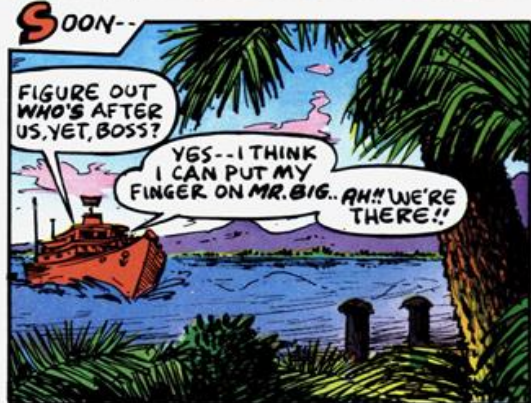
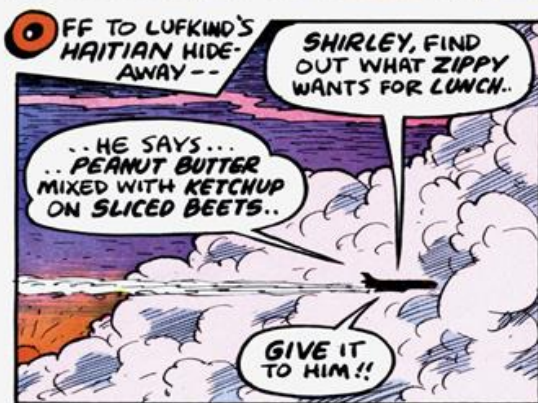










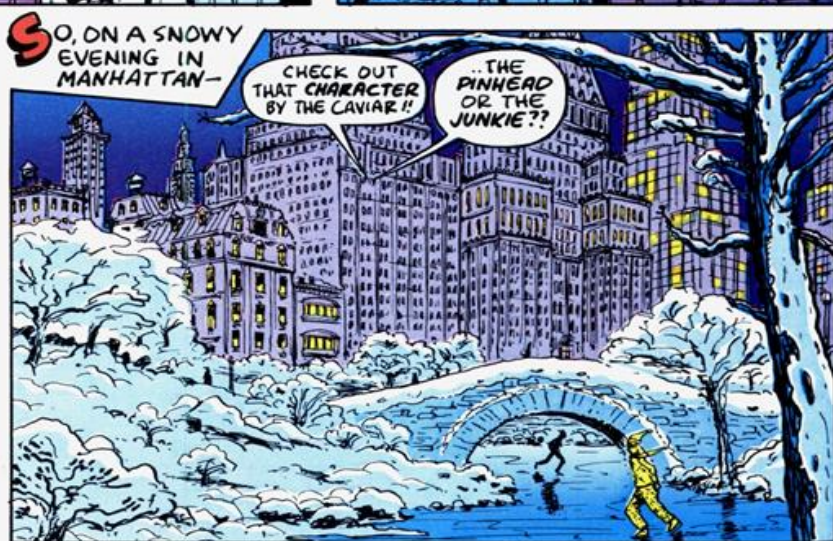
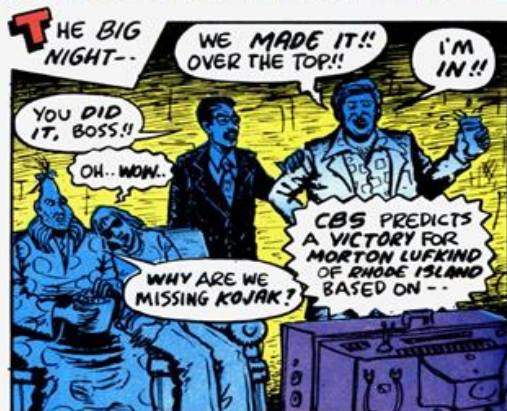
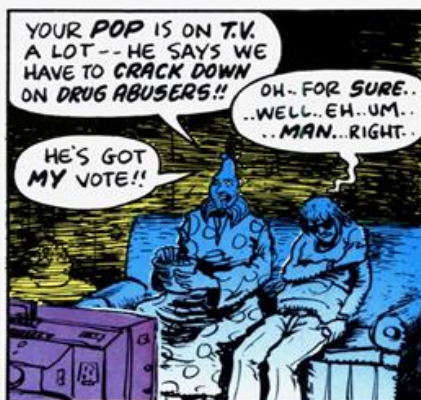
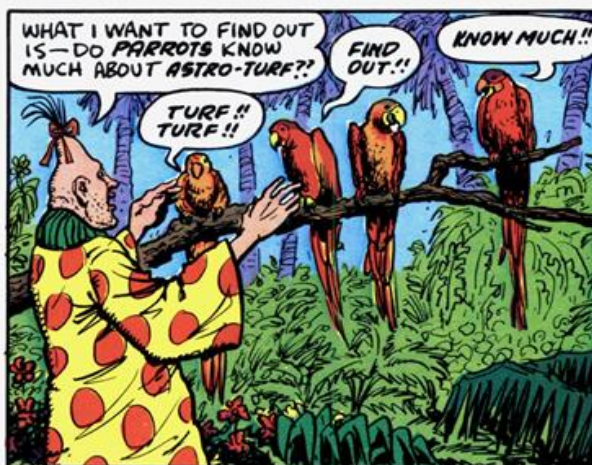




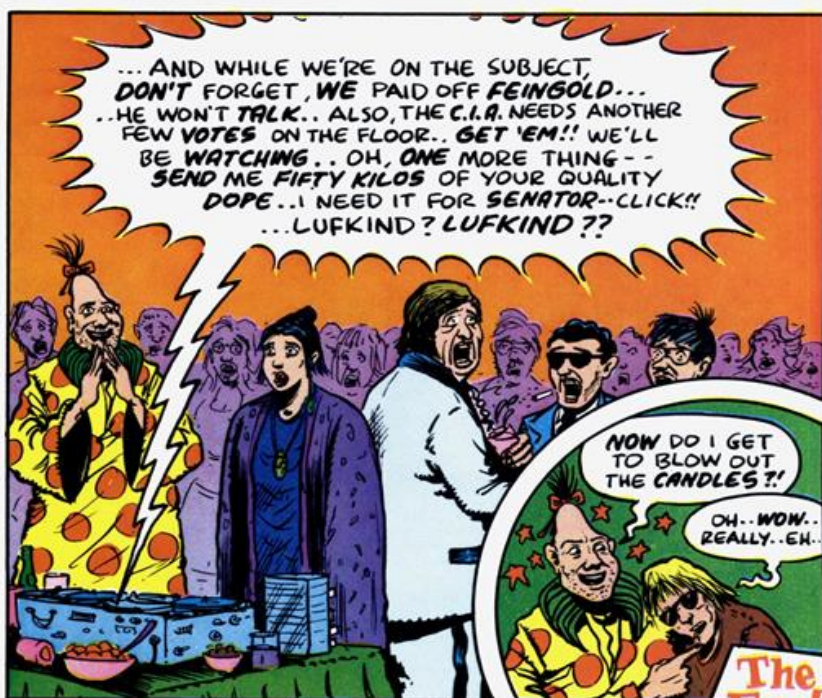
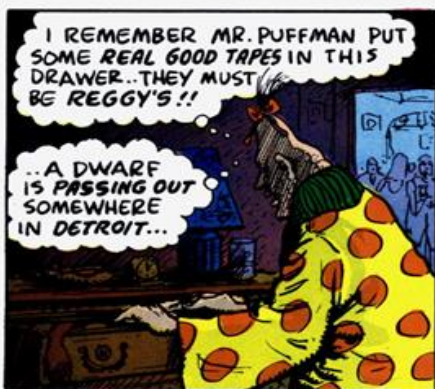




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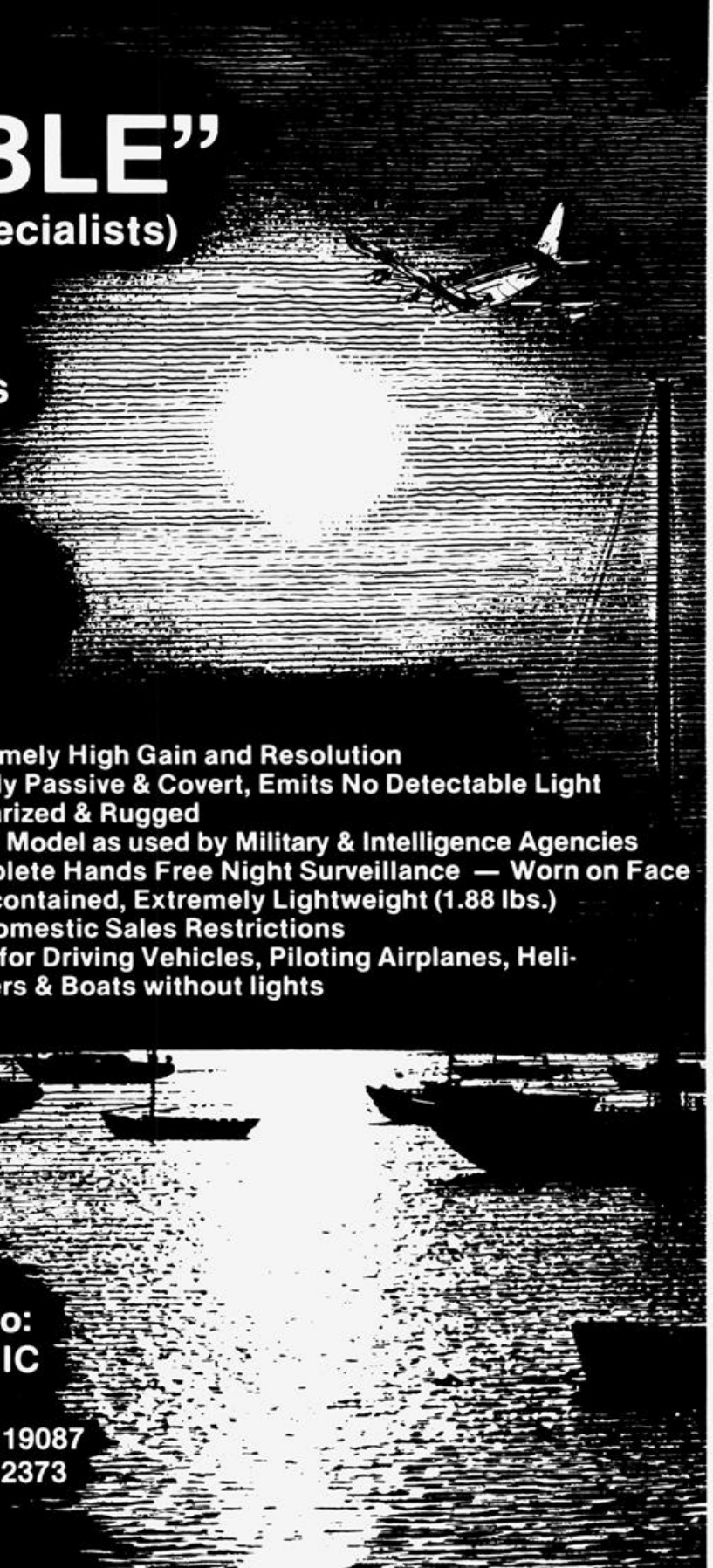


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## Deadly Nightshades

(continued from page 52)

power. Talk to it all the time as though you were fucking it. Then dig around it until all but the tip of the root is exposed. Tie a hungry dog to the root and throw some meat just out of its reach, so the animal uproots the plant in jumping for the food. The root's screech will kill the dog, but you will be saved by the earplugs.

The root may or may not be shaped like a miniature man or woman. Probably it will look like a parsnip. As the demand for mandrake charms grew, especially in twelfth- through sixteenth-century Germany, mandrakes and other roots were ingeniously carved as ever more human dolls, even with sprouting rye or millet seeds as hair. In any case, one had to bathe the mannequin in milk or old wine every Friday (the day sacred to Freya, or Aphrodite, who was called Mandragoritis) and wrap it in clean silk. In return it would ward away demons and calamities from you and your house, keep you in good charisma, and make the devil's angels obey you; and it would return home if you lost it, double any coin placed beside it overnight, kill you if you used it too much and it got tired, or get you burned as a witch if the wrong people saw it.

Hard to lose once you had one, a mandrake was devilishly hard to find if you didn't. The best place to look was under a gallows, where it supposedly sprouted from the semen of hanged men. You had to find it at midnight, get the devil out of it by getting him to chase a black hen you released nearby on Walpurgisnacht, then douse it with a woman's urine or menses to keep it from running away. The plant did offer one bit of help by glowing in the dark, perhaps because of glowworms on the leaves or because of the same faint electrophosphorescence blueberries sometimes exhibit on humid, cool summer nights. Fortunately, mandrakes seem to be stationary today in southern Europe, where they are still used in herbal medicine, and on the Isle of Rhodes, where they blossom every winter and yield fruit in May.

**T**he Solanaceae contribute many happier plants to the human garden. These include: petunias; plants with nicotine, primarily tobacco and some of the Australian pituri; and the Capsicum peppers, for those who like it hot. Then there are the tomato, potato and eggplant, which contain the usual atropine compounds in all parts except the edible fruits and tubers. When eggplants reached Europe from the Middle East and when potatoes and tomatoes were brought from the Americas, people refused at first to accept them as food because their close relationship to deadlier nightshades made them suspect



of poison. And all three acquired a persistent—and apparently undeserved—reputation as aphrodisiacs for the same reason.

Several South American solanaceous fruits still await wider cultivation. The small sour husk tomato, a yellow-green to purple berry, has long been a stewpot vegetable to the Indians of Mexico and Guatemala, but is now grown mainly in South Africa under the name cape gooseberry. Its sweeter Andean cousin is still eaten as a fruit in Colombia and Ecuador. The large acid orange berries of the *lulo* are made into the most delicious tropical refrescos of the same area, and a kind of tree tomato is made into preserves in the high Andes. Most enticing of all these exotics of northeastern South America is the *pepino*, a pear-shaped berry that tastes like a melon and whose name means cucumber.

This wild plant clan probably includes other undiscovered foods, but the most exciting prospect the nightshades hold is the possibility of rediscovering the formula of the "flying ointments" rubbed into the temples and genitals of European witches before their astral journeys. If legends and the garbled reports of witch hunters had any basis in fact, these salves produce specific psychic experiences in a programmed sequence, involving astral travel, animal transformations, erotic stimulation and/or kaleidoscopic dreams. Unfortunately, our knowledge of their use comes primarily from the stories made up by wrongly accused witches to end their torture and the parodies invented by real ones to protect their craft. Today not one recipe survives publicly in which the crucial amounts are given or all the ingredients are positively identified. But it's said that at least one formula survives in the secret oral tradition of witches in the Cotswolds, along the border of Scotland.

A list of possible ingredients was culled from 16 Renaissance sources by Harold Hansen in his 1976 *Heksens Urtegard* (*Witch's Garden*), recently translated into English by Muriel Crofts. They include hemlock, sweet flag, cinquefoil, tormentil, monkshood, poppy, belladonna, henbane, thornapple, darnel, spurge, sium (which may be any of four plants) and eleoselinum (which may be any of five).

It is known that the irregular heart action caused by the toxin coniine in hemlock can produce a rudimentary sensation of flight. Perhaps the precise type of acetylcholine blockade thrown up by a certain combination of the nightshades, with the opium poppy, unlocks the mind's capacity for lucid dreaming—the limitless possibilities of dream combined with a guiding intelligence that has eluded sleep. All we know for sure is that throughout much of the tantalizing past these plants have brought psyches to the meandering border of death and life and—usually—back again. ■

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(A)



(B)



(C)



(D)

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## Alternate-Energy Promoters Create Shadow Cabinet

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Federal energy policies have become so mired down in hopeless efforts to protect the oil and coal industries that conservationists here have set up a "shadow" energy bureau. In Great Britain, a coalition of opposition parties traditionally maintains a "shadow" government, complete with chief executive and cabinet committees, which poses policy alternatives to those of the party in power. In this country, where both mainstream parties are irretrievably committed to the established energy interests, consumer lobbyists have been compelled to set up a shadow Department of Energy.

Shadow Energy Secretary John Lamont, a Washington antitrust lawyer, heads the opposition to the administration's \$10-billion-per-year energy bureaucracy, headed by James Schlesinger. Lamont's corporation chart is modeled precisely after that of the Energy Bureau's, with assistant secretaries holding key posts with full staff. His official symbol is the Federal Energy Department's official seal shown casting a

shadow. The top priorities of the shadow bureau are to propound solar energy programs, reduce the influence of the big oil

corporations in government, and root out every contact Schlesinger's department has with private power companies.



*A solar-panel-equipped building in New York City. There's no contesting solar power's viability—if it can work on the Lower East Side, it can work anywhere.*

N.Y. Post/Dan Brinza

## Death Rate Drops During Doc Strike

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA—A sharp drop in the local mortality rate occurred during five weeks in 1976—the five weeks in which Los Angeles doctors went out on strike. Dr. Milton I. Roemer, comparing the statistical death rate for those five weeks of 1976 with the same period in the years 1971-75, determined that the usual weekly death rate at that time of year in L.A. is 19.8 deaths per 100,000 people; and during the doctors' strike, the rate slipped to only 16.2 per

100,000. The rate of infant mortality during the doctors' strike, Dr. Roemer's researchers noted, was unchanged.

Speaking at a conference of the American Public Health Association here, Dr. Roemer attributed the death-rate drop during the physicians' strike to the number of unnecessary operations that weren't performed during that period. While emergency operations were performed during the strike, the rate of "elective surgery" dropped to nothing.

Dr. Richard Carlin, head of the L.A. County Medical Association, countered testily that Dr. Roemer was unfair "to lay it all on elective surgery." He indicated that many elective operations had only been postponed during the five-week strike and were performed soon thereafter, which is seemingly borne out by the L.A. death rate for the weeks just after the strike, when the rate leapt with a seeming vengeance—from 16.2 to 20.4 deaths per 100,000 per week.

## Yanks Reject \$2 Currency

FORT KNOX, KENTUCKY—The Treasury Department printed up 400 million two-dollar bills back in 1976, but not very many people ever see one these days. Treasury Secretary William Simon (formerly Nixon's much-touted "energy czar") dreamed up the two-dollar bill and ordered the Federal Bureau of Printing and Engraving to put out enough to hopefully replace half the one-dollar greenbacks then in circulation; by Simon's reasoning, this would save some \$7 million in gov-

ernment printing fees.

American wage earners, though, clearly have a deep-rooted prejudice against anything called a "two-dollar bill." The Simon notes went straight into bank accounts, where virtually all of them are stashed to this very day. The \$7 million saved by Simon has accordingly been nullified several times over by the effective impoundment of \$800 million in currency that is doing nothing but drawing small rates of interest in local bank vaults.



*Simon's Folly: printing 400 million collector's items to reduce the currency shortage.*



## Canadians Butcher Seals for Imaginary Market



*Intrepid Canuk sealers brave frostbite and boredom to ply their unprofitable trade.*

ST. JOHNS, NEWFOUNDLAND—The Canadian government has always insisted that seal hunting is absolutely indispensable to the economy of the Atlantic provinces; whenever

environmentalists have decried the abominable tactics of seal hunters—beating baby seals to death with baseball bats, for instance—Ottawa has always responded that

without the trade in seal pelts, Labrador, Newfoundland and northern Quebec would all go bankrupt. Now an international ecology agency, the Greenpeace Foundation, has come up with solid evidence that the Canadians have been lying through their teeth.

First of all, says Greenpeace director Eddie Chavies, government statistics themselves show that sealing only contributes 2 percent of the provinces' annual income. Even more incriminating, Greenpeace has photos of thousands of surplus seal pelts held in a Newfoundland warehouse: "We saw over 5,000 pelts in one warehouse," reveals Chavies, "and we have information that there are tens of thousands in warehouses in Norway." If the bludgeoning were ceased tomorrow, charges Greenpeace, "Newfoundland economy would not feel it at all."

## Biggie Brewers in Purity Squabble

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN—The Miller Brewing Company is protesting that Anheuser-Busch's "Natural Light" beer is too heavily adulterated with nonbeer chemicals to be properly called "natural" under federal labeling laws. According to Miller, all the beers that come out of Anheuser-Busch's St. Louis brewery—Budweiser, Michelob, Busch and Natural Light—are treated with tannic acid and bicarbonate of soda. The bicarb goes into Anheuser-Busch's "beechwood aging process," says Miller, which consists of "dumping chemically treated lumber into a glass-lined or stainless-steel beer storage tank," and boiling it for 25 hours. Moreover, Anheuser-Busch treats its brewing water with sulphuric acid and calcium sulphate, says Miller.

Anheuser-Busch has responded by pointing out that their "Natural Light" brand copped a full quarter of Miller's "Lite" market as soon as it went into production. "Miller cannot use this term [Natural] to describe its product," points out an Anheuser-Busch spokesman, "and has apparently resorted to this type of ploy as a sour-grapes tactic."

Both breweries began testing their products this year for the presence of n-nitrosamines, carcinogenic chemicals that may be formed in brewing when nitric acid contracts the beer malt. The German Cancer Research Center in Heidelberg has shown that some German brews are contaminated with n-nitrosamines as highly as 66 parts per billion. In the U.S., the breweries themselves are looking into the nitrosamine problem.

## Oil-Rich Desert Weed Sparks Southwestern Land Boom

SKULL VALLEY, COLORADO—The rise of jojoba thefts in isolated Southwestern communities like this one is a sure indication of the snowballing economics of jojoba, a weed that clearly has a multi-billion-dollar future. For decades ecologists have vainly pointed out that oil made from jojoba beans provides a splendid replacement for sperm-whale oil; but not until the Russian government early this year announced plans to end whale hunting did investors begin to seriously look into jojoba.

Pronounced ho-ho-ba, the oil-yielding weed grows almost exclusively on semidesert land. Thousands of acres of previously worthless territory hereabouts have accordingly been devoted to jojoba cultivation, but the value of the weed has skyrocketed so rapidly that growers are wholly unable to keep up with demand. When some firms lately began hyping

jojoba oil as a remedy for balding, the price of the oil shot up to \$45 an ounce. Farmers began getting plagued with well-organized gangs of jojoba nappers, and have taken to setting up booby traps and armed patrol squads in response.

## Correction

In the February '79 "Planet," we revealed that a man named Wayne Aho had built a UFO landing base at the foot of Mt. Rainier. In the story, we erroneously identified Mr. Aho as the publisher of New Age magazine. Mr. Aho is president of the New Age Foundation, which has nothing to do with New Age magazine.

## Worker Participation Saves Doomed Industries

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Companies in which employees aid in directing management policies are conspicuously more profitable, the Worldwatch Institute has determined. In Japan, for example, two-thirds of the largest companies are run by joint stockholder-employee committees; and all major West German enterprises are supervised by boards consisting of equal numbers of laborers and owners. Both of these countries are currently under heavy pressure from the U.S. to reduce their mushrooming trade surpluses and bring their skyrocketing currencies back in line with other nations.

By contrast, in the U.S. and other countries where labor and management are starkly divided in most industries, economies have become chronically stagnant and vulnerable to inflation. "The traditional tools of economic management stand impotent in the face of worker alienation and economic stress," points out Worldwatch research chief Bruce Stokes. "An adversary relationship between labor and management only seems to aggravate the situation."

In France, where workers are legally permitted to occupy their factories as a labor-management bargaining tactic, experience has shown that many plants have been kept in operation, turning mounting profits, for years after the owners would originally have abandoned them to cut their losses. Employees have proven much more ready to accept salary cuts, long-term layoffs and other economic hardships when these are recommended by a joint labor-management committee as critical for the plant's survival.

"The 16 worker-owned plywood firms in the American Pacific Northwest are 26 to 43 percent more productive than conventionally owned mills," Stokes announces. This is doubly revealing, since the Pacific Northwest's timber industry is possibly the most traditionally unprofitable in the nation.



# Experts Fear Malaria Outbreak in U.S.

by Rasa Gustaitis, Pacific News Service

SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA—Malaria, a disease that seemed virtually extinguished 15 years ago, has staged a virulent worldwide comeback, and health authorities here worry that it could once again become a menace in this country.

"We are concerned about the possible re-establishment of endemic malaria," said Dr. Ronald R. Roberto, deputy chief of the Infectious Disease Section at the California Department of Health Services. "It is not very likely, but we have to consider it."

California, with about a third of the nationwide incidence of the disease, reported 226 cases last year—a jump from 115 in 1977. All were imported by travelers or immigrants, especially from India and Central America. Malaria is transmitted by the Anopheles mosquito.

In 1974, three Californians were infected by local Anopheles, alarming public health authorities. Once the malaria parasite is established in a mosquito population, it becomes a local menace. With further spread of the disease abroad, combined with fund cutbacks in mosquito control programs here, the malaria hazard has grown.

Malaria was brought into this country during the last century. It killed many Native Americans and plagued California gold miners. It disappeared as an endemic disease in the state during the 1930s and in its last stronghold, the Deep South, after World War II.

The threat of its resurgence now reflects a worldwide trend. Within the past 15 years, the incidence of malaria has increased a hundredfold in some countries. International health authorities have little hope that it can be controlled without drastically different and more complex methods.

The global malaria eradication campaign launched in 1955 by the World Health

Organization (WHO) seems to be coming to a dead end. Many of the malaria-bearing mosquitoes (43 species) are now resistant to major insecticides.

In addition, the disease organism is increasingly resistant to Chloroquin and related drugs used for prevention and treatment. Epidemiologists fear the time—which they predict is bound to come—when mosquito and parasite resistances occur in the same place. The ancient scourge will then leap even further beyond control by the methods that seemed so promising 24 years ago.

The WHO campaign relied on a paramilitary-style strategy in which DDT was the chief weapon. Teams of sprayers were dispatched to even the most remote villages of some countries to douse the inside walls of dwellings, where mosquitoes tend to rest after drawing blood. The spraying was repeated periodically, and within five years the disease seemed on the way out in many areas.

However, it was discovered that some mosquitoes had developed a tolerance to DDT, and more and more spraying was required. Normal mosquitoes died, while those that tolerated the poison proliferated. Malaria epidemics began to break out once again, often around poorly maintained irrigation projects that produce stagnant water, where mosquito larvae hatch.

One of the most serious epidemics in the world, according to WHO officials, is raging in Turkey, where extensive irrigation canals were built as part of an agricultural development project in the Adana plain. Between 1974 and 1977, the number of cases jumped from 2,877 to 115,385.

India reported 40,000 cases in 1966; this year it expects to suffer millions. Increases have also been reported in Asia, Africa, southern Europe and Latin America.

## Nuclear Casualties Sue U.S. Government

ST. GEORGE, UTAH—Over 100 claims have been filed against the federal government by persons in this area of the Southwest who say they or their family members developed cancer after the army's ten-year nuclear test program. The army detonated nearly 100 H-bombs at its Nevada nuke range upwind of here in the '50s and '60s, and nowadays the

rates of leukemia and other cancers in Washington and Iron counties are out of proportion to the rest of the country. Former secretary of the interior Stuart Udall is representing the radiation victims in their suit against the federal Department of Energy; Udall and his associates anticipate filing hundreds more such claims.

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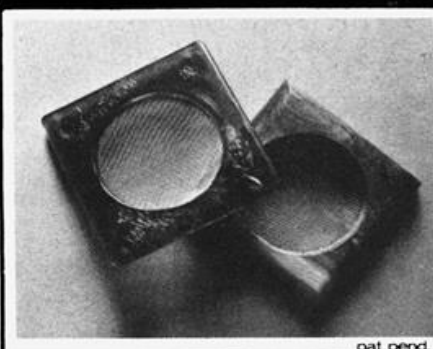
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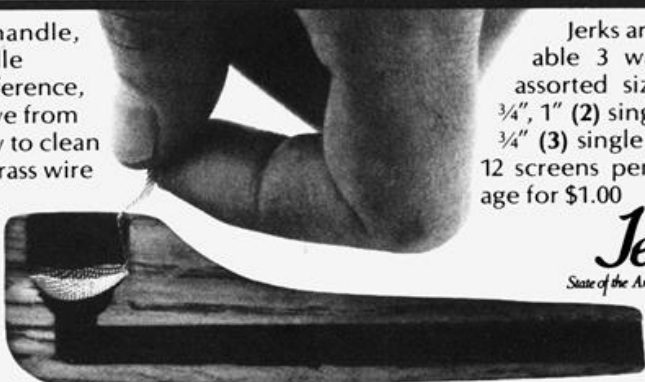
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## Barbados Wins War Over Television

BRIDGETOWN, BARBADOS—The government of this tiny Caribbean republic — total population 250,000—warded off an armed invasion by mercenary troops early this year, by the simple expedient of publicizing it over television. "There is nothing to worry about," soft-spoken Prime Minister Tom Adams declared over the air in a special address; he went on to outline the details of the then-impending coup.

The scenario was sketchy but ominous. Veteran Barbados opposition leader Sidney Alleyne, who has mounted several armed coups in the past, had been seen in London lately; word had it that he was holding regular meetings there with John Banks, the notorious international mercenary recruiter. Among many other episodes (such as the Angolan civil war) for which Banks has supplied paid troops was last year's takeover of the Comoro Islands off Africa in the Indian Ocean. Basque mercenary chief Bob Denard



Prez Tom Adams: bloodless stop to a bloody coup.

had orchestrated the midnight coup on behalf of Muslim strong man Ahmad Abdallah and had actually served several months as Ab-

dallah's defense minister before overwhelming indignation from virtually every black-governed country in Africa resulted in his ouster. When Denard showed up in Antigua, allegedly negotiating with Caribbean arms dealers, Prime Minister Adams went on the air.

After outlining the essential developments, Adams merely remarked that all the country's 650 cops and its sole army battalion had been put on standby, and then he signed off. Instantly the Venezuelan government called to offer unlimited arms aid, and a French warship was dispatched from Guadeloupe and Martinique to guard Bridgetown.

The reaction to the prime minister's speech was clearly sufficient to scare off the mercs. Later on, Adams confessed that his major concern had been that U.S. and European tourists might have been scared off also, but the winter vacation season in Barbados went off without a hitch.

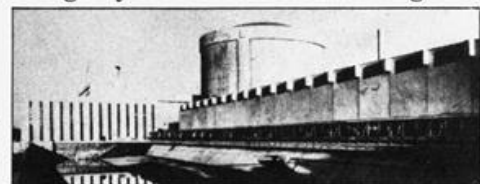
## Colombia Sees Nuke Plants by 1999

BOGOTA, COLOMBIA—This country will have operating nuclear power plants by the turn of the century, predicts Mines and Energy minister Alberto Vasquez Restrepo. Speaking at a Canadian-sponsored seminar on nuclear energy here, Vasquez Restrepo

pointed to the great abundance of uranium in Colombia and affirmed, "All it requires from now on is careful logistics planning and methodic work."

Colombian scientists are already mapping out the country's known and potential

uranium beds, and ore production is expected to begin by 1988 for reactors that will go into



Latin N-plants—an ominous new meaning to "La Bomba"?

operation around 1999. Vasquez believes that Colombia should be able to produce enough uranium for its own purposes, with plenty left over for export.

## Hua Sold Out Taiwan, Says Castro

HAVANA, CUBA—President Fidel Castro has accused the People's Republic of China of having "paper tigers" for principles, alleging that the recent U.S.-China diplomatic honeymoon was effected only after the Teng Hsiao-ping regime abandoned its territorial claim to Taiwan (the offshore islands ruled by the Nationalist Chinese). "China's revolution was betrayed by its ruling clique," charged Castro in a National Assembly address, even though, under Mao, China had "trained its youth to stab with bayonets the dummies of Kennedy, Johnson and Nixon." He contrasted the Chinese move with Cuba's longstanding claim to Guantanamo Bay, occupied by a U.S. military base, and declared that Cuba would never normalize relations with America until Washington's 16-year embargo on trade with Cuba was lifted.

Ironically, Castro's remarks occurred less than 24 hours after Senator Robert Dole violently denounced the Carter administration for dishonoring its "commitments" to Taiwan in exchange for U.S.-China trade.

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# U.S. Seen as "Safety Valve" for Mexico's Landless Millions

MEXICO CITY, MEXICO—The population of this country, now 65 million, is expanding by nearly 4 percent every year—that is about 1.5 million people per year, which also happens to be nearly the number of Mexicans who annually migrate north to the U.S. There they become "illegal aliens," exploited by U.S. farmers and businesses, continually subject to blackmail by their employers, local authorities and immigration police. If they stay in Mexico, though, they face outright starvation.

Arable farmland is none too abundant in Mexico, and most of it is controlled by a few wealthy families who maintain private armies of mercenary soldiers—*bandolieros*—to maintain security ruthlessly on their gigantic plantations. Thus peasant families by the millions are forced to the cities: Mexico City alone has swollen to nearly 20 million current residents, and disease and malnutrition are epidemic.

Wholesale migration to the States is privately viewed by many officials—in both the Lopez Portillo and Carter governments—as a critical "safety valve" for Mexico's runaway overpopulation. As long as the urban poor believe, however delusively, that they or their children have a chance of escaping to a better life, they are much less likely to organize in rebellion against the government. However, the sheer size of the refugee influx north across the border is beginning to frighten American demographers: untold millions of Mexicans are already settled illegally in the U.S., and when their children—American citizens—reach voting age, they will constitute an imponderably vast and influential minority group, with deep-seated grievances against the U.S. government.

## Top Colombian Calls for Worldwide Money Agency

BOGOTA, COLOMBIA—In order to halt the worldwide inflation spiral, United Nations ambassador Hector Echeverry Correa has called for an international economics agency to be established. Citing Colombian coffee as an example, Ambassador Echeverry Correa charges that industrialized nations like the United States make developing countries bear the brunt of inflation. As an example, he said the coffee-buying U.S. has refused, in price-fixing negotiations, to take into account the slide of the dollar on the world market; and, in addition, the prices of U.S. exports into Colombia have steeply risen.

"The control of inflation and the cooperation of all nations is vital for the world's economic order," declared Echeverry. "It is now necessary to talk of the transfer of real resources to the developing countries; of free access of agricultural products to the world markets; of hunger and unemployment; of the financial aspects; and of a just price for basic products."



Two teenage girls wring out their jeans after wading across the Rio Grande from Juarez to El Paso. Hooking and factory work in El Paso are just as sordid in Juarez, but there's less competition.

However, even if the long U.S.-Mexican border could be closed to Mexican refugees, it would almost certainly bring on massive civil strife in this country. Currently the Lopez government is holding before poor people the vague notion that conditions will be eased for everyone after the vast Mexican oil fields go into production. Mexico supposedly sits atop more oil than Saudi Arabia and has been heralded as the world's major petrol exporter for the 1980s. The fact is, though, that the same interests that control Mexican agriculture also control Pemex, the national oil company; these people could not conceivably begin sharing profits with the poor, having so violently oppressed them for so long already, and oil production itself simply could never

generate enough employment to alleviate labor conditions here.

Finally, population experts see little hope that birth-control programs can have any influence on Mexico's misery in the foreseeable future. The Lopez government has no evident intention of instituting economic incentives to couples who limit their families to three children or less, and no more powerful disincentive for child bearing than the current state of affairs could be easily imagined. In recent years the government has set up numerous inexpensive birth-control clinics around the nation, but they are woefully ill attended: the Mexican Catholic church virulently opposes contraception, and abortion is virtually a capital offense in Mexico.

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## Rome's Landlords Discriminate Against Italians

ROME, ITALY—This year, after nearly a decade of debate, the first rent-stabilization ordinances in Rome's modern history were levied by Parliament. Called *equo canone*—"fair rent"—the laws strictly designate how much a landlord can raise an apartment's rent after a vacancy.

So far, one of the law's main results is that most inner-city landlords refrain by policy from renting to Italian citizens. Foreigners are highly preferred, since they rarely keep a place for the duration of a two-year lease, facilitating frequent vacancy markups. Additionally, foreigners also tend to pay rent in foreign currency, giving landlords a hedge

against the chronic instability of the lira.

"The apartment market is very tight for everybody," real-estate broker Daniela Genesi openly declares. "And if you are a banker or a wealthy businessman, you shouldn't expect to get a place through newspaper advertisements or real-estate agencies. I suggest you work through your friends."

Native Romans who don't enjoy influential connections simply can't obtain apartments, even when they can meet the outrageous city rents. Over 20 people recently responded to an ad for a two-room pad in the downtown Pavoli district going for \$350 per month. The landlord told them that while \$350 was the

maximum he could legally charge under *equo canone*, he wasn't letting the place go for less than \$650 per month—and he demanded the entire two-year bribe profits, \$6,720, in cash, up front. He told the few who could meet his bribe demands that they must wait a couple weeks for his final decision: he wanted time to possibly rope a foreigner into the place.

Even rich foreigners can run into problems with Rome's hard-nosed landlords. A U.S. embassy official not long ago was initially turned down by a landlord suspicious of his Italian name and flawless grasp of the language; he had to show a note from the embassy before he could sign the lease.

## Fox Friends Bait Hunters

BURY ST. EDMONDS, ENGLAND—Fox hunting, the traditional British blue-blood sport, which Oscar Wilde termed "the unspeakable in full pursuit of the inedible," has become the focus of violent national controversy lately. The British public historically has been emotional over the mistreatment of animals, and lately a group called the Hunt Saboteurs Association has been carrying out actual quasi-guerrilla activities against fox hunters everywhere.

It has become increasingly common for Hunt Saboteurs to, for example, infiltrate hunting packs to spray the chase dogs with

smell-confusing substances. The aristocratic fox hunters often retaliate for such attacks by chasing the saboteurs down and beating them with riding crops.

Farmers in the Midlands generally welcome fox hunts, as they consider the animals to be verminous pests. Prince Charles regularly hunts, as do Princess Margaret and her husband Mark Phillips; the

Queen herself, however, supports the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, which protests that hunted foxes are often killed in the most appalling fashion by the dogs. The Labour Party has lately proposed a national ban on fox hunting, in order to deny the exercise of "sadistic impulses" to its upper-class devotees—mostly Conservative party supporters.

## Kids Battle Cops in Skateboard War



Netherlander skateboard buffs are terrifically adept: they have to learn the art on cobblestone pavements.

AMSTERDAM, THE NETHERLANDS—Kids here are squaring off against cops over skateboarding, the first big youth craze here since the last generation of kids took to dope. Skateboards came to Holland last autumn, about two years behind the rest of Europe, and now the hilly, narrow streets of Amsterdam roar night and day with the rattle of ball bearings over cobblestones.

The police have been zealously herding kids off the streets and out of the parks, but to little avail. "Where else can we go?" asks one irritated teenager, still breathing huskily after eluding a brisk pursuit by a nonskateboarding cop. In fact the only licensed skateboard run in the Netherlands is located at Almelo, near the German border.

The city council is currently planning a variety of legit skate runs to be installed around town.

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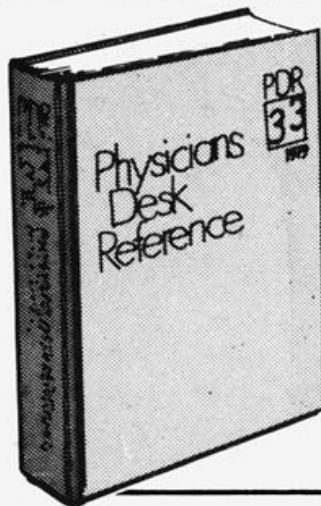
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Last year, Dutch marine contractors finished a dike to close up the historic Zuider Zee, so that it can be filled in to become Zuider Zee Province. The forthcoming Nieuwduinen landfill project may be the last artificial dot on the Dutch map.

## Holland Plots Last North Sea Landfill

THE HAGUE, NETHERLANDS — The postwar baby boom is pushing out perhaps the last artificial finger the Dutch will ever poke into the wild North Sea: Nieuwduinen, a proposed landfill south of here that will be large enough to hold dwellings for 50,000 people. Since the early 1600s, when Charles of Orange began dredging out shoreline salt ponds with wind-mill power and filling them with earth, about 35 percent of modern Holland has been planted in the North Sea by the Dutch. Every time a new rank of dikes was thrust out into

the ocean to protect the mainlanders from floods and storms, the mainlanders would merely fill in the enclosed space and commence grazing animals and growing crops on it.

Today, sheer population pressure has necessitated this expansion. Holland is the most densely populated area in the West. The Hague alone contains nearly 35 percent of the country's population—about 900 persons per square mile. Using \$600 million in public funds, Nieuwduinen's contractors ex-

pect to spend three years putting in the fill and another three constructing buildings. The resultant offshore city will be connected to the mainland by trams and roads and will offer a three-mile beach, sports areas and parks.

Nieuwduinen may be the last addition to the Dutch map for some time to come, however. When the population here reached nearly 14 million around 1965, panicked demographers predicted at least 20 million Netherlands by 2000 A.D. The population has pretty much stabilized around 13,800,000, however, and will most likely decline over the next couple of decades.

## Germans Shell Out for Impoverished U.S. Troops

FRANKFURT, WEST GERMANY—Local middle-class burghers have generously opened up their wallets to American servicemen and their families, for whom the plummet of the U.S. dollar has meant sudden and severe hardship. The Frankfurt Bild ran a cover article on the subject after the dollar slipped abruptly in value from 3.63 German marks to 1.72 marks, ending with an appeal to charitable citizens to contact their local office of the Army Community Service (ACS).

The result has been a steady flow of unsigned envelopes stuffed with deutsche marks to ACS offices around the country.

ACS director Roger Lehman says he's continually getting telephone offers of thousands of marks from local folks. "The response is overwhelming. We weren't in any way prepared for the article," says Lehman.

Other people keep offering to take U.S. servicemen's wives on tours of local supermarkets, promising to pay the cashier's tab. Officials at the Army V Corps stationed here are totally confounded by the flood of German charity and have no idea how to handle it. They're waiting for word from Washington about whether it's permissible for U.S. service personnel to accept charity.

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## Universe Opens for Home Viewing

*Imagine a TV program that includes Johnny Carson, the June Taylor dancers, the Brady Bunch, the entire Carter and Kennedy families, the moons of Jupiter, McLean Stevenson and you, all live. Here's what it would look like—"an exploding pressure cooker."*

MOSCOW, USSR—You can have a hologram of the whole universe in your living room in a few years, the Soviet Academy of Sciences is promising. Soviet scientists are working toward getting a "triangular fix" on everything out there by setting up three widely

spaced radio telescopes in space. Two of these will be set up out by Saturn's orbit and the third somewhere near Earth.

The three-point observational fix, the scientists estimate, will be sufficient to pick up the size, location, intensity and spatial relations

of every object in the heavens. Translated into a holographic image and well scaled down, the whole universe could be broadcast into your living room. The image, in the words of one physicist, would look something like an exploding pressure cooker.

## Ice-Age Pet Lover Unearthed in Jordan

AMMAN, JORDAN—Someone was buried here alongside his or her pet puppy over 12,000 years ago, archaeologists have discovered. The remains of the elderly human—its pelvis crushed, rendering sex determination impossible—were found crouched over the skeleton of a half-wolf pup in a grave dating from the prehistoric Natufian civilization. The Natufians dwelled here at the height of the last ice age, when the Middle East was one of the few habitable places on the planet. Previously it had been assumed that humans couldn't have begun domesticating animals until the ice age suddenly broke up, around 8000 B.C., but now it appears that wolf dogs

at least were coexisting with people for millennia before then.

"The puppy, unique among Natufian burials, offers proof that an affectionate rather than a gastronomic relationship existed between it and the buried person," declare archaeologists Simon Davis and Francois Villa, who made the find. Other canine remains around Mideast ice-age sites—mainly bones and fangs—show that wolves during the period were strikingly larger than today's varieties. People evidently first tamed the gigantic creatures, somehow, and then gradually bred them down in size to become the modern dog.



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## 200 B.C.: A Good Year for Liquor

PEKING, CHINA—A vintner here sealed up a bronze bottle of wine so securely some 2,200 years ago that it was still boozeworthy when an archaeologist broke it open last winter. "When the lid was opened it had a strong aroma of liquor," read the field report at the site. A couple of fingers of the greenish fluid inside tested out to be low-proof hooch.



## Canton's \$2 Abortions Lure Exiled Chinese

CANTON, CHINA—Visitors at international hotels here are dumbfounded to see colorful multilingual ad posters in the lobbies offering quick, painless abortions for \$2 to \$3. Canton's eight state-run hospitals offer both Western-style abortions and Chinese acupuncture abortions to foreigners and citizens alike at cost. Abortion here has for decades been a primary strategy in population control—in Shanghai, over 60 percent of all pregnancies terminate in abortion—and the recent ad campaign directed toward foreign visitors is clearly the government's latest tactic for attracting ethnic Chinese exiles back to their cultural motherland.

Wherever expatriate Chinese have resettled since the 1948 revolution—Hong Kong, Macao, Shanghai, Taiwan—overpopulation has become a massive social problem, caused and perpetuated by stringent antiabortion laws. In Hong Kong, for instance, abortions were only legalized as recently as 1976; and even so, the bureaucratic red tape and daunting expense have prevented most Chinese women from seeking them. Now that the People's Republic has officially relaxed all travel

restrictions for "foreign" Chinese visitors, a Hong Kong woman can have a Canton abortion for about \$2.50 plus the price of the round-trip railroad ticket for the 90-minute ride. Canton operations are quick, sterile and simple, and women report that Canton hospital staff are respectful and cheerful.

This contrasts markedly with Hong Kong clinics, where an abortion generally costs \$500-\$700; even backstreet scoops by unlicensed quacks average \$150. "Whenever a woman approaches me for advice about ending an unwanted pregnancy," says Dr. Den-y Huang of Hong Kong, "I advise her to go to Canton, especially if money is a worry. China is the place to have an abortion." Even the government-funded Family Planning Association in Hong Kong routinely refers poor women to the Canton clinics.

"I didn't know anyone in Canton," recalls Hwei Hsieu, a Hong Kong secretary, "so I just stopped someone on the street and asked where I could have an abortion. I was embarrassed to be asking a perfect stranger, but he said, 'Don't worry, it's no big deal.' Then he drew me a map."

## Gang of Four Lives It Up

PEKING, CHINA—The Gang of Four are not noticeably suffering under house arrest here, according to reports. The four, who include the late Mao Tse-tung's widow Chaing Ching, have been blamed for every hardship the Chinese have endured since the 1967 Cultural Revolution, including crop failures, insect plagues and influenzas. Their dogmatic adherence to hard-core Maoism and their strenuous opposition to modernization is cited by the Hua Kuo-feng regime as the very

pits of reactionary socialism, and countless Gang of Four supporters have been irretrievably "purged." However, Vice Premiere Teng Hsiao-ping, the actual government strong man here, has repeatedly assured diplomats and journalists (mainly off the record) that the four are maintained in very agreeable circumstances, are well fed, and have television and other materialistic amenities—which they seem not to reject on ascetic Maoist principles, either.



*Perms come to the People's Republic: Top party dialecticians dithered over it for months but finally ruled that bangs and spit curls are not likely to subvert the proletarian integrity of the woman worker.*

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## Germans Lure Third World with Cheap Rockets

BUKAMA, ZAIRE—A bizarre race is on between the German aerospace corporation OTRAG (Orbital Transport & Rocket, Inc.) and the U.S.'s NASA here at the subtropical headwaters of the Lualaba River, where OTRAG controls a "launching range" roughly twice the size of Texas. As revealed in the September '78 issue of *High Times* ("The Planet," p. 87), OTRAG's professed intention is to place satellites in orbit under contract for various Third World countries, using cheap three-stage launch missiles burning kerosene and nitric acid for fuel. Besides Zaire, countries including Brazil, the Sudan and the Arab League have invested with OTRAG's program, which is due to commence lift-offs later this year.

OTRAG was formed in 1976 by Stuttgart aerospace magnate Lutz Kayser, 39, after a financier friend introduced him to Zaire strong man Mobutu Sese Seko. "As a soldier, Mobutu knows what reconnaissance is," declares Lutz. "He would want to see the

cream on the table of the president next door." Intrigued by the prospect of having his own spy satellites in orbit, Mobutu "leased" to Kayser's company an enormous tract of his country's land, comprising the troublesome Shaba province (formerly Katanga) bordering Zambia and Angola. OTRAG has been given effective sovereignty over the region: using its own private "security forces," the corporation can exile, arrest and prevent entry to whomever it pleases, and "develop" the territory to its heart's content, with no liability for environmental damage. In exchange, OTRAG has promised to begin paying Mobutu an estimated \$3.5 million annual "rent" whenever the profits start coming in.

So far, OTRAG's fattest contract has been with the Arab League, to put up their Arcosat satellite now under development in Europe. The company proposes to do so by means of heavy but cheap rockets originally designed by Nazi scientists at Peenemunde during

World War II. The late Nazi/NASA missile mastermind Werner von Braun himself wrote OTRAG's promotion brochure, *How Satellites Can Help Developing Countries*.

International reaction to OTRAG's proposals was originally suspicion that they might represent the Bonn government's attempts to circumvent a post-World War II treaty that prohibits rocket launchings from German territory. Pravda openly called the program "an act of Western neocolonialism." As it nears "completion," though, observers now believe that basically it's just another corporate ripoff of Third World countries. For although the cut-rate OTRAG rockets are much cheaper than Western missiles (they have no guidance systems, for one thing, and thus can't be used militarily), NASA's space-shuttle system will undoubtedly turn out to be infinitely more economical. A scientist at Munich's Messerschmitt-Bolkow-Blohm company terms OTRAG's project "economically and technologically hopeless."

## South African Editor Foresees Global Censorship

MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA—South African editor Percy Qoboza, the guest of honor at the 1979 Editor of the Year convention here, described the massive press censorship in the Republic of South Africa (RSA) as symptomatic of a worldwide trend toward absolute

government control of the press. While "freedom of the press" is ostensibly guaranteed in the RSA's constitution and the Pretoria government boasts that it never practices systematic censorship, Qoboza's experience demonstrates otherwise.

As editor for the Johannesburg *World*, Qoboza throughout the 1970s produced the only journal of black opinion in the RSA. Qoboza's *World* was resolutely opposed to apartheid—the RSA government's racist policy of maintaining absolute separation of all ethnic groups—and called for a nonviolent reconciliation of all the country's people. After the 1976 Soweto riots, though, when white cops murdered hundreds of blacks, the government reportedly threatened to impose "security" restrictions on the *World* if Qoboza persisted in reporting its atrocities.

The *World* continued its reporting under threat of imminent shutdown for another year, until white prison interrogators in Pietermaritzburg tortured black youth leader Steve Biko to death in his cell, prompting an international outcry. Before the *World* could publish the details for South African blacks, Qoboza and five of his staff were jailed without trial under an "emergency security" ordinance, and the *World* was banned as "subversive."

"If it hadn't been for the sense of moral outrage that was displayed by the international press when we were taken into jail," said Qoboza in Melbourne, "I'm quite convinced in my heart I would still be there." While his five reporters are still in jail, Qoboza is currently the editor of the Transvaal edition of the Johannesburg *Post*.

"We gather here today at a time when the free press is under tremendous pressure in many parts of the world," Qoboza reminded the Melbourne audience. Governments everywhere increasingly regard the press as merely a vehicle for party propaganda; even in the U.S., new statutes requiring that reporters must reveal their sources of information on demand have drastically limited the press's access to persons whom the government might someday consider "subversive." Qoboza urged that media workers everywhere should make a policy of reporting on free-press violations in other countries.

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## Lottery Winner Burns \$50G to Placate Jealous Neighbors

Hirami Icaypaleawa of Otaru, Japan, scored first prize in a year-end lottery—\$51,282—and directly began talking about putting up a new house. However, as soon as word got around town, folks began snubbing poor Hirami, moving away from him on the train, whispering behind his back. So before the lottery agents could come up from Tokyo to confirm the winning number on his ticket, Hirami publicly burned it. Onlookers tried to grapple it away from him, but to no avail.

## Reds Expel Yankee Dog

French Communists have succeeded in banning an all-American hero from participation in next year's Olympics—namely, Mickey Mouse's buck-toothed sidekick, Goofy. For some unaccountable reason, French officials had contracted with Walt Disney Productions to have Goofy's vapid image printed on 100 sets of T-shirts and caps, to be worn by the whole French team in next summer's competition. The Reds tore into this lunacy in the National Assembly, calling Goofy "a ridiculous numbskull" and insisting that "French athletes deserve a better image than that of an idiotic foreign dog."

## Brits Mock Weird Names

"I know a man," a reader informed the British Sun tabloid, "with the most inappropriate name of Pagan. He's a priest." The Sun, y'see, had asked folks to send in the funniest names they knew about. "In my Yorkshire village," they promptly learned, "the name of the local midwife was Mrs. Tugwell." Another person told of seeing donkeys grazing in a Hertfordshire pasture under the name sign "E. Haw & Sons." In London's suburb of Shirley, it seems an Indian restaurant calls itself the Shirley Temple.

But here's the single biggest knee slapper: "My girl friend seemed in too much of a hurry to get named. She was only interested in getting rid of her surname, Trollope. Three years later I met her again. She had become Mrs. Freebody."

## Ave Maria, Maria, Maria

A local Lothario in the little town of Aguas Santas, Portugal, nearly got the parish church burned down by trying to get married in it to a young girl named Maria. It seems the man had married a woman named Maria there some years ago—despite the fact that he was then living with, and still today lives with, *another* Maria, by whom he has had two children. When he went to church with the new Maria, the fed-up townsfolk mobbed the altar, beating up on groom, bride and priest. Cops had to come in to quell the riot.

## Tolstoy Has Hit Single

One of the top broadcasting celebrities on Radio Moscow's newly hyped-up programming schedule is Count Leo Tolstoy himself, denouncing human-rights violations committed by the government of erstwhile czar Nicholas II. In 1908, it seems, Thomas Edison personally gave Tolstoy one of his cylinder-style phonograph recorders, and the writer filled up enough bands for the Soviets now to make an LP of them, titled *Leo Tolstoy Speaking*. The condemnation of the czar gets the most airplay, though the count also recited several excellent short stories.

## Java Seeks Pied Pipers

To get a marriage license in Arjawinangun district, central Java, young hopefuls have to show up at the courthouse with 25 dead rats, or more. The annual Javanese rat invasion,

which occurs at the height of the harvest season, always wipes out millions of dollars' worth of rice, and the government is fed up. Rural school kids are required to catch three rats each, per day, after classes, and the Pekalongan district chief recently won the coveted title of "Rat Killer Extraordinary" after overseeing the slaughter of two million rats.

## Hitler's Beer Hall Bashed

Brew 'n' Burg franchisers will be saddened to hear that Berlin's original Buergerbraeu rathskeller is about to be torn down by the Lowenbrau beer cartel. In 1923, retired corporal Adolf Hitler fired a pistol into the Buergerbraeu's roof to get the attention of several Bavarian cabinet ministers who were meeting there, so that he might announce his intention to take over the government, France, Poland, Russia, the world and so on. They laughed him out of the joint that night. After Lowenbrau rips the place out, the site will be part of a \$100-million complex of apartments, shops and cafes.

## Parrot Squawks to Cops

Chasing after a bird thief, Copenhagen cops stopped to interview an exotic parrot perched on the shoulder of a Finnish sailor lying dead drunk in an alley. The bird told police its name was Jacob and when asked its owner's name responded "Hertha"—the proprietor of a pet shop that had been burglarized of 13 parrots and 30 budgies hours earlier. Though none of the other birds turned up, Hertha got Jacob back. The Finn, only able to pronounce his own name and profess his amnesia for the whole incident, spent a night in the drunk tank and was then released.





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# Interview: Wavy Gravy

(continued from page 43)

support show and the survival show. The music became background to that, and it seemed like changes in consciousness were taking place. It felt like we were on the track of something.

There was a meeting called of all the various folks that had worked on festivals by Tom Long. We discussed how there should be something left after these occurrences that's enduring, like the land that the thing be held on be turned over as public domain. It was out of those meetings that the concept of a people's park was born, which is a devious plot that I'm still involved in. To buy back the earth and give it away. So it will never be for sale again. So far we're about \$10,000 light of the first purchase. It's only a matter of five years.

**High Times:** Where is this land?

**Gravy:** It's quite a mama. The land, for those of you who have been taking notes, is located at the last left-hand turn in America—the north of Vermont. In those troubled times a border made sense. This is exactly on the Canadian border. Norton, Vermont—ask anybody where Earth People's Park is, they'll tell you where it is. But be sure to duck.

**High Times:** Why?

**Gravy:** Because the people that live there and settle the place each spring are met with an onslaught of vacationing speed freaks. At one particular point some group came in from Cambridge—a 35-year-old dude and some 18-year-old lad—and had a quarrel as to where they were going to put up their pup tent. One guy banged him into the other side of the house . . . and we were trying to make friends with the community. Suddenly they're having these incidents, and with the 40-below winters, a lot of good people have been driven out. But there's a couple

of rivers that are just about drinkable. There's a fuck of a lot of pine trees.

**High Times:** How about mosquitoes and flies?

**Gravy:** No shortage, plenty. I think that colonies are established on this kind of place. I've been hanging out with this guy named Peter Keegan who won the U.N. award for habitat in Vancouver for a structure that is totally self-sufficient. Like the land, being free. To be really revolutionary, you wouldn't have to go to the man for food or heat or power. You just turn on your house and eat it. Which is how this works. You grow your own fish, you have hydroponics and solar heating and all that stuff. And when you do it for an expanded family, the structure is called an ark. You can probably put one together for \$70,000. For a collective, that makes a bit of sense.

I think it would be neat to buy back the earth and give it away. You establish an address they know is going to be used to buy back more land. I haven't given up on that one. If any of you folks want to help buy back the earth, just send your dollars to Wavy Gravy care of Earth People's Park, 1600 Wolsey Street, San Francisco, California 94703, cash, check or money order.

**High Times:** Was it on that acid trip that you decided that you wanted to be a clown or wander for the rest of your life, or did it just evolve?

**Gravy:** Just one thing led to another. After a while you learn to appreciate the feeling of a thread. Like I believe in synchronicity, in coincidence. I almost worship it. I'd been in the hospital for years and years because of my back. I've worked with children for years and years because of my heart. Being a clown used to be my therapy—saved my life for real. Coming in to fool with the kids, well I'd been a fool for about ten years, got my ass kicked and got my back fucked up. Suddenly I had this red nose on and it's all okay. Because you don't hear a bunch of hard hats getting together and saying, hey, what are you doing tonight? Well, let's go kill a few clowns.


I guess it's just a short jump from a fool to clown, but it's an abyss if you keep falling into it. That's what I did, until I grabbed the other side. There's something very divine about that archetype of clown. From a pasto-rubber round Italian nose that I used to slip on, I have evolved a molded, red rubber Ringling Bros. nose and two-foot shoes, and all this costume.

**High Times:** Are there other young clowns like you on the way up?

**Gravy:** You see more and more people with red noses. San Francisco clowns, juggling, it's good clean cover, man.

**High Times:** Do you think acid will make a comeback as a high?

**Gravy:** I think there's going to be a lot of good acid around real soon, and real cheap, and I think that people are going to



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start taking acid again.

**High Times:** Why?

**Gravy:** Instead of coke. Just in little tiny doses. It makes universal sense to me.

**High Times:** Why do you think that people will start taking acid again?

**Gravy:** Because of all this turning inward and all these movements and disciplines that people have put themselves through. It will be just right to start taking acid again to use whatever we've developed over the last five years like experimenting with meditations. When everybody first took the acid they had very little yoga to go on.

**High Times:** Will people who are still mainly into coke and 'ludes relate to acid?

**Gravy:** Depends on what the acid takers are doing. If they're having more fun than the kids taking the 'ludes, the kids will start taking the acid.

**High Times:** What was your last acid trip like?

**Gravy:** I had this little bottle of liquid stuff, and it was up at Mt. Shasta. I want to have a kid's camp up there called High Camp, and maybe we could do it next summer. I said to Jahara, who is my wife, that I was going to do it that day, and I'd been saving it all summer. She took Howdy, my little boy, and went to Sun Lake. I took what must have been 150 micrograms. But I couldn't resist putting some water into the Murine bottle, swishing it around and taking the rest. This was at the Stuart Mineral Springs, where the water tastes as good as Baden-Baden. I was scheduled to go in there and have my bath. I think whatever was in this Murine bottle was close to 900 micrograms. The whole place, the walls melted. I've been where the walls melted before. I was full. Suddenly this voice said, "Your bath is ready." So I headed toward the voice.

You lower yourself into this water with a rope. And then I just left. I just left. I went back to nobodyville. Zero. It was one of the most amazing things that ever happened to me. I was never scared. I just kept letting go and letting go. My nose was sticking out. The next thing I remember it was 20 minutes later, and the voice says, "All right?" The little dinger went off, and I don't know how I got up or into my little robe. Down the hall they have this room with a wood stove, and they wrap you in blankets.

So into the hot room with high expectations. All that slime that had been reduced to some kind of black soup was now beginning to harden up, and I was starting to be aware of my skeleton and my body. All the while I kept up the in breaths and out breaths, thinking about all the things I'd like to do. Like, be whole, perfect, strong, powerful, loving, harmonious, rich, young, all that shit. You can just ram something into your subconscious and become whatever that thing is.

(continued on next page)



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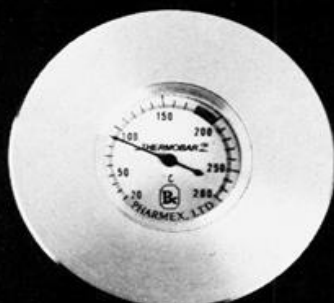
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You feel yourself actualizing the spirit of those affirmations. Then I was really ready to go out into the world. I walked down the street and started doing my yoga and my breathing exercises. When I get to a certain level of high, I become that guy who is that guy who takes the acid. Then I do the highest prayer I know—the Buddhist one. "May all life have sustenance. May all beings be peaceful. May all beings be blissful. May all beings be happy." And I do the Lord's Prayer. I'm just trying to hit all the bases. I usually start out with a whole bunch of Rams and all until "May all beings have food. May all beings have shelter." Then I kind of say, "Hi, here I am again, punching in. What's going on?"

**High Times:** What kind of answer do you get?

**Gravy:** I got an incredible rush to do this dying center up by Mt. Shasta. And a kids' camp.

**High Times:** What went wrong with acid consciousness, or why did it disappear? If these truths are available, it would seem to be a precariously held view. Did acid lose out, or is it something about human nature that resists?

**Gravy:** It's a lot of work. Just living together in a club is a lot of work. You know you're going against what has been built into the genes for 150 million years. It is man who goes through life with the idea that the main thing is to get your pile and to get as big a pile as you can. What we're saying is, let's put our piles together and make it a really big pile. So everybody has something to eat and somewhere to lay down. For at least three quarters of the time they were alive, everybody could realize groovy things. The other quarter they could put energy in to see that everybody else realized groovy things.

**High Times:** What do you feel about Quaaludes? Do you feel that the emotions under Quaaludes are genuine or deluded?

**Gravy:** I think it's one of those doors, but I think it's a dumb door. Like I think coke is a dumb door. I don't do coke unless I've got to go into the trenches. Some big demonstration and I haven't slept in two days and here come 25 cops, I'd probably grab a hot spoon in about two seconds. But otherwise it makes my back hurt.

**High Times:** Why are Quaaludes a dumb door?

**Gravy:** It's rubberville. You shut stuff out instead of letting stuff in. A lot of the stuff that wants to get in is really good stuff. You just cook it in your own juice. But it's fun for a diversion. I'm into limitation on limitation. I got that from the Chinese.

**High Times:** You were a specialist in behavior groups, in a way.

**Gravy:** Sure. We're still into it. We decide everything major in the quality of our life by group process; everybody that is considered a member of the family has to



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vote on it.

**High Times:** Do you have to be unanimous?

**Gravy:** Yes, yes. I believe that the affinity groups are pretty close to that.

**High Times:** That's been causing them problems too, the unanimity thing.

**Gravy:** I believe that the process is righteous, and it takes time to get a little more loose and free and to move around and have more fun at the meetings, to pass the energy smoother. There were 250 of us in the jail after the Rocky Flats antinuke demo, and it took about three and a half hours for everybody to agree that we would all stick together until everyone was out without bail.

**High Times:** Every affinity group also has to be unanimous with the other affinity groups.

**Gravy:** Yes. Well, they each pick spokespeople, and they form another circle, and they hassle it out and then come back to the affinity groups. And hassle that out. It's hot stuff.

**High Times:** How do groups go bad?

**Gravy:** After you get the survival danced out, which you can have a lot of fun with, it's what comes next. Suddenly you're sitting on some stuff, and you start to get bored. There's nothing to focus on.

**High Times:** So people need a goal besides just living together and surviving?

**Gravy:** I've always found that it is more fun to have something to be doing. You've got to have something to do. When you run out of that, then something to do that you believe in, feel good about. I think a lot of people feel good about there being no nukes.

**High Times:** How do you get high these days?

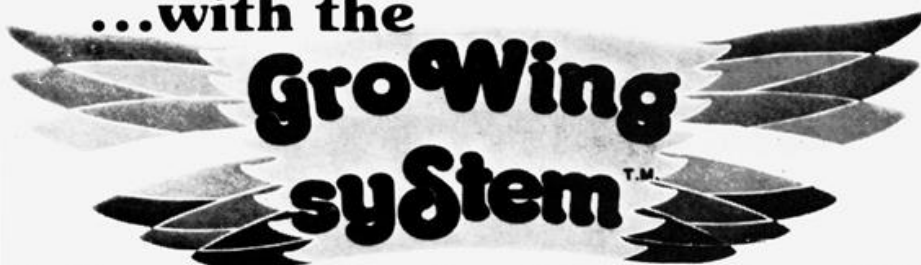
**Gravy:** I like to smoke grass. I eat some mushrooms, but not very often. I'll eat a half of one or something like that. I stay high because my life is feeling good, what I'm doing. I mean, I work on my golf also [laughter]. I'm just getting into golf. What a thrill. Where is this strange path going to take me? Who knows what's next?

**High Times:** You should go out to a few of the big pro tournaments.

**Gravy:** I will. But first I gotta play a couple of times. What I'd like to do, to go into another line of work besides answering the telephones and being a clown, is to start some kind of very strange resort where people could come and recharge and cool out. It could be happening on many, many levels. I mean, Esalen is exquisite, but \$325 a month to come there and wash dishes—people of just middle income can't even aspire to that. I would like to set up some kind of place where they could do that for reasonable bucks. Also have it be like a road house and a place for healing stuff. It could even incorporate facilities for dying, and a birthing place. All that—and a golf course . . .

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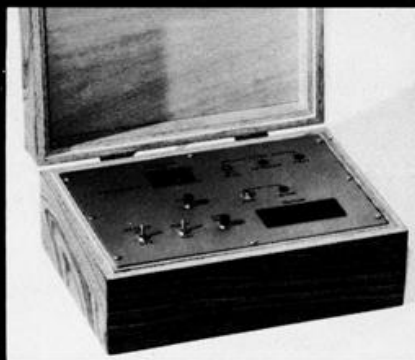
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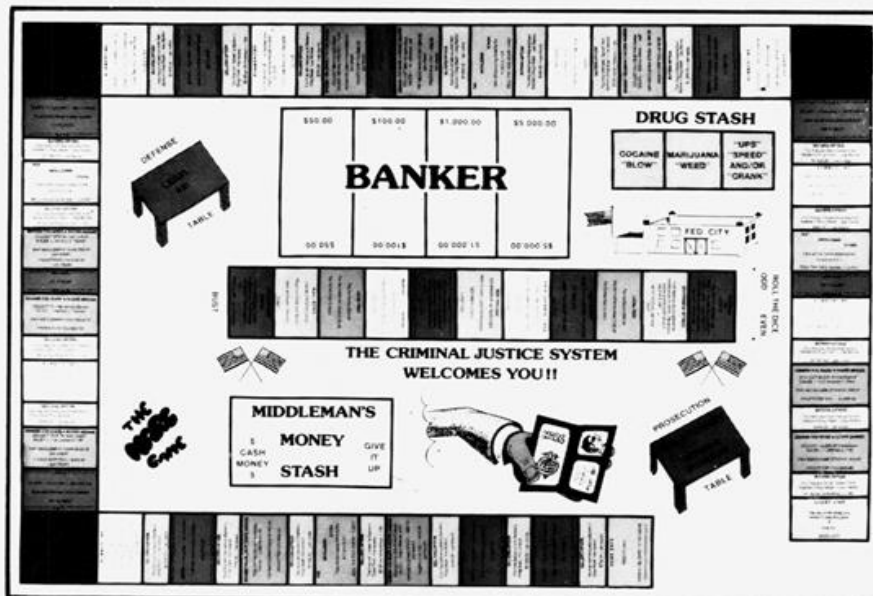
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## TB Plague in U.S. Prisons

Tuberculosis is epidemic in countless American prisons, striking inmates at a rate six times higher than in the population at large. After finding ten cases of TB in a 1,500-population jail in Little Rock, Arkansas—which more than qualifies as an epidemic—Dr. William Stead of the Arkansas Health Department says he



Will TB deter this man from future crimes?

"had to resort to higher authorities in the state government" to get anything done about it. Subsequent research by Dr. Stead has disclosed the six-times-higher rate of TB among prisoners.

Besides the obvious human-rights issue here, Dr. Stead points out that these conditions unnecessarily retard the process of eradicating TB nationwide. Infected prisoners undoubtedly transfer the disease to jail guards and, upon release, to their relatives.

## Tobacco and Coffee Fixes Linked

Tobacco and coffee, the most widely abused drugs in Western society, go together for a reason, it turns out. Something in tobacco appears to speed

up the metabolism rate of caffeine in the human body, researchers in Toronto, Ontario, have determined. Tobacco heads burn up caffeine some 55 percent faster than nonsmokers. Since caffeine is as addictive as nicotine, a smoker has to drink at least half again as much coffee as a nonsmoker, in order to maintain a steady level of caffeine in the bloodstream. And sure enough, the McGill University folks report that while nonsmoking coffee addicts typically do up only 150 milligrams of caffeine per day, smokers ingest 320 mls daily.

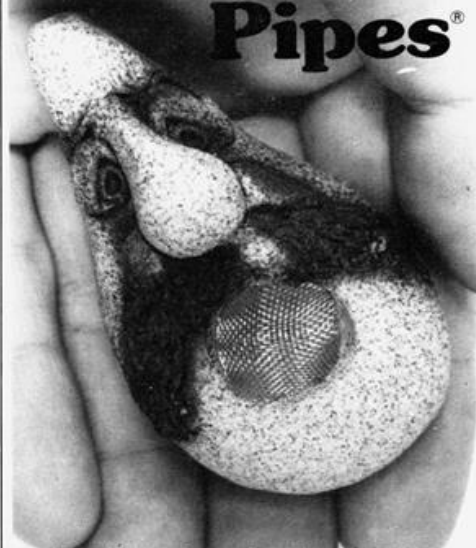
## Dialysis May Cure ODs

A new treatment for extreme drug overdose is being developed in New Orleans as part of a long-term project to create "artificial livers," which may soon be saving the lives of hundreds of people who arrive in emergency rooms in advanced states of adverse drug reaction. In most OD cases, physicians can only treat the patient symptomatically, by administering medications that only alleviate some side effects of the original drug, or by "gastric lavage"—pumping the stomach of whatever dope remains in it. In a few hospitals around the country, hemodialysis—passing the patient's entire blood supply through a machine that purifies it—is possible, but this technique doesn't work for many drugs, and in any case is restricted necessarily to patients in urban areas.

Dr. Paul Kastel is, however, working on a blood-detoxification system that can be used in common kidney dialysis machines, which exist in hospitals and doctors' offices everywhere. Small tissue particles—"microsomes"—of human liver endoplasmic reticula are placed in the hollow-fiber unit of the dialyzer, and the patient's blood passes through it as in common kidney therapy. The liver microsomes in the dialyzer selectively break down the large, toxic drug molecules into harmless, inert molecules, which are easily excreted in urine. It's a little like giving the patient an extra liver for as long as it takes for the blood to be detoxified. The machine is necessary, because if the dope-killing liver microsomes were introduced directly into the patient's body, a lethal immune reaction would inevitably supervene.

Freeze-dried liver microsomes will keep the dope-killing "energy molecule" NADPH active for up to three months, so a supply can be kept on hand at all times in emergency rooms. So far, simulated OD tests have shown Dr. Kastel's "liver particles" to be about half as effective as total hemodialysis. Future tests with animals and humans should, if the theory works out as expected, prove entirely effective. ■

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David Burnett/Contact

## Babylon by Bus

There's nothing like the excitement of live reggae. Spliffs light up in the darkness like fireflies, dreadlocks flagellate the air in time to the torrid beat, and the bald-heads demonstrate how little rhythmic ability is encoded in their genes. And when the dread sounds on stage are emanating from Bob Marley, Rastafari ambassador-at-large, it's enough to make you want to give Jah a chance.

*Babylon by Bus* (Island ISLD-11), Marley's live in-concert documentary of his 1978 tour of Babylon, is dreadier than

a four-foot spliff. Marley has found the perfect balance between the Trenchtown and Smithtown sounds, and this two-LP set may just be his finest effort yet. Marley has made some concessions to the Babylon babies, namely the addition of Al Anderson on gonzo lead reggae guitar. Anderson was responsible for the legendary licks that graced *Natty Dread*, considered by most to be the Wailers' best LP. That album was almost too dread, though, and stifled in the States, a factor that might have had something to do with the almost MOR feel to Marley's next efforts, *Exodus* and *Kaya*.

On *Bus*, there's something for

everyone: "Is This Love?" for the prepubes, "Punky Reggae Party" for the punks, "Exodus" for the Garveyites, and "War," a dramatic rendition of a speech by Haile Selassie himself. This time around, the mix and production are infinitely superior to the Wailers' '76 live set. Anderson's snakelike lead perfectly complements the incredibly tight rhythm section of "Family Man" Barrett. What's more, Marley and the I-Threes never sounded more relaxed and powerful. But *Babylon by bus*? Everyone knows that there's only one way to go to Babylon. The Long Island Rail Road. Smoking car of course.

—Ratso Sloman





Steve Schapiro/Sygma

**Pryor is a master at personifying odd entities to extract laughs, and he will not shy away from personifying his own snot.**

## Wanted: Richard Pryor

After the miscarriage of his prime-time TV show, a coronary, and getting arrested for trying to murder his wife's car, comic Richard Pryor seemed to be at a down-tempo stage of his career. But as his new album, *Wanted: Richard Pryor* (Warner Bros. BSK-3364), amply shows, you can't keep an uppity black quip slinger from Peoria down long.

*Wanted*, a two-album collection of several concert-hall performances, resounds with brilliant bits, like the young-blood getting upbraided by his ma for excessive tooting: "Mama, don't . . . look, I'm folding it up. I'm flushing it down the toilet, \$1,600 worth o' cocaine." Mama: "You dumb muthafucka! I told you that stuff make you ignorant!"

As usual, the refreshing thing about Pryor, in addition to his uncanny caricatures of everyday folk, is the cathartic honesty of the man. He is able to nail down fear—a child's fear of a parent, the fear whites have of blacks, blacks' fear of rabid white cops, the fear of death, fear of snakes and bears, his own fear of the awesome might of Jim Brown. "It seems some people have a death wish. They say,

'Can't find a building to jump off of, let's say we go over to Jim Brown's house and fuck with him.'"

Pryor is a master at personifying odd entities to extract laughs, and he will not, for example, shy away from personifying, say, his own snot. He complains that while out jogging, his nose inevitably runs "when the women come out" and he has difficulty hiding the dismal sight. "You can't wipe it on your sweatsuit—it shines. 'Hello! You see where the asshole put me, don't you? That's right, I'm snot.'"

But don't get me wrong—as universal as Pryor's humor ultimately is, not everyone will like this record (or the simultaneously released concert film). Some might be put off that he laces almost every line with the words "nigger," "muthafucka," "yo' ass," "pussy" and, once, "monkey pussy"—not realizing his intention is not to shock but simply to communicate. He may be thought of as being a reverse racist, with his send-up of a stuttering Chinese and a cussing white, or sexist, with his mimicry of a woman hungry for an orgasm, or even decadent, with his obsessive references to cocaine and whiskey. But what the hell—he's a funny muthafucka. —Craig Silver

## Elvis Costello: Soldier of Misfortune

Elvis Costello is pursuing Bob Dylan's career in reverse: each album he records is more political, more lyrically dense and less melodious than the previous one. The reason, of course, is that the '70s are not the '60s—Dylan made his mark as the weather vane of a radical era, while Costello had to establish his success in a time of empty-headed nihilism.

Costello did include a few heavy political songs on his first two albums: *My Aim Is True* had "Less Than Zero," which attacked British Nazis and British TV; and *This Year's Model* had "Lipstick Vogue," a lambast against the fashion industry, and "Radio, Radio" ("Radio is in the hands of such a bunch of fools who try to anesthetize the way that you feel"). But his third and latest album, *Armed Forces* (Columbia JC 35709), is a frontal assault on government oppression and militarism. And who better than a former computer programmer to attack the inhuman designs of the military-industrial complex?

"Senior Service" is about the pomposity and competitiveness of executive officers ("I wanna company car . . . I wanna place at the bar, 'cause there's always another guy to chop off your head and watch it drop into the basket"). "Oliver's Army" is about the pathetic desperation



Peter Cunningham

of noncoms and grunts ("All it takes is just one itchy trigger/One more hero, one less white nigger"). "Goon Squad" is about the insidious evil of government thugs ("They're givin' you the eye . . . you better say goodbye").

The best songs on the album are the more typical Elvis stuff, "Accidents Will Happen," another cynical, bitter love-hate song in the "Alison" vein ("Your mind is made up but your mouth is undone"), and the passionate masterpiece "(What's So Funny 'Bout) Peace, Love and Understanding," written by the album's producer, Nick Lowe, a '60s-style



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Lynn Goldsmith

**Sting sings in his spine-tingling falsetto about fans and gossip mags who "want to hear about the drugs you're taking and the love you're making."**

protest song with great clanging guitar like on the Byrds' "Turn, Turn, Turn."

There's too much organ and not enough guitar on the album, but the bonus EP single, *Live at Hollywood High*, is even weirder—Elvis crooning "Accidents Will Happen" and "Alison" Sinatra style, backed by cocktail-lounge piano. The flip side of the EP is "Watching the Detectives," with Elvis sounding ominously like Elliot Ness on "The Untouchables."

The album's cover, a fake Jackson Pollock, perfectly illuminates what's inside—crazy, alienated, sociopathic rock 'n' roll. And you can dance to it.

—Harry Wasserman

## Rock 'n' Roll Police

Don't let the band's name put you off—these guys would never show up with a search warrant and bust you for possession. The Police are really a fun, inventive, playful, sometimes nice, sometimes nasty, socially conscious punk-reggae combo. They're just three guys who have

paid their dues: lead guitarist Andy Summers played for Kevin Ayers; drummer Stewart Copeland played for Curved Air, the Damned and Klark Kent; and lead vocalist/bass player Sting, who rapes Sex Pistol Steve Cook in drag in the Pistols' upcoming movie *The Great Rock 'n' Roll Swindle* and plays Ace, leader of the Mods, in the Who's soon-to-be-released flick *Quadrophenia*. The Police toured Europe with Cherry Vanilla and Wayne County before releasing this explosive debut album.

*Outlandos d'Amour* (A&M SP-4753) includes reggae love songs with heartbreak lyrics of utter simplicity ("Next to You," "So Lonely," "Hole in My Life" and "Can't Stand Losing You"). The rest of the cuts are incisive social satire. "Peanuts," which sounds like the Kinks until Summers's Hendrixesque psychedelic guitar break, is about the price of fame. Sting sings in his spine-tingling falsetto about fans and gossip mags who "want to hear about the drugs you're taking... [and] the love you're making." "Born in the '50s" is



about the generation who grew up worrying, "Would they drop the bomb on us while we make love on the beach?"

"Roxanne," which was a hit single before the album was released, is about a guy whose girl friend is a hooker, and "Be My Girl—Sally" is about a guy whose girl friend is an inflatable rubber doll ("When I'm feeling naughty, I blow her full of air"). Throughout the album, Copeland's drumming steals the show with its majestic power and precision—which is appropriate, because the beat is the meat of reggae and rock 'n' roll. The Police are an arresting new band. —Spy Smasher

## Fusion Is... Barry Miles

There are those who heard Barry Miles's music many years ago who would say that he is one of the basic founders of today's so-called fusion music, but that's just a lot of people talking.

A former child prodigy, Barry had his musicians'-union cabaret card before he started to shave. Starting on the drums at seven, he developed his natural gift and in the short space of four years was playing sessions with Lester Young, Coleman Hawkins and Billie Holiday. At 12, he recorded his first album on Charlie Parker's label.

Through his teens Barry continued doing sessions for Glen Campbell, Freda



Courtesy of Gryphon Records

Payne and a host of other pop rockers, but his heart was elsewhere. At 19, he left the drums for the piano and put in a stretch at the Eastman School of Music, where he rounded out his compositional genius with some heavy woodshedding on his keyboard chops (piano lessons). Graduating into the role of group leader, he formed the Barry Miles Quartet and took off to explore the depths of the fusion experience.

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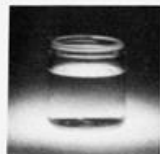
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HCN Sidestream	191 µg/cig	107 µg/cig
Pyridine	18.2 µg/cig	32.4 µg/cig
α-picoline	6.1 µg/cig	12.3 µg/cig
2,6-Lutidine	0.9 µg/cig	1.4 µg/cig
2-Ethylpyridine	1.1 µg/cig	2.6 µg/cig
β + γ-Picoline	9.1 µg/cig	24.1 µg/cig
2,5-Lutidine	1.7 µg/cig	3.9 µg/cig
2,4-Lutidine	1.8 µg/cig	1.7 µg/cig
2,3-Lutidine + Collidine	1.5 µg/cig	1.9 µg/cig
3-Ethylpyridine	1.3 µg/cig	7.8 µg/cig
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brother and constant sideman Terry Silverlight on drums, a complete percussion machine with a lot of power and a sense of percussive independence that is a marvel to listen to. With local Vic Juris, they travel through a half-dozen originals into some of the deeper uncharted realms of the fusion experience. It's a dreamy state of musical expression that soars through wide-open resonating pedal tones with heavy harmonics and right-hand tinklings that are clean, to the point and refreshingly unrestricted by the bonds of contemporary commercial styles.

—Charlie Frick

## Along the Red Ledge

In the past, Daryl Hall and John Oates have all too often been dropped in a slot tagged "white Philly soul" and written off as musical lightweights. As their new album, *Along the Red Ledge* (RCA AFLI-2804), illustrates, Hall and Oates have too much creative ambition and restless intelligence to settle into any easily labeled method bag.

Anyone who doubts this would be hard put to explain John Oates's jamming with people like art-punk insider/catalyst Judy Nylon or bizarro guitarist Pat Place of Soho's "no wave" Contortions. No one



Michael N. Marks

seems more surprised at the inquisitive ways of this typecast duo than the folks at RCA, some of whom are so uneasy at the prospect of tampering with an established formula as to withhold approval for Hall's new LP. Robert Fripp is on this record, though, and there's incidental studio assistance from George Harrison, Todd Rundgren and Cheap Trick's guitar madman Rick Nielsen.

Not that Hall and Oates have abandoned their roots. Their sophisticated brand of blue-eyed soul predominates on *Red Ledge's* A side. Songs like "It's a Laugh" and "The Last Time" (with a melodramatic Spectoresque string and percussion intro) feature the sweet



melodies, chunky rhythms and smoothly crafted arrangements of modern rhythm and blues that established their early success.

On the B side the dynamic duo starts to cook a little tighter with their first full-time backup band. Unwinding on straight-ahead rockers like "Alley Katz" and "Don't Blame It on Love," they explore a fusion of heavy metal and contemporary soul. Jazz influences emerge and a vocal high point is reached in Daryl Hall's work on "August Day," a blues-flavored pastoral with lyrics by Hall's companion Sara "Smile" Allen. A stroll along the red ledge offers a rewarding sample of funky tensions and a glimpse of future possibilities for two highly talented musicians who can rock as well as swing with sensitivity.

—Steve Ellman

## Imported Smack

Smack is Yugoslavia's most popular rock 'n' roll group. Their third album, *Black Lady* (Fantasy F9559), had already gone gold on the shores of the Adriatic by the time it reached the States. Smack, which in their native tongue means destruction, adheres to a conventional rock 'n' roll format—guitar, bass, drums and keyboards. Their main musical influence seems to be



Courtesy of Fantasy Records

traditional too—basic Anglo-American hard rock and the recent jazz-rock fusion.

Despite their unlikely origin, Smack is a highly sophisticated musical outfit whose smooth, nonabrasive music is easily identifiable. Their musical roots are evident on the album's lead cut, which opens up with a shimmering guitar intro and a Daltryesque vocal. Bottoming down to a rocking pace with a heavy backbeat, "Domestic Lesson" uses a tick-tock shifting Talking Heads rhythm opening up into a series of solo showcases.

Their jazz influence is evident in the scat vocals of "Hello" and the extended instrumental break on the Santana sound-alike "Surfer." "Matter of Love" is more in the hard-rock vein, with a high-spirited attack and a guitar solo that echoes early Jefferson Airplane while avoiding the excesses of the psychedelic era. Further proof of the group's taste and intelligence.

—Steve Ellman

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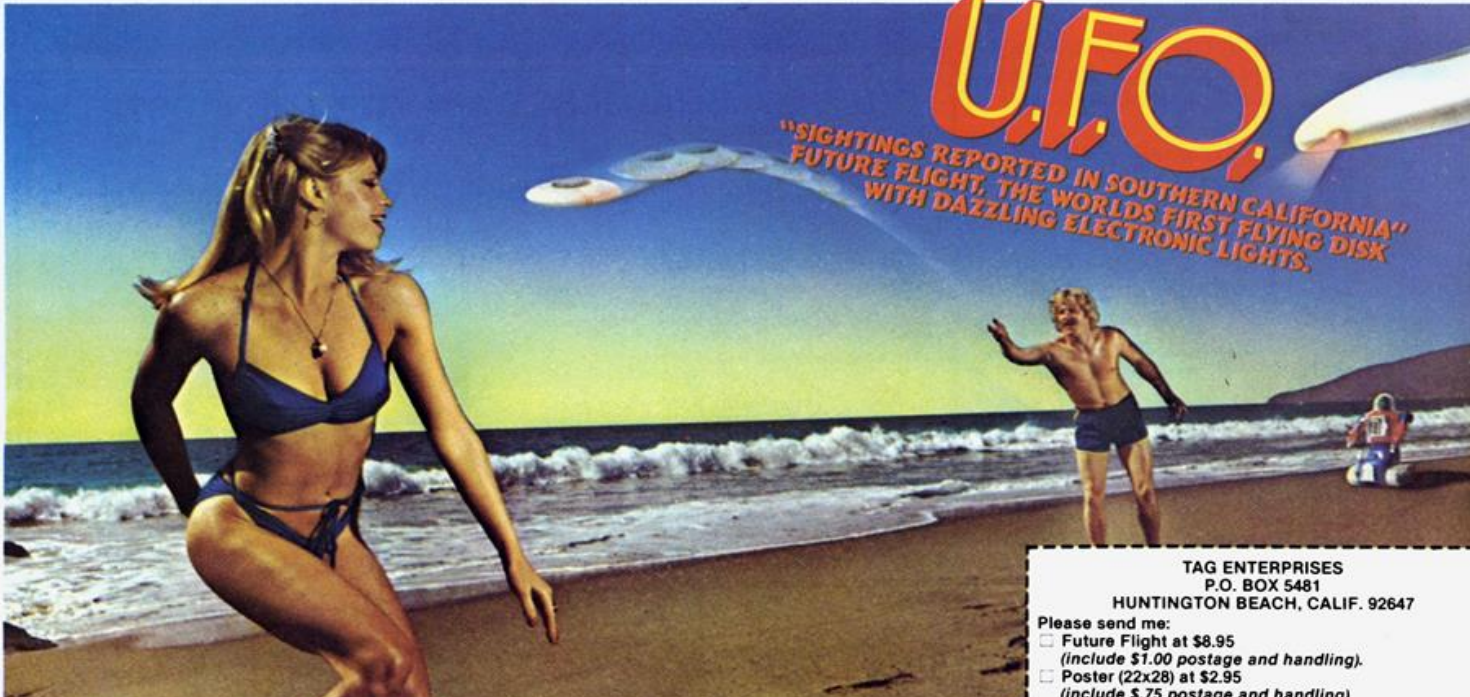
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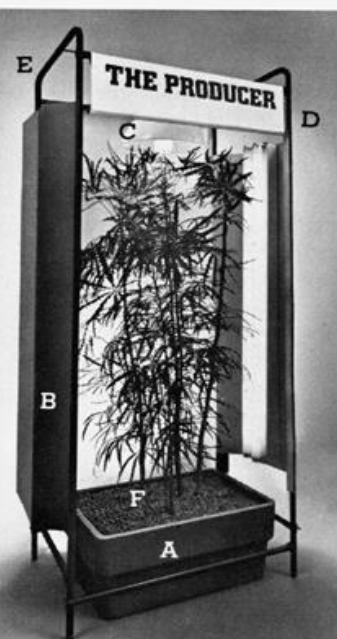
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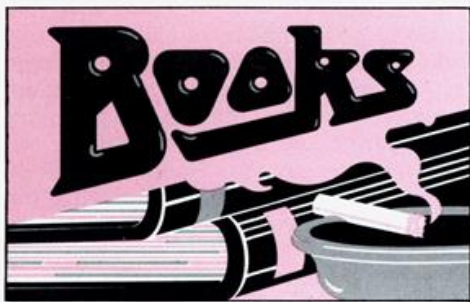
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## Rock 'n' Roll Autopsy

**THE BOY LOOKED AT JOHNNY:** The Obituary of Rock and Roll, by Julie Burchill and Tony Parsons (Pluto Press, Unit 10 Spencer Ct., 7 Chalcot Rd., London NW1 8LH, England, £1.25).

The rock 'n' roll business is like the neutron bomb: although the bodies and souls of rock stars are continually battered by the rigors of touring, overdosing and compromising, the star-making machinery of the rock music industry remains intact. In *The Boy Looked at Johnny* (the title is a lyric from "Horses," the Patti Smith song about a high-school boy who gets ass-fucked in his locker by a chicken hawk), British rock critics (New Musical Express) Burchill and Parsons have the guts to expose "the cocaine-scum rock stars and the Valium-choking record conglomerates" the way every street-wise rock reporter always wanted to but didn't dare. It's no surprise this book was banned in England—the truth is hard to swallow.

Burchill and Parsons posit that at the point when rock 'n' roll was in its death throes, punk rock emerged as the only thing that could save rock from sheer boredom and stuffy middle-class respectability. But then punk, too, turned out to be full of money-hungry, success-starved, dope-craving schlockmeisters who grafted on youth-culture politics when-ever convenient.

The best chapter in the book is the first one, "Germs," a short and snappy history of rock 'n' roll leading up to punk rock. The early greats of the '50s and '60s died, sold out or, like Elvis, joined the army. The '60s then became "a decade of iron-lung dinosaurs washing their hands on the blood of teen idealism . . . after gorging on the carnal/chemical/mass-worship fruit of their assault on the heights . . . Artistic pretension became self-parody as working-class heroes became cocaine-class exiles."

The first glimmers of punk followed: garage bands had one hit single, then returned to oblivion. Then came the Vietnam War, Woodstock and Altamont, leaving in their rubble the roots of punk—the MC5, the Velvet Underground, the New

**Burchill and Parsons expose "the cocaine-scum rock stars and the Valium-choking record conglomerates" the way every rock reporter wanted to but didn't dare.**



The British muckraking team of Julie Burchill and Tony Parsons has done for the rock establishment what Woodward and Bernstein did for the Nixon presidency.

York Dolls. Chelsea tailor turned rock manager Malcolm McLaren inevitably had to live through the break-up of his progeny, the Dolls, but he was inspired to create the Sex Pistols, whose rise and fall is chronicled in the two following chapters.

Burchill and Parsons are not always easy to agree with: they hate all American rock bands since the '60s, and they claim speed is less harmful than marijuana. They also get their chronology wrong: they claim British punks came first and that American punk bands ripped them off. In actuality, the British didn't get into punk until Patti Smith and the Ramones did their first European tours. The British kids absorbed the myth that Patti and the Ramones brought with them of American punkdom as pissed-off lumpenproles, then adapted it to England's dole-queue generation of alienated unemployed castaways.

What the Sex Pistols did for rock 'n' roll, this book does for rock 'n' roll journalism—it destroys the myths, then spits them into our faces. It's high time the rock-music biz faced the music.

—Spy Smasher

## Docs on Grass

**MARIHUANA, An Annotated Bibliography,** by Coy W. Waller, et al. (New York: Macmillan, \$13.95).

Here's everything you ever wanted to know about grass, and probably a good bit more than you'd care to know. Compiled and annotated by four top government researchers—including Dr. Carlton Turner—*Marihuana* covers an

astonishing 3,045 studies that were undertaken between 1964 and 1976 alone. Next time you hear anybody say reefer is a mysterious drug, tell 'em to go shove it. We know a million times more about grass than about aspirin, Valium or even Ex-Lax.

Still, all this material hardly begins to scratch the surface. Most of it concerns lab work that was done on rats and pigeons and rabbits, reduplicated here way beyond the point of absurdity, trying to dredge up adverse effects of dope. The two studies in which researchers tried to demonstrate fetus-deforming properties in grass are grand examples: Newly pregnant mice were injected with truly massive quantities of resin, right into the womb, and only a few stunted fetuses survived, while most were absorbed back into the mothers; astonishingly, even after this atrocity no deformation of fetuses was observed, so researchers dropped this tack—obviously for fear of proving by default that grass doesn't deform fetuses.

Beyond its scientific aspect, this book is an arresting political document, starting with the resolute Anslinger-style spelling of "marihuana." It's nice, for instance, to see the work of Dr. Gabriel Nahas of Columbia all gathered in one place. In 1972, Dr. Nahas had already concluded that "pharmacologic properties do not justify use of cannabis or THC therapeutically" and that the stuff is so dangerous that its use should be "discouraged by heavy legal penalties." After deciding that, Nahas carried out studies showing that grass snaps chromosomes and lowers testosterone levels in rats, and that it produces something called "amotivational syndrome" in school kids. After these

Pennie Smith; (inset) Lynn Goldsmith



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claims made big scare headlines, virtually every goddamn one of Nahas's studies was shown to have a heavy methodological bias toward affirming the antidope prejudices he had started out with, and they were accordingly invalidated.

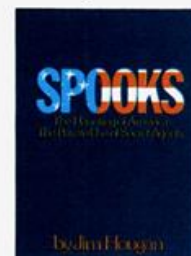
But it was guys like Nahas who set the tone for all dope research during this period. To work with grass, see, a researcher has to get a clearance from Washington bureaucrats, who are decidedly not eager to approve studies that might show that their cherished reefer-madness horror stories are all superstitious bullshit. The more harmless grass comes to look in the lab, the more like assholes these people feel. They might, God forbid, have to look inside themselves someday and ask why they had so many irrational, unscientific prejudices against a perfectly harmless vegetable.

Not until Carter was elected were some NIDA researchers allowed (briefly) to begin investigating some of the known good things about grass. Since this bibliography only goes as far as 1976, it doesn't even have separate entries for glaucoma, asthma or nausea-reduction studies. Instead it has listings for "Toxicomania"— "an inordinate desire for and use of hashish"—and "Cannabis, dangers of (see Adverse Reactions)." Plenty of that crap.

Of course, the book is absolutely invaluable for anyone who wants to learn about grass, and folks who grow it professionally will pick up a lot of dynamite botanical tips. But its main interest, I think, will be historical: years from now, this curious document will be used to show how thousands of intelligent scientists could subtly pervert the scientific method itself to maintain a deeply entrenched cultural prejudice against a helpful, health-promoting herb.

—Dean Latimer

**SPOOKS: The Haunting of America** —The Private Use of Secret Agents, by Jim Houghan (New York: William Morrow, \$12.95). Jim Houghan, an occasional *High*



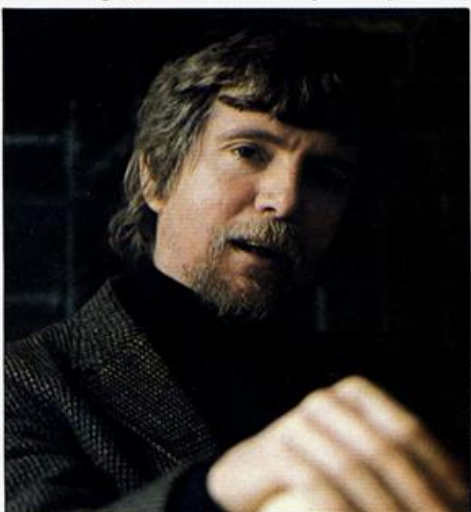
*Times* contributor and Washington editor of Harper's, spent four years hanging out with bagmen, wiremen, counterterrorists and spooks and has written a shocking, brilliant piece of investigative reporting that picks up

where Watergate left off. For Houghan, spooks are the thousands and thousands of spies that have left federal employment to haunt the so-called private sector. And thanks to the latest technology, nothing is private anymore, what with everyone from Ma Bell to ITT to Howard Hughes to your Uncle Sol's dress firm trying to get the step on the opposition



through the use of sophisticated surveillance and espionage techniques.

And while nothing is private, it seems that nothing is sacred anymore either. So somehow someone winds up taping the Robert Kennedy/Marilyn Monroe tryst; and Nixon and his pre-presidency henchmen go after Aristotle Onassis with the help of some friendly spooks; and Howard Hughes, wretched recluse that he was, winds up getting kidnapped from his sterile, sunlight-free floor atop Las Vegas by his own private-security firm. Spooks is the instruction manual of a society gone mad, where expedience and information flow reign, where morality and privacy



Lillian M. O'Connell

Jim Hougan haunts CIA spies and industrial spooks.

are left blowin' somewhere in the wind.

And while much of this book is necessarily speculation, it is informed speculation. Hougan has done a great job penetrating the spook subculture, the Macho for Lunch Bunch, and portraying their stranger-than-fiction lives. And while it is hard being a spook (remember the pathetic obsessive-compulsive Gene Hackman in *The Conversation*?), Hougan also points out that life in the fast lane might not be the most healthy environment for our captains of industry, either. I couldn't imagine a more poignant image than Hougan's Howard Hughes, one of the world's richest men, ensconced in his air-conditioned suite at the Desert Inn with the windows boarded up, a skeleton-like 90 pounds, lying naked in bed, surrounded by tissues and jars of his own urine, shooting drugs into his pockmarked groin while watching random reels of vintage B-movies.

This is a book about power and its corollary, corruption. Its twisting narrative, from the Bay of Pigs to the French Connection to the Bahamas to San Clemente, touches on all our lives as the spooks go about their business of intruding on other people's business. Hougan's book is an auspicious beginning, the first skirmish in a battle to win back our inalienable rights. Out, demons, out.

—Larry Sloman

# Mass-media consumers, beware. Your information is coming from fewer and fewer sources.

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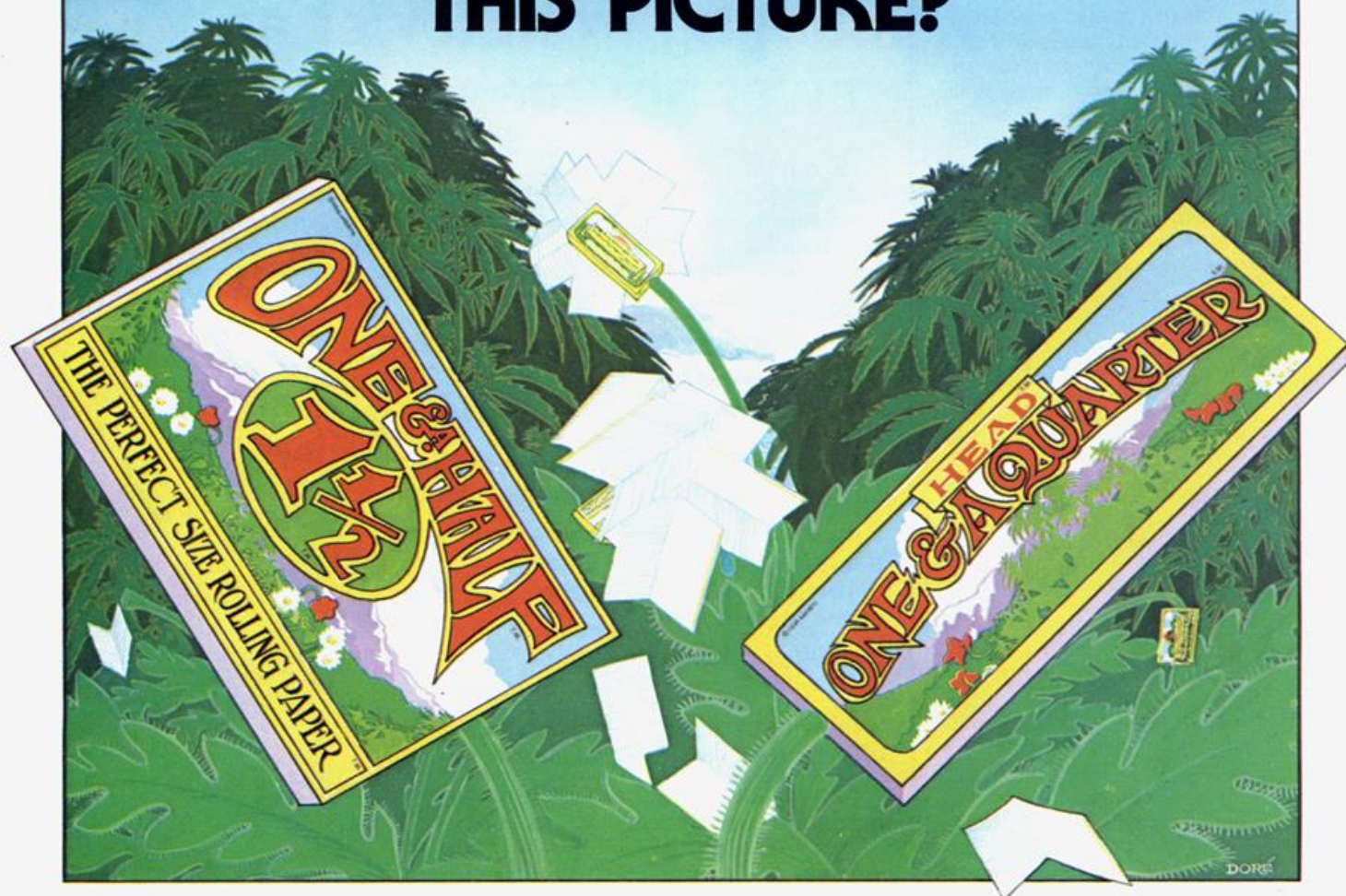
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# WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS PICTURE?



Mother Nature had a lot on her mind, what with creating mountains and trees and all those healthful, invigorating plants. So she can be forgiven one tiny omission—she forgot to give us the papers to go with the plants.

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## Cover Your Shrapnel Scars

Attention all acidhead grunts, 'Nam vets and all you former F-14 fly-boys who ever smoked Thai smack while peppering the Vietnamese landscape with tracer fire. Here's the very latest in armed-forces chic. Three-year vet Bruce Brown has designed the Southeast Asia War Games T-shirt, a colorful addition to your wardrobe and an immediate conversation starter for your Thursday-night VFW meetings.

"Nam was a crazy place," says Brown. "The whole idea for the shirts started as a pun for my pals. I placed a few ads in



Jack Abraham

the navy and army papers, and the response was tremendous. When Washington got wind, they had the Pentagon pull all of my ads and forbid me to advertise in any of the armed-forces publications." So Brown went public on the second printing of the shirts, designing

one for "taxpayers" and one for "participants." The all-cotton Ts are multi-colored, with the second-place-winner emblem emblazoned on a map of Vietnam. They sell for \$6.95 and are available by mail from: The Watash, P.O. Box 869, Benita, Ca. 92002.

## Ganga Groove

What's that you say, dread? You havin' trouble separating the seeds and stems out of that new shipment of ganga? Tired of rolling your spliffs on an old shoebox or last year's Bob Marley album? Get hep, cat. Pick up one of these nifty Touchabowls. They're handcrafted deep in the Philippine jungles out of laminated layers of acacia, citrus and other hardwoods set in a zebra-stripe pattern, with a wide groove cut around the perimeter. A few shakes, a quick flick of the wrist, and seeds and stems are trapped in the groove, leaving your favorite blend free of debris and ready for the big roll. The eight-inch and ten-inch bowls cost \$19.95 and \$29.95 respectively. Available at your local head shop or from Tony Mack Enterprises, 531 Esplanade, Suite 312, Redondo Beach, Ca. 90277.



Jack Abraham



Jack Abraham

## Scrimshaw Stash

For centuries the art of scrimshaw has been practiced by the most meticulous of artisans. Now this ancient craft of carving delicate designs into ivory has been brought up to date in a stunning series of vials and pillboxes created by award-winning graphic artist Nancy Lee (c/o Artwork Space, 5 East 17th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022). These stashes come adorned with finely etched portraits of celebrities such as Mick Jagger, Marilyn Monroe and Betty Grable, Japanese geisha girls and samurais, and erotic embraces of every conceivable coupling of the sexes. Lee can even create a custom-made portrait from a photo to set your very own shining face into dramatic relief. Vials start at \$130 and at three inches long can hold up to 1.5 grams of your favorite nose candy; the silver-dollar-sized pillboxes (priced at \$200 and up) are just right for a day's supply of Valium.

## Flipped-Top Box

Get the jump on grass legalization by sporting one of these clever stash boxes. It's the closest thing to over-the-counter dope yet. The big brains over at Electronic Specialties have designed a joint stash pack that's a replica of the famous red and white Marlboro cigarette box. A great novelty gift or practical-joke item, the sturdy cardboard box holds a dealer's dozen (13) joints in a safe, secure case that may be the shape of things to come. Price: \$1 each from the manufacturer at 420 Shore Road, Long Beach, N.Y. 11561.



"Flash" spotlights the latest accouterments of the high life, including playthings, paraphernalia, instruments of pleasure, gadgets for your work and for your home—anything that adds zest and style to your day. If you know of any item that should be reviewed in this department, please send it to the Flash editor. ☐





## A Great Lady Remembers

Helen Lawrenson knows (or knew) of whom she writes: her recollections in "Getting Stoned in the Haut Monde" are drawn from an illustrious journalistic career spanning 50 years. Beginning as a reporter/writer in Syracuse, New York, Lawrenson joined the Condé Nast group in 1932 and became managing editor of *Vanity Fair* two years later. In 1936 she left for Havana and produced her first free-lance effort in the October '36 *Esquire*, "Latins Are Lousy Lovers." Called "the most famous magazine article of the century," it was the first of 70 Lawrenson stories that have appeared in *Esquire*, along with many others in the likes of *Vogue*, *McCalls*, *Reader's Digest* and *Rolling Stone*. She has lived in Rome, the Canary Islands and London, returning to New York last fall for the publication of her second book of memoirs, *Whistling Girl*. At present the whirlwind continues: Lawrenson is at work on three books, intends to live to the year 2000 and expects to return to London as soon as possible.

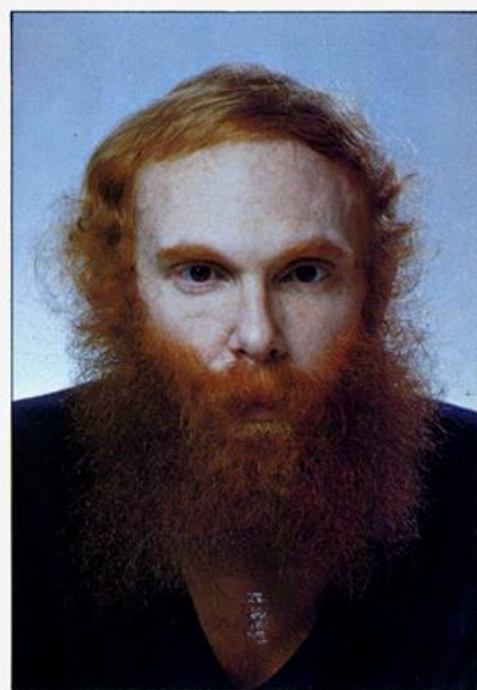


Kevin Lawrenson

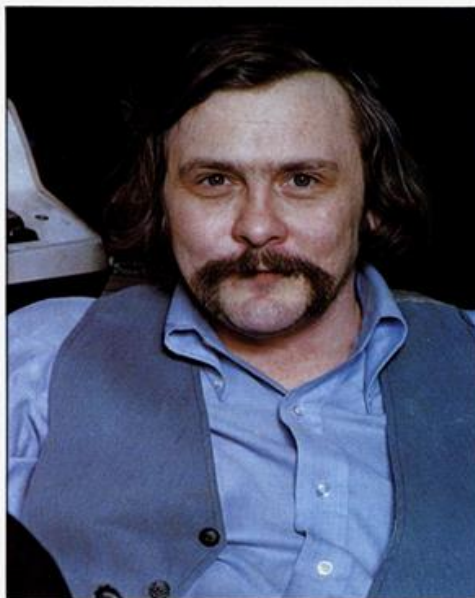
## Rosenbaum Revealed

Those of you who followed the mystery serial called "Murder at Elaine's," which ran in *High Times* in 1977, may recall that the identity of its author was something of a mystery itself. The byline "George R. Boz" was the pseudonym of a writer never officially identified. Well, the secret is out, as Stonehill Publishing has published an expanded version of the novel, and Ron Rosenbaum, a *High Times* contributing editor who did this month's interview with Wavy Gravy, has put his own name on his pseudonymous creation.

Screen rights to the novel (called "delightfully bitchy" and a "classic Agatha Christie"-like tale by Time) have been purchased by Warner Brothers. Rosenbaum, whose second novel involves the ritual and mythology of secret societies, appeals to *High Times* readers to write him about initiation rituals they've undergone, the secrets of which they'd like to reveal.



Jack Abraham

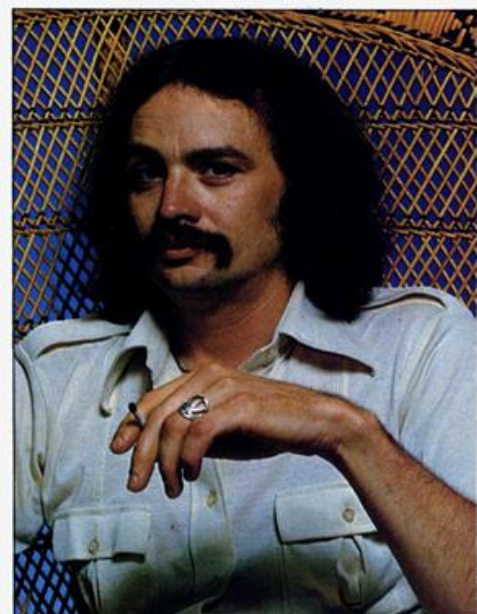


Jack Abraham

## Weighty Matters

"Scaling the Heights" is but one of the concerns weighing heavily on Shay Ad-dams's mind these days. The ubiquitous 33-year-old is the Atlanta-based director of CAMP (Coalition for the Abolition of Marijuana Prohibition), whose *High Times* endeavors include the exposé of the Carter cocaine conspiracy (November '78) and creation of the cartoon strip "Lawrence of Colombia" (May '79).

Shay claims to have inherited moonshiners' blood from his grandfather, who died in a Georgia swamp while pursued by the local sheriff for his illegal corn-liquor still. He works every day on his in-depth study into the long-term effects of alcohol and other liquid drugs, and his "Search for the Floor" column offends regularly in the *Yipster Times*.



Guy Luzoro

## Our Mutual Friend

"Dean Latimer is clearly a Charles Dickens character caught in a time warp," says *High Times* news chief Bob Lemmo of his peculiar office mate. Latimer, who had always thought he was a Samuel Beckett character caught in a space warp, came to us by way of the East Village Other, the *National Lampoon*, *Screw* and "a host of horrible tit magazines." He has never seen *Star Wars* or been inside a disco. He wrote "New Myths from Old Narcs," an exposé of the DEA's latest medical offensive, specifically to pay his \$350 Dewars-and-soda tab, two years overdue, at the Bells of Hell. "I wish I knew which Dickens novel Lemmo's talking about," Latimer frets.



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Washington, D.C. July 3 & 4, 1979



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JUNE 1979



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